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MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE

OF

CHARLES MACKLIN, ESQ.

PRINCIPALLY

COMPILED FROM HIS OWN PAPERS AND MEMORANDUMS;

WHICH CONTAIN

HIS CRITICISMS

ON

AND CHARACTERS AND ANECDOTES

OF

BETTERTON, BOOTH, WILKS, CIBBER, GARRICK, BARRY, MOSSOP, SHERIDAN, FOOTE, QUIN, AND MOST OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES;

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BY JAMES THOMAS KIRKMAN,

OF THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF LINCOLN'S INN.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE,
AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS;
THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES,
AND ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS—
HIS ACTS BEING SEVEN AGES. Shakespeare.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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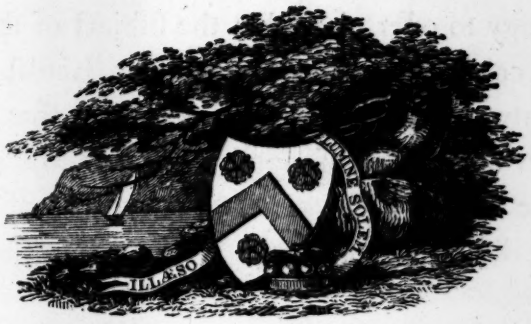

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

ALEXANDER

LORD LOUGHBOROUGH,

BARON LOUGHBOROUGH, OF LOUGHBOROUGH,

IN THE

COUNTY OF LEICESTER,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

MY LORD,

IN the following ſheets, I have endeavoured to do juſtice, as far as my abilities would permit, to the Memory of a moſt excellent Actor, and an honeſt man.

For my preſumption in dedicating to your Lordſhip theſe volumes, I have no other

apology to offer, than that the ſubject of them was conſiderably indebted to your Lordſhip's bounty; and I am induced to hope, that the benevolence which ſupported Charles Macklin while living, will extend to the record of his long life, the patronage of your Lordſhip's name.

If this preſumption may be forgiven me, I ſhall not riſk the diſpleaſure of your Lordſhip by a vain attempt at panegyric, where praiſe cannot elevate, nor by language, which is inſufficient to expreſs the ſentiments of reſpect which I entertain for your Lordſhip.

Allow me only to hope, that the life, which is ſo eminently uſeful to your country, may, in its duration, rival that which I have now the honor to ſubmit to your Lordſhip's protection, and that I may be permitted to ſubſcribe myſelf,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's
Moſt obliged, and
Devoted Servant,
JAMES THOMAS KIRKMAN.

London,
April 6, 1799.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

CHAP. I.

A FULL account of Mr. Macklin's family—remarkable circumſtances of his birth, and infant fortunes—the unfortunate attachment of his father to the cauſe of King James II.—his defeat at the Boyne—the confiſcation of his property—the diſtreſs of his family—his death—the hardſhips his widow and children ſuffered afterwards—the induſtry and prudent conduct of his widow—her marriage with Mr. Luke O'Meally—the line of life they purſued—Mr. Macklin firſt ſent to ſchool at Iſland Bridge—the fondneſs of his mother—the extraordinary death of his ſiſter. Page 1.

CHAP. II.

OBSERVATIONS on the ſubject of education—a deſcription of Mr. Macklin's ſchoolmaſter—his prejudice againſt the Scotch accounted for—the ſeverity of his ſchoolmaſter—the ſufferings of Mr. Macklin whilſt at ſchool—the pranks that he played there—his early turn for mimickry—his mother obliged frequently to interfere—the nickname he obtained at ſchool—his expertneſs in ſwimming—his jumping off the bridges

of Dublin, and off the maſts of ſhips into the river Liffey. P. 19.

CHAP. III.

THE incident that firſt directed Mr. Macklin's thoughts to the ſtage—his ſchoolmaſter has "*The Orphan*" performed by his ſcholars—the difficulty of procuring a perſon to perform the character of *Monimia* —Mrs. Pilkington recommends Mr. Macklin—is objected to by the ſchoolmaſter—ſhe perſeveres in her recommendation—the ſchoolmaſter conſents—Charles is inſtructed by her—plays *Monimia*—obtains great applauſe—he forms a plan to run away from ſchool—aſſociates with two other boys for that purpoſe—they determine to viſit London—Charles purloins nine pounds from his mother—they run away—get on board a merchantman—arrive at Parkgate—travel up to London on foot—their adventures in London—one of his companions is hanged at Tyburn—the other makes his fortune. P. 25.

CHAP. IV.

CHARLES accidentally meets a female acquaintance in the Borough—ſhe procures him a lodging at a public-houſe—he is employed as a waiter—gets acquainted with ſtrollers—imitates them—becomes very ſerviceable in the public-houſe—his miſtreſs grows fond of him—marries him—the humorous behaviour of Charles after his marriage—the ridiculous conduct of his wife. P. 34.

CHAP. V.

MR. Macklin's mother is inconſolable for the loſs of him—ſends all over Ireland in ſearch of him—obtains no tidings—Charles is at laſt diſcovered—Mr. Sullivan is employed to recover him—Charles is concealed—the contrivance of his wife to ſecrete him—Mr. Sullivan threatens her with a proſecution—Charles is reſtored to his mother—her joy on the occaſion—Charles forms an acquaintance with undergraduates of Trinity College—takes up the employment of Badgeman—is prevailed upon to quit the College, and leaves Ireland with Captain O'Flannagan P. 39.

CHAP. VI.

CHARLES arrives once more in London in company with Captain O'Flannagan—refuſes to go to Germany with his uncle—takes up his abode in Hockley in the Hole—gets connected with a ſtrolling company—plays harlequin—his extraordinary courſe of life—his mother exerts herſelf to recover him again—applies to Mr. Malone for that purpoſe—Charles is reſtored once more to his mother—and returns to his former ſtation of Badgeman in Trinity College—his conduct there—reſolves to leave Ireland—informs his mother of his determination—ſets out upon his journey—arrives at Briſtol. P. 48.

CHAP. VII.

CHARLES takes lodgings near the Theatre at Briſtol—gets acquainted with the players—is noticed by the manager—is invited to join the company—accepts the invitation—makes his *debut* in *Richmond*—his ſucceſs—ſtrolls with the company—his various employments—reſolves to improve his pronunciation—is inſtructed by the wife of a Welch clergyman—returns to Briſtol—engages with a new company—plays *Friar Lawrence* in Romeo and Juliet—and afterwards *Mercutio*—his adventures with the fives-playing Club his great ſucceſs—is admitted a member of the club—goes to Bath—his ſucceſs there—ſtrolls through the weſtern parts of England. P. 57.

CHAP. VIII.

MR. MACKLIN applies himſelf to ſtudy—reſolves to make himſelf maſter of the Engliſh language fixes his head quarters at Briſtol—plays at Bath, and in different parts of the country occaſionally—a ſhort ſketch of the hiſtory of the theatres, compiled from Mr. Macklin's memorandums on the ſubject—an incomparable monody on the death of Mr. Garrick. P. 69.

CHAP. IX.

MR. MACKLIN's hiſtory of the theatres continued—character of BETTERTON—compared with

Garrick—*Montford* compared with Barry—Kynaſton compared with Moſſop—great character of *Sandfort*—compariſon between Nokes, Parſons, and Weſton—characters of Underhill and Leigh—the female actreſſes of note—the poor ſalary of actors—the tyranny of the patentees—Earl Dorſet intereſts himſelf in the cauſe of the players—Lincoln's-Inn-Fields theatre built by ſubſcription—diſputes between the players—immorality of the ſtage—Collier's attack upon dramatic writers—the conduct of the maſter of the revels—French dancers introduced—the vitiation of public taſte—Sir John Vanburgh and Mr. Congreve form a project for building a ſtate theatre in the Haymarket—they carry their deſign into execution. P. 84.

CHAP X.

CONTINUATION of Mr. Macklin's hiſtory of the Theatres—Betterton and his co-partners place themſelves under Sir John Vanburgh—the errors of the projectors of the new theatre—Mr. Congreve gives up his ſhare in the property to Sir John—the ill ſucceſs of the new theatre—the coalition with the Drury-lane company—Sir Thomas Skipworth conveys his ſhare in Drury-lane theatre to Colonel Brett—his ſucceſsful management—Mr. Owen Swiney ſuperintends the Italian opera—anecdote of Colonel Brett—re-conveyance of his ſhare in the Drury-lane theatre to Sir George Shipworth. P. 106.

CHAP. XI.

MR. MACKLIN'S hiſtory of the theatres continued—ſeveral of the actors join Swiney—the Haymarket theatre altered—Drury-lane theatre opens under William Collier—his management—enters into partnerſhip with Swiney—his oppreſſive conduct—the misfortunes of Swiney—his exile—death—Collier's conduct towards Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber—Collier ſucceeded by Sir Richard Steele, who unites with Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber—their management—Booth admitted to a ſhare—ſtage reformation—Mr. Macklin acts in London occaſionally—plays firſt at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—and afterwards at Drury-lane theatre—Quin's diſlike to Macklin—Mr. Highmore plays *Lothario*—becomes manager—account of his management—Mr. Macklin firſt noticed in London. P. 117.

CHAP. XII.

MR. MACKLIN plays in the Provok'd Wife—his account of the reception of that play—continuation of Highmore's management—his misfortunes—is ſucceeded by Fleetwood, who appoints Mr. Theophilus Cibber his deputy-manager—Mr. Macklin ſucceeds Cibber—and conducts the theatrical machine with great ſucceſs and ability—Mr. Macklin relates how he quarrelled with, and beat Quin. P. 130.

CHAP. XIII.

PROOFS of Mr. Macklin's real age—curious records kept in Ireland—the diſadvantages Mr. Macklin laboured under in the early part of his life—motives aſſigned why he concealed his age—his connection with Miſs Jackſon—her unaccountable propenſity—the extraordinary behaviour of Mr. Williams—and his marriage with Miſs Jackſon—her death. P. 143.

CHAP. XIV.

A FURTHER account of the incidents that befell Mr. Macklin while he was a ſtroller—his acquaintance with the famous *Anthony Boheme*—Mr. Macklin's criticiſms on that gentleman's performances—comes to London with Boheme—changes his name—laughable circumſtances attending it—rejoins a ſtrolling company at Stratford-le-bow—proceeds to Southwark fair—is engaged by the manager of Sadlers Wells—plays harlequin—returns to Briſtol—joins Lady Hawley's ſtrolling company—travels into Wales—his humorous adventure at Llangadoc—goes to Ireland to prove his title to his father's eſtate—fails—viſits his mother at Cloncurry—marries Mrs. Ann Grace—inſtructs her in the ſcience of acting—ſets out for England—arrives at Cheſter—Mrs. Macklin makes her debut in Nurſe, in Romeo and Juliet—her ſucceſs—Mr. Macklin proceeds to Briſtol—his reception there—Mrs. Macklin

plays Mrs. Quickly with great applauſe—Mr. Macklin takes a ramble into Wales—arrives at Portſmouth—Miſs Macklin born. P. 158.

CHAP. XV.

MR. MACKLIN makes his firſt appearance, ſubſequent to his regular eſtabliſhment on the London ſtage, in the character of Captain Brazen—his ſucceſs—Harper is taken up, and committed to Bridewell—is diſcharged—the Haymarket theatre ſhuts up—the ruin of Highmore—character of Fleetwood—obſervations on gambling—Lord Kenyon's efforts to ſtop it—an account of Duncomb's *Brutus*—Lillo's *Chriſtian Hero*—and Fielding's *Univerſal Gallant*—Mrs. Macklin engaged at Drury-lane—her *debut*—her ſucceſs—criticiſms on Cibber's comedy of *Love makes a Man*—Trick for Trick is performed—Mr. Macklin and Mr. Hallam quarrel about a comedy wig—the latter is wounded—dies—a full account of Mr. Macklin's trial for the murder of Hallam—his defence—found guilty of man-ſlaughter. P. 178.

CHAP. XVI.

MR. MACKLIN plays *Ramillie* in the Miſer—character of the elder Mr. Mills—Quin and Milward ſucceed to his parts—Mrs. Cibber makes her *debut* in the tragedy of Zara—her ſucceſs—Mr. Hill's nephew plays *Oſmyn*—injures himſelf and the play—Mr.

Connell's Connoiſſeur is damned—death of Mrs. Heron —new regulation at the theatre reſpecting the prices of admiſſion—Cartel ſigned by Mr. Fleetwood and Mr. Rich—Mr. Fielding exhibits ſome bold ſatires at the Haymarket theatre—Parliament, in conſequence, paſs an act for limiting the number of playhouſes, &c.—part of Lord Chatham's celebrated ſpeech in oppoſition to the Bill. P. 204.

CHAP. XVII.

GOODMAN'S FIELDS and the Haymarket theatre ſhut up—the licenſer prohibits two pieces—ſucceſsful publication of one of them—account of Garrick's firſt appearance—is engaged at Drury-lane—Mr. Macklin very attentive to the inſtruction of his wife, and to the education of his daughter—his opinion reſpecting boarding ſchools, and public ſeminaries—prefers private education — Mr. Macklin plays Peachum — Mrs. Macklin performs Mrs. Peachum—criticiſms on the Beggar's Opera, and on Gay—Mr. Macklin plays Jerry Blackacre—his ſucceſs—plays *Scrub*—obſervations on the Beaux Stratagem—Mr. Macklin plays *Marplot*—his ſucceſs—critique on the Buſy Body—the Provok'd Huſband performed—Mr. Macklin's valuable obſervation's and criticiſm's on the *Lord Townly* of Mr. Wilks and Mr. Garrick—on their manner of acting in general—on Mr. Garrick's defects—on Wilks's excellency in the *Orphan*—and in the *Royal Merchant* — Mr. Macklin performs Sir Francis

Wronghead—Mrs. Macklin plays Lady Wronghead—their ſucceſs—the Merchant of Venice is performed—Mr. Macklin undertakes *Shylock*—ſurmounts many difficulties—obtains wonderful applauſe—his excellency in that character—Mr. Pope's opinion of him—P. 236.

CHAP. XVIII.

QUIN mortified at Mr. Macklin's ſucceſs—account of Quin's ſeceſſion from Covent Garden—his engagement with Fleetwood—anecdote of Bridgewater—Mr. Macklin plays *Pandulph* in King John—remarks on that tragedy—Quin's opinion of Macklin's *Pandulph*—Fielding's *Wedding Day* is repreſented—Mr. Macklin performs *Stedfaſt*, and ſpeaks a prologue—the fatal effects of Fleetwood's management—the diſtreſſes of the players—Mr. Garrick calls a meeting of the performers—they all agree to ſecede from Drury-lane theatre—they fail in obtaining a patent for the Opera-houſe—their diſtreſs—the embarraſſed condition of Fleetwood—Garrick breaks through his agreement with the players, and re-engages with the Drury-lane manager—Mr. Macklin accuſes him of baſeneſs and treachery—a full account of the quarrel between Macklin and Garrick—the manly conduct of the former—the apoſtacy of the latter. P. 265.

CHAP XIX.

MR. MACKLIN engages in a new plan—inſtructs Mr. Foote and Dr. Hill—and opens the Haymarket theatre—his ſucceſs—Dr. Hill's panegyric on Macklin's theatrical abilities—Mr. Lacy becomes manager of Drury-lane theatre, and engages Mr. Macklin, who ſpeaks an occaſional prologue on his re-appearance—an account of the purchaſe of the Drury-lane patent—Mr. Barry is alſo engaged by Mr. Lacy—anecdote of Macklin and Barry—*Othello* is repreſented—Mr. Macklin plays *Iago*—gains wonderful applauſe—obſervations on his manner of acting that character—remarks on Barry's *Othello*—the Scotch rebellion affects the play-houſe—Mr. Macklin produces his tragedy of Henry VII.—its reception—the fate of Mr. Macklin's two farces, viz. "The ſuſpicious Huſband Criticized"—and "*Will or no Will*"—Meſſrs. Green and Amber, the patentees of Drury-lane, become inſolvent—the patent is purchaſed by Meſſrs. Garrick and Lacy, who commence their joint-management in 1747—their wiſe arrangements—the houſe opens with an admirable prologue written by Dr. Johnſon—the buſineſs of the theatre goes on with ſucceſs—Mr. Macklin and Mr. Garrick are reconciled—*Moore's Foundling* is performed—an account of it—Mr. Macklin plays Faddle—his ſucceſs—criticiſms on Garrick, Barry, and Mrs. Woffington—anecdote of Ruſſel—account of the curi-

ous partnerſhip between Mr. Macklin, Mr. Garrick, and Mrs. Woffington—Mr. Macklin engages with Mr. Sheridan—goes to Ireland—performs there with great applauſe—quarrels with Sheridan—Mr. Macklin's own account of it—returns to England—becomes manager of a ſtrolling company at Cheſter—arrives in London—anecdote of Dr. Barrowby—Mr. and Mrs. Macklin are engaged at Covent Garden—Mr. Macklin plays *Lovegold* with applauſe—Romeo and Juliet is performed at both houſes—an account of this theatrical conteſt—Mr. Macklin plays *Mercutio* and *Sir Gilbert Wrangle* with ſucceſs. P. 292.

CHAP. XX.

OTHELLO is performed at Covent Garden—Macklin, Barry, Quin, and Ryan, the candidates for public fame—remarks on their performances—anecdote of Quin and Garrick—curious anecdote of Stephens the button-maker—a ſhort ſketch of his hiſtory—Mr. Macklin ſuperintends the performance of *Othello* at Drury-lane—the ſeveral characters are performed by ladies and gentlemen of faſhion—a full account of the performance—Mr. Macklin obtains great credit by his pupils—Miſs Macklin makes her *debut* in the character of *Athenais*—her ſucceſs—Mr. Macklin is highly gratified—obſervations on the tragedy of *Theodoſius*—remarks on Miſs Macklin's education—ſhe performs Polly in the Beggar's Opera—gains great applauſe—

Mr. Macklin has a benefit at Covent Garden—obſervations on benefit nights—the *Fair Penitent*, and the *Engliſhman in Paris* are performed—criticiſms on the Fair Penitent—remarks on the *Sciolto* of Macklin—the Horatio of Barry—and the Caliſta of Miſs Macklin—the character of Lothario condemned—Miſs Macklin appears to great advantage in *Lucinda*—ſhe plays Monimia in the Orphan with ſucceſs—a critique on Otway—Covent Garden cloſes with *Romeo and Juliet*—Mrs. Cibber engages at Drury-lane—is ſucceeded at Covent Garden by Miſs Noſſiter—compliment paid to Mrs. Cibber by Barry. P. 328.

CHAP. XXI.

MR. MACKLIN thinks about leaving the ſtage—motives aſſigned for his retirement—he plays *Sir Gilbert Wrangle* in the Refuſal, and *Buck* in the Engliſhman in Paris—at the end of the performance Mr. Macklin takes leave of the ſtage, by ſpeaking a farewell Epilogue—he opens a tavern under the Piazza, in Covent Garden—his employment there—he opens a Lecture-room—a particular account of the Britiſh Inquiſition—Foote envies his ſucceſs—ridicules his inſtitution at the Haymarket theatre—Mr. Macklin retorts upon Foote—the injurious effects of the contention between them—ſpecimens of lectures intended to have been delivered by Mr. Macklin, viz. on the

Art and Duty of an Actor, on Acting, on Newſpapers, on Garrick-bane. P. 353.

CHAP. XXII.

THE manner in which Mr. Macklin employs his time—he perceives the abſurdity of his plan—calls a meeting of his creditors—becomes a bankrupt—pays twenty ſhillings in the pound—retires from the tavern—Mrs. and Miſs Macklin are engaged at Drury-lane theatre—Miſs Macklin acquires great fame—complimentary verſes on her—Mr. Macklin and Mr. Barry propoſe to purchaſe the Muſic-hall in Crow-ſtreet, Dublin—Mr. Sheridan, the Dublin manager, is alarmed at this circumſtance—he diſpatches Mr. Victor to London, in order to diſſuade Mr. Macklin and Mr. Barry from building a new theatre in Crow-ſtreet—his terms are rejected—Mr. Macklin and Mr. Barry purchaſe the Muſic-hall—they ſet out for Ireland—the foundation of the new theatre is laid—the proprietors of Aungier-ſtreet, and Smock-alley theatres, preſent a petition to Parliament againſt the new building—Mr. Macklin publiſhes an anſwer to the petitioners—is very ſevere upon Mr. Sheridan—the caſe of the petitioners is neglected—the new building goes on—Mr. Woodward joins Mr. Barry—Mr. King, Mr. Dexter, and Mrs. Fitzhenry, ſecede from Smock-alley, and engage at Crow-ſtreet—Theophilus Cibber, Mr.

Maddox, and many others are loſt at ſea—Mr. Macklin withdraws himſelf from the management of Crow-ſtreet theatre—comes to England—makes his re-appearance at Drury-lane—is received with applauſe—employs himſelf in writing for the ſtage—declines going to Ireland on account of Miſs Macklin's indiſpoſition. P. 371.

CHAP. XXIII.

MRS. MACKLIN dies—her character—Mr. Luke O'Meally dies—Mrs. O'Meally continues the management of the Blue Bell Inn, at Cloncurry—Mr. Macklin brings out his farce of Love-a-la-mode Mr. Garrick's opinion of it—remarks upon his opinion and conduct reſpecting *Douglas*, *Cleone*, and *The Orphan of China*, and, concerning *The Agis*, and *The Siege of Aquilina*—Mr. Whitehead differs in opinion with Mr. Garrick—the aſtoniſhing ſucceſs of Love-a-la-mode—obſervations on it—King George II. has it read to him—his opinion of it—Mr. Macklin marries Miſs Elizabeth Jones—enters into articles with the Crow-ſtreet manager—ſets out for Ireland—the ſucceſs of Barry—the misfortunes of Sheridan—Mr. Moſſop articles with Barry—Mr. Foote is engaged—the great attraction of Love-a-la-mode—Mr. Macklin comes to England to play for his daughter's benefit—is engaged at Covent Garden theatre—Mr. Garrick envies him—attempts to purloin his Love-a-la-mode—the ſucceſs of

Covent Garden theatre—Mrs. Woffington dies—her character. P. 393.

CHAP. XXIV.

MR. MACKLIN'S comedy of *The Married Libertine* is performed at Covent Garden—an account of it—Coronation at both theatres—Mr. Rich dies—his character—anecdote of Miſs Bellamy—Mr. Quin's good advice to her. P. 414.

CHAP. XXV.

MR. MACKLIN goes back to Ireland—engages with Barry—Moſſop refuſes the liberal offer of the Crow-ſtreet manager, and opens Smock-alley theatre—Mr. Macklin's account of the ſmall ſalaries of actors—his opinion of the theatrical management of Sheridan, Barry, and Moſſop—Mrs. Bellamy engages at Smock-alley—account of her appearance—remarks on her misfortunes—Moſſop is unſucceſsful—he propoſes terms to Mr. Macklin—copy of a letter from Mr. Macklin to his daughter—Mr. Macklin engages with Moſſop—particulars of the agreement—Mr. Macklin brings out his true born Iriſhman—an account of it—repartee of Mr. Macklin—Mrs. Macklin taken for Miſs Macklin—Othello is performed by Barry and Moſſop—Mr. Macklin's opinion of them—Italian opera of great ſervice to Moſſop—the prices of ad-

miſſion—the tragedy of Philaſter altered by Mr. Macklin—is performed—its ſucceſs. P. 433.

CHAP. XXVI.

MISS CATLEY becomes a pupil of Mr. Macklin, who procures her an engagement at Smock-alley theatre—ſketch of her life—the Counteſs of Brandon patronizes Moſſop—copy of a letter from Mr. Macklin to his daughter—Mr. Macklin's interview with Mr. Barry, reſpecting Mr. Tate Wilkinſon—Miſs Catley and Mr. Macklin of great ſervice to Moſſop—Mr. Macklin's ſtatement of the receipts of Smock-alley theatre in 1763-64—he goes to law with Moſſop—comes to England to ſuperintend the theatricals at Privy Gardens—is patronized by the late Duke of York—his Royal Highneſs dies—Mr. Macklin engages with Mr. Barry—goes to Ireland, and brings out his comedy of the Man of the World—its ſucceſs—Mr. Macklin's ſtatement of the receipts of Crow-ſtreet theatre in 1765-66—he applies himſelf to the compoſition of dramatic works—Mrs. Cibber dies—her character—Mr. Quin dies—his character—Mr. Macklin's opinion of him—his epitaph. P. 448.

THE

LIFE

OF

CHARLES MACKLIN, ESQ.

Chap. I.

THAT the hiſtory of long life can pleaſe without inſtruction, by merely flattering our hopes, may be concluded from the avidity with which the very dull and unintereſting memoirs of PARR and JENKINS are univerſally read. Theſe memoirs preſent us a picture of uniform and barren days; and the reader is only aſtoniſhed, that ſo much time ſhould have produced ſo very little incident.

The perſon who is the ſubject of the following pages, long exceeded the uſual pe-

riod of the life of man. His life too, was, for the moſt part, ſpent in public and applauded exertions, and was more varied than that of moſt of his contemporaries. His biographer conſiders himſelf, therefore, as diſcharged from the neceſſity of apologizing for the ſubject he has undertaken.

As Mr. MACKLIN was never ſenſible that he had occaſion to bluſh at any part of his conduct, he was always much leſs fearful of being expoſed, than of being miſrepreſented; and as he conſidered that it was more than probable the uninformed and the neceſſitous might attempt to write an hiſtory of his life, and relate anecdotes of him, when falſehood could not eaſily be detected; he, for theſe reaſons, as well as in conformity with the frequent ſolicitations of his friends, had determined, while his mind was yet in full vigour, to give the world an authentic hiſtory of his life; for which purpoſe, he had prepared, and partly arranged the materials; but finding that a work of that magnitude would be too laborious an undertaking, at his time of life,

and too great an encroachment on the buſineſs of his profeſſion, he reſolved to give the materials to ſome perſon, on whom he could depend, for the purpoſe of compiling and throwing them into form.

With this view he made choice of the author, conceiving, as it is hoped the reader will, that a near relation, bred up, and living for upwards of twenty years with him; acquainted from his infancy with his deſcent, family, and connections; and enabled by daily obſervations to trace out, and truly delineate his character, would be more likely than any other perſon to write an hiſtory recommended by truth and fidelity; objects, in Mr. MACKLIN's opinion, far ſuperior, in intrinſic value, to all the graces and beauties which the higheſt embelliſhments of ſtyle could beſtow upon it.

The propriety of chooſing a perſon of this kind will be more obvious to the reader, when, on peruſing the following ſheets, he will find few ſubjects, that have for a long time

occupied public attention, into which more of vulgar error and injuſtice have found their way, than into the character and life of Mr. MACKLIN.

That he has been in many important points of view miſrepreſented, and miſunderſtood; and that it is only by a conſtant obſervation of his heart and diſpoſition, as diſcloſed in the diurnal diſcharge of domeſtic duty, his real character can be developed.

From his ſituation with reſpect to Mr. MACKLIN, and viſiting him conſtantly, the author has had means, which no perſon but himſelf could have had, of tracing and noting the gradual decline and enfeeblement of the old gentleman's mind; neither could his habits or manner of living have been ſo accurately, or indeed at all, deſcribed by a ſtranger.

He hopes, therefore, that theſe advantages will counterbalance the deficiency of his ſtyle, and the richneſs of the ſubject

atone for the poverty of the vehicle, by which it is conveyed.

Had the hiſtorian of Mr. MACKLIN written towards the beginning inſtead of the cloſe of the preſent century, it might have been neceſſary for him to have encountered public prejudice, and illiberality, with a defence of the profeſſion of an actor.

He muſt have repeated the praiſe of ROSCIUS from CICERO; and ſhewn, that neither the wiſdom of SOLON, nor the virtue of BRUTUS; the magnanimity of CÆSAR, nor the ſagacity of AUGUSTUS, rendered them hoſtile to the ſtage; but that, on the contrary, all the wiſe, and all the virtuous, of GREECE and ROME—their greateſt moraliſts, ſtateſmen, philoſophers, and warriors, countenanced and ſupported the drama and its performers, as highly ſerviceable to the cauſe of virtue, and conducive to the well-being of a ſtate.

But this is become unneceſſary in theſe liberal and enlightened days, when a GARRICK,

a BARRY, and a HENDERSON lie interred in the ſame Abbey with the Kings of England, and mix their duſt with the remains of the firſt poets, philoſophers, and divines of this country.

Few ſubjects have been canvaſſed with more confidence, and, at the ſame time, been leſs known, or underſtood, than the origin of Mr. MACKLIN.—No ſooner had he, by the indefatigable exertion of many years, emerged from that obſcurity, to which the rigour of fortune, and the prejudices of an illiberal world, had endeavoured to conſign him, and raiſed himſelf up to public notice and approbation, than curioſity was buſily employed in the enquiry of *who he was?*—and *whence he was deſcended?* as if to meaſure his title to the favour and applauſe he received, by the rank and quality of his progenitors.

As this was a ſubject, on which Mr. MACKLIN had not given any avowed communication to the public, recourſe was had to conjecture. The whiſpers of ſurmiſe were received as the aſſertions of truth.

The looſe ſtories of convivial hours were carefully hoarded up, and unwarrantable inferences drawn from them; ſuppoſition and malevolence by turns ſupplied the place of *fact;* and Mr. MACKLIN, becauſe it did not ſuit his leiſure, or his diſpoſition, to proclaim to the world his genealogy, was at firſt ſuſpected, and afterwards concluded, to have ſprung from the very loweſt order of the people.

This, however, was a great miſtake, which, nevertheleſs, Mr. MACKLIN ſeems not to have been very anxious to rectify; ſuſtained throughout by the vigour of his mind, and by a laudable confidence in his own ſtrength, he diſregarded ſuch trivial conſiderations. It did not require half his ſagacity to be convinced, that reſpect, power, or influence, could not be claimed by hereditary deſcent, unleſs the ſource of all power—*money*—deſcended along with it; and that if he could only acquire the latter, the former would follow of courſe.

Beſides, he had too much true pride; and preferred the conſciouſneſs of owing all to himſelf, to the pitiful expedient of drawing upon the merits of his anceſtors.

He wiſhed rather to gain new honors for himſelf, than to tranſmit the impaired honors of others; and acted upon the perſuaſion, that ſo unimportant a conſideration as his birth, could neither confer credit on him, if he did not deſerve it, nor withhold it from him, if he did.

The progenitors of Mr. MACKLIN, whoſe real name was *M'Laughlin*, were, both on his father's and mother's ſide, highly reſpectable in the eſtimation of their age and country. Of the motives that induced him to change his name, from *M'Laughlin* to *Macklin*, we ſhall hereafter inform the reader.

His grandfather, *Terence M'Laughlin*, inherited from an old ſtock of gentry, from which he was deſcended, an handſome landed property in the county of Down, in Ireland,

and intermarried with ANNE O'KELLY, the daughter of a family of conſiderable rank and fortune in the county of Galway.

At that time family pride ran as high in Ireland, as it ever did in any part of the world; and the families of M'LAUGHLIN, or O'KELLY, would not have thought themſelves very much honored by an union with thoſe of LLEWELLIN, DOUGLAS, or HOWARD. In fact, it was carried to ſuch exceſs, that, in the eſtimation of the Iriſh, the ſuppoſed dignity of blood atoned for the utter want of wealth; while no imaginable ſhare of riches could confer dignity without it. Mr. MACKLIN's anceſtors were not obliged to ſupply the deficiency of either. They, in fact, poſſeſſed an honorable ſufficiency of both.

WILLIAM M'LAUGHLIN, the father of the gentleman whoſe life we are about to record, was the eldeſt ſon of TERENCE M'LAUGHLIN, and inherited from his father, not only an eſtate, but an increaſed ſhare of con-

ſequence in the county of Down. He married ALICE O'FLANAGAN, the daughter of JOHN O'FLANAGAN, of *Black Caſtle*, in the county of *Weſtmeath*, who was proprietor of that place, with a large eſtate which lay around it: a ſon of whom was married to the daughter of JOHN SHAW, of *Somerſtown*, in the county of *Meath*, a man of immenſe landed property, including not only *Somerſtown* itſelf, but the eſtate of *Rathmullion* and part of *Summer-hill*, now belonging to the family of Rowley.

All theſe families poſſeſſed extenſive landed eſtates; but in the various revolutions of church and ſtate, which, in the laſt century, convulſed that unhappy country, the property was transferred from the deſcendants of the old poſſeſſors, and the rights of immemorial preſcription gave way to the more irreſiſtible claims of confiſcation; while the families themſelves have become almoſt extinct.

It was ſome ſhort time before the period, when the people of England called over the Prince of Orange to fill the throne of Great Britain, in excluſion of James II. that WILLIAM M'LAUGHLIN married. The king, dethroned in England, threw himſelf on the affection and loyalty of his Iriſh ſubjects. Unfortunately for them, they warmly eſpouſed his cauſe, and were requited with baſeneſs and treachery—the puſillanimous James deſerted them in the day of trial, and left them victims to confiſcation, and all the other hardſhips, to which, in ſuch revolutions, the unſucceſsful party are always expoſed.

WILLIAM M'LAUGHLIN commanded a troop of horſe in his army, and, as far as the oral tradition of thoſe times can be credited, was diſtinguiſhed not only for valour, but for a ſhare of ſkill and conduct, not common in the Iriſh part of King James's army. To WILLIAM M'LAUGHLIN's loyalty and zeal in the cauſe of that weak monarch, the public are indebted for his ſon's being reduced to the

neceſſity of embracing the profeſſion of an actor

The firſt fruits of this marriage was a daughter, named Mary, the next was the hero of this hiſtory. CHARLES M'LAUGHLIN was born *two months previous to the memorable battle of the Boyne. The time and circumſtances of his birth, and infant fortunes, were too remarkable to be forgotten by his family.

In Ireland, that is to ſay, among the mere unmixed old Iriſh, the moſt trivial anecdotes of every individual of a family are, or at leaſt were, recorded with a degree of circumſtantiality that would aſtoniſh any one of this country, at this period of civilization; and of theſe anecdotes, the leading and more extraordinary ones were faithfully detailed by the female bards, (for ſo they may be called) who chaunt verſes over the dead: on which occaſions, they trace back the genealogy of the deceaſed, and enlarge upon every domeſtic

* For an irrefragable proof of Mr. Macklin's age, the reader is referred to Chap. 13.

circumſtance, for three, four, or five generations. The circumſtance of CHARLES MACKLIN's having been carried away, in a * turf-kiſh, from the ſcene of action, near the Boyne, on that memorable day which gave freedom to Ireland, and transferred the property of the old poſſeſſors to new maſters, is ſtill ſpoken of by thoſe, whoſe grandfathers, if living, could ſcarcely remember the event, but who have had it from father to ſon by oral tradition.

In thoſe days, the ladies of that country were almoſt as maſculine as ſome ladies of faſhion are now in England; though not exactly in the ſame manner. Undegenerate, and uncorrupted, from the tenderneſs of their hearts aroſe a courage, ſuperior even to that of the male ſex—an utter diſregard of danger.—A gentle, but uninterrupted ſpring of valour, inſpired, not by a thirſt for an enemy's blood, but by an almoſt divine ſolicitude for a father's, a brother's, or an huſband's ſafety.

* A kind of baſket placed on a car, and uſed principally for the purpoſe of conveying turf from the bogs to the habitations of the Iriſh.

In ſhort, there were many of them who wanted nothing but the refinement and poliſh of the preſent times to rival a diſtinguiſhed lady;* who, under the impulſe of conjugal affection, followed her huſband through all the horrors of the American war.

It was in the fullneſs of this ſpirit, that the mother of Mr. Macklin, attended by a ſervant, followed her huſband into the tumult and hazards of the war, and helped to gird on his ſword on the morning of the battle of the Boyne.

The reſult of that battle is well known. James not only ſuffered, but promoted, and even rejoiced at, the defeat of his too faithful ſubjects. The Iriſh army was routed, and Mr. Macklin's mother was obliged to provide for the ſafety of herſelf and her children, by precipitately retiring from the ſcene of action; conveying, as already mentioned, young Charles, in a *turf-kiſh*, to the houſe of a

* Lady Harriet Ackland.

friend at Shinglaſs, in the county of Weſtmeath. The loyalty of the unhappy Iriſh not only followed the fortunes of James, but out-lived his perfidy. All his baſeneſs and treachery were inſufficient to ſhake them from what they thought their juſt allegiance. They endeavoured to bury the frailties of the man in the right of the king, and, even when irretrievably defeated, maintained their attachment and fidelity inviolate. Among the reſt, William M'Laughlin remained ſteadily faithful to James; and having a ſpirit as unwilling to ſue for terms, as he was unable to impoſe them, was perſecuted, among others, with the utmoſt rigour. His eſtate, and the eſtates of all his connections, were very ſoon confiſcated. Thus at once deprived of his property, he retired with his family into the county of Weſtmeath, where he lived for ſome years in obſcurity. It was during this period of family diſtreſs, that Mr. M'Laughlin adopted the expedient of carrying his family to the metropolis, with the view of bettering his condition, and of making ſome proviſion for an increaſing iſſue. In the capital he was

as unfortunate as in the country; and although he was a man of extraordinary ſtrength of body, and equal vigour of mind, yet he never recovered his ſpirits after the battle of the Boyne. He died in December, 1704, literally of a broken heart; a victim to miſapplied loyalty and miſtaken generoſity.

On his death, his widow collected together all her little effects, and took lodgings in Barrack-ſtreet, Dublin, where ſhe lived for two years in a ſtate of obſcurity and retirement, ſuited to the condition of her feelings and her purſe. Her property, notwithſtanding her great induſtry and œconomy, was diminiſhing every day; and her inability to maintain her beloved offspring in the tender manner ſhe could wiſh, was, to a woman of her exquiſite feelings, a heart-breaking reflection.

She had no reſources—All who owed protection or aid to her or her children, were buried in one common ruin with herſelf; and ſhe was nearly reduced to deſpair, when Providence, in pity of her afflictions, threw relief in her way; that is, enabled her to pro-

vide for her children, by abandoning the melancholy indulgence which ſhe had cheriſhed of ſinking to the grave a widow; and carrying with her to her laſt breath, unabated, her love for the bed of her deceaſed huſband.

An Iriſhman, of reſpectable family, who had made a more wiſe choice than her huſband, and eſpouſed the cauſe of King William, ſaw, admired her, and ſued for her hand. His name was *Luke O'Meally:* he had fought under the banners of King William, at the battle of the Boyne. To better the condition of her children was her darling object; ſhe, therefore, conſented to give a new parent to young Charles and his ſiſter; and to the laſt moment of his exiſtence, the veteran *Shylock* never forgot to do him juſtice; and, whenever his name was mentioned, bore ample teſtimony to his having been a moſt tender, kind, and affectionate father to him. This marriage took place in February, 1707.

The circumſtances of Mr. O'Meally were not ſo affluent as to allow him to lead a life of

idleneſs. He, therefore, on the diſbanding of his regiment, reſolved to go into buſineſs, and opened a tavern in Dublin; which, long after, continued to be a place of celebrity; and was known, till very lately, by the name of "the Eagle," in Werburgh-ſtreet.

Mrs. O'Meally, however, being unwilling to have her ſon expoſed to the vitiating habits of a tavern, boarded young Charles at an academy in Iſland-bridge, a ſmall village about a mile to the weſtward of Dublin, deſigning to give him an education ſuitable to the mercantile line; to which it was her intention to bring him up. Her daughter, however, ſhe kept with herſelf; but ſhe did not live long; and as her death was ſomewhat extraordinary, it may, perhaps, be worth deviating from the direct line of the hiſtory to mention it.

Mr. O'Meally was a very good-natured man; but like many others, who are called good-natured, was apt, on the ſtrength of it, to indulge in violent fits of paſſion. It happened that this poor girl ſuffered herſelf, one

morning before the father and mother were up, to be cheated of a few ſhillings by a party of King William's military officers. When Mr. O'Meally diſcovered it, he flew into an outrageous paſſion, ſtormed at her, and threw her into an agony of fear, which carried her off, after ſhe had lingered under its effects between two and three months.

Chap. II.

MUCH has been ſaid and written on the ſubject of education; much more, however, might be ſaid and written upon it, without exhauſting the topic. In infancy, certainly, the temper is formed; and the habits of feeling as well as of thinking impreſſed upon the human heart. Were parents aware of the extent of this principle, they would be more attentive to it than they are. Did they know how many miſchiefs ariſe, in adult years, from impreſſions made in childhood, by circumſtances apparently innocent or trivial, they would more deliberately weigh

every part of the management of youth before they attempted to put it in practice. Certain, it is, that from things ſeemingly the moſt inſignificant, children will take a bent never after to be rectified—From apparent triffles, they will adopt averſions or attachments—prejudices, propenſities, and paſſions; which neither reaſon, experience, or induſtry, can ever after eradicate from their minds.

The choice of the perſon to whoſe tuition parents entruſt their children is, therefore, of the greateſt conſequence. It is not enough that ſuch a man is a ſcholar: there are many of thoſe deeply-learned pedagogues, who fill the minds and hearts of their pupils with a thouſand diſguſting propenſities, and even vices, for which no ſhare of learning can atone.

How many have been made to abhor early riſing and reading—how many to abhor their duty at church, by unreaſonable rigour in thoſe points, and inhuman chaſtiſement for neglect of them. It was from the cruelty of a

pedagogue, that Mr. Macklin, almoſt in infancy, imbibed that invincible prejudice againſt the Scotch, which adhered to him through a long life, and is too glaringly avowed in his writings to have eſcaped the obſervation of any one who has read or ſeen them performed. The academy at which he was boarded was kept by a Scotchman, of the name of Nicholſon —naturally moroſe, ſour, and ſevere in his temper; the practice of a ſchoolmaſter was not likely to improve it.—Like too many of his profeſſion, he was, in fact, a compendium of all thoſe gloomy, brutal paſſions, which conſtitute the ſyſtematic tyrant; and only wanted power to be a perfect deſpot. A ſubject better calculated both for the indulgence and vexation of ſuch a man could not have been found than young Charles. If Nicholſon was cruel, Macklin was arch, bold, reſolute, and ingenious. Thus the tyranny and moroſeneſs of the Scotchman, ſet off by a groteſque perſon, a ludicrous voice, and the moſt *outré*, whimſical deportment, were ſufficient to recommend him to the boy's contempt and abhorrence. With ſuch motives to hoſtility on both ſides,

it is not at all ſurprizing, that they ſoon declared war againſt each other, which they certainly continued for the ſpace of nineteen months, and, till the boy paſſed his eighteenth year; a time truly aſtoniſhing for two human beings to remain wilfully inflicting and ſuffering. The one was content to undergo all the torment and confuſion, which wit, archneſs, and ingenuity could deviſe for his annoyance, rather than forego the indulgence he felt in whipping the boy—The other was willing to purchaſe the luxury of tormenting his tyrant at the daily expence of a horſing—and if the talents of both be duly conſidered, it will remain doubtful to which of them the palm of perſevering patience belonged. Charles, in his very infancy, diſcloſed ſtrong marks of that temper, genius, and ſpirit, which marked his character in ſucceeding life—ſhrewd, keen, and penetrating beyond his years—bold, proud, and reſolute, and even then inflexibly firm to his purpoſe; full of animation, fire and vivacity, with an heart which tenderneſs or perſuaſion might mould, but no tyranny depreſs or controul.

Upon ſuch a vigorous, luxuriant ſtock, how many noble virtues might not have been ingrafted by the hand of ſkill. But it fell into the hands of a blockhead, who, though he could not marr its growth, contrived, perhaps, to diſtort its direction. The circumſtances of this period of his life impreſſed themſelves ſo deeply on Mr. Macklin's mind, that he never forgot them, and frequently indulged his friends with humorous deſcriptions of his conflicts with, and machinations to tantalize, Nicholſon.

He early poſſeſſed an extraordinary talent for mimickry, which he exerciſed to the continual annoyance of the pedant, by counterfeiting alternately the voices of him and his wife *Harriet*, and calling aloud upon either, in the voice of the other ſo exactly, as to baffle all their vigilance in guarding againſt his pranks; and a parrot which our young hero had taught not only to mimick both in the ſame ſtyle, but to call them by the moſt ridiculous names, compleated their mortification. Every week a meſſage was ſent to Charles's mother, to requeſt that either ſhe or

her huſband would come and take the boy away, or ſilence him. She would come and threaten, and entreat. Charles would promiſe amendment—keep his word for a day or two—and again become as miſchievous and troubleſome as ever. Nor was his archneſs confined to *Nicholſon*; every one who happened to have the leaſt oddity or ſingularity was ſure to become the ſubject of his mirth and humour—ſcarcely any one therefore eſcaped him—and he at laſt obtained the nickname of *Charles a Molluchth*; or, in Engliſh, *Wicked Charley*. While at ſchool, he was celebrated for feats of proweſs and valour. He was more than a match at boxing and cudgel-playing for any boy of his age—and excelled in ſwimming, even there, where that art has always been carried to a degree of perfection ſo great, as to ſurprize all foreigners, who have occaſion to viſit Dublin. The practice of leaping off the bridges of Dublin, and off the maſts of ſhips into the river, was not then ſo common as it has ſince become. It was at that time deemed an act of heroiſm, and Macklin was among the firſt,

if not the very firſt, who undertook that ſeemingly hazardous feat of leaping from the Old Bridge into the Liffey.

Chap. III.

DURING the time he was receiving his education at the academy of Mr. Nicholſon, an incident occured, which Mr. Macklin always conſidered to be the hinge on which the fortunes of his whole life afterwards turned; and the circumſtance that directed his thoughts to the ſtage. Though it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that talents, ſo calculated as his were for the profeſſion, ſet in motion by a ſpirit ſo vivid and mercurial as he poſſeſſed, could hardly have failed of conducting him one day or other into the courſe deſigned for him. However, from this he always dated his firſt diſpoſition to become an actor, and for that reaſon conſidered it as a remarkable æra in his life.—In the year 1708, Mr. Nicholſon reſolved to have a play per-

formed by his ſcholars, in order to diſplay his ſkill in teaching them elocution. The play choſen for the occaſion, was "*The Orphan*," or "*Unhappy Marriage*."—The male parts were readily filled, but to perform the character of *Monimia* was with every boy an object either of ſo much difficulty or diſlike, that not one fit for it could be found to undertake it. At that time, a *Mrs. Pilkington*, a lady of moſt amiable diſpoſition, and uncommon attainments, reſided at Iſland-bridge, and was in the habit of viſiting Mrs. Nicholſon. To her excellent underſtanding, the archneſs, the pleaſantry, and the humour of Macklin, diſcovered no leſs the promiſe of ſomething valuable in manhood, than his oppreſſed ſtate was a recommendation to her good heart. She never failed to plead with all her eloquence in his favour, whenever the pedagogue or his wife railed againſt him. And ſhe was often heard to ſay, that ſhe was convinced he would, one time or other, make a conſpicuous figure in the world.

As ſoon as the difficulty aroſe about performing the character of *Monimia*, Mrs. Pilkington ſeized the opportunity of recommending her favourite, ſaying, that ſhe would take upon herſelf to give him ſome inſtructions, with the help of which ſhe had no heſitation to promiſe, that the character of the heroine ſhould be the beſt performed part in the play. To this expedient Nicholſon at firſt peremptorily objected, not leſs perhaps from real diſtruſt of the boy's talents, than from the fixed and ſettled hatred that he bore him. It was in vain, however, that he argued, aſſuring her the boy was ſuch a wild, incorrigible rogue, that, however qualified he might be to perform the part, he would never go through with it, for it afforded him ſuch an opportunity of gratifying his miſchievous propenſities, that it was impoſſible for him to reſiſt the temptation. The good lady, however, would not be refuſed, and Nicholſon at laſt conſented to let Macklin perform *Monimia*, obſerving, that he was ſure the performance would be interrupted by ſome extravagant act. How far Macklin might have juſtified the ſuſpicion of

Nicholſon, if the character had been wilfully caſt upon him by that pedagogue, he himſelf was never able to aſcertain. He reſolved, however, to exert himſelf to the utmoſt, in order to do as much credit as poſſible to the good opinion of his patroneſs. He diligently ſtudied the part—rehearſed frequently before her, and ſo attentively received and profited by her inſtructions, that when he acted *Monimia*, it was allowed he had made good the promiſe ſhe had given, that the character of the heroine ſhould be the beſt performed part in the play. To the laſt moments of his exiſtence, Mr. Macklin never ſpoke of that lady, without giving vent to the warmeſt effuſions of gratitude and affection. In ſhort, his acting aſtoniſhed every one, and extorted from Nicholſon himſelf ſuch applauſe, that he not only began to ſtand higher in the opinion of others, but to form conceptions of his own powers, and entertain a confidence in himſelf, which in a very little time afterwards, propelled him to an enterprize, that, conſidering his age, and the time when it took place, manifeſted an extraor-

dinary boldneſs of ſpirit. This was nothing leſs than to leave his native country, and to proceed to London, in order, at once, to get rid of Nicholſon, and better his condition; or, as the common ſaying is, *ſeek his fortune.*

It was in the year 1708 that our hero conceived and executed this adventurous project. He had ſome time before contracted an intimacy with two young men of a very wild diſpoſition, both of them ſome years older than himſelf, and both of them filled with an ardent deſire to ſee the world, and come to London to pick up ſome of the gold, which the uninformed part of the Iriſh then imagined lay in the very ſtreets of the metropolis.—With them he held various conferences on the ſubject—every one of which tended to ſtrengthen them in the whimſical notion they had conceived. Once in London, Fortune, they thought, would be ſure to preſent herſelf with open arms to receive them. The only doubt or difficulty in their minds, was the journey; which, ſimple as they were, they knew could not be performed without ſome money: and

money, however eaſily acquired in London, was certainly obtained with great difficulty in Ireland; particularly by three wild, needy youths, whoſe parents could not afford them much pocket money. This difficulty ſerved but to whet the appetite of our young adventurers to get out of ſuch a ſordid place of poverty, as they thought Dublin, and ſee that depot of money and miracles, London; where a *Fortunatus's purſe* was ſuppoſed to be at the ſervice of every enterprizer.—Had they but his *wiſhing-cap*, they would have been happy in a trice—But wanting that, they reſolved to uſe their beſt induſtry to raiſe a ſupply; which after ſome months had elapſed, and a thouſand efforts had been made, they accompliſhed to their preſent content. What was the exact ſum the others had, is a point not worth aſcertaining—but it was certainly leſs than our hero's, who contrived to purloin from his mother, nine pounds, a ſum, which, conſidering the high value money bore at that time, was no ſmall acquiſition to him, nor could be an inconſiderable loſs to his mother. It was, however, the laſt act of diſobedience he was

ever guilty of; and the only fraud that, in his long life, he had to accuſe himſelf of committing. Poſſeſſed of ſo much wealth, he thought there was little apprehenſion of his ever being poor; and conceiving that no time was to be loſt in making good his flight, in caſe of ſearch or purſuit, he, in company with his two friends, William Mulligan, the ſon of an apothecary, in Francis-ſtreet, and Patrick D——n, the ſon of a corn-factor, in Thomas-ſtreet, got on board a ſmall trader, lying in Dublin harbour, ready to ſail; and, without any adventure or miſadventure—without even a ſtorm, which almoſt every paſſenger meets on his firſt voyage, as a thing of courſe, they landed at Parkgate; and proceeding by eaſy journies on foot, arrived in due time in London.—After defraying the expences of their journey, and living in London for the ſpace of a month at an extravagant rate, during which time they viſited all the public places of amuſement, our young adventurers began, for the firſt time, to diſcover that they had but very little money left: and as they were not of the fortunate ſort of beings,

who can draw on a good ſtock of prudence for the deficiencies of their purſe, the ſmall ſum they had remaining, was ſoon expended; and poverty, with all its horrors, aggravated by the thoughts of being in a ſtrange country, far from home, began to ſtare them in the face —and their Iriſh accent precluded them, in ſome degree, from that compaſſion, which, in theſe days of liberality, youths, in the ſame predicament, might hope to experience.

It would not be to be wondered at, if three perſons of ſuch tender years, in the ſituation our adventurers are deſcribed, had fallen into a ſtate of utter deſpondency. They could not hope for favour or compaſſion among ſtrangers, to whom every word they uttered was offenſive and alarming. Neither had they any friend, or countryman, that they then knew of, to whom they could apply for aſſiſtance. In this dilemma, they held frequent councils together; and one day, being reſolved into a committee of ways and means, one of them, Patrick D——n, urged, not only by

deſperation, but, as it ſhould ſeem from his ſubſequent conduct, by bad principles, propoſed to have recourſe to robbery for their ſubſiſtence. Againſt this propoſal, Macklin and Mulligan, without heſitation, revolted; and felt ſuch indignation at the ſuggeſtion, that they broke off all intercourſe with the propoſer, who, however, carried his plan by himſelf into execution, and continued the practice, till, after ſeveral eſcapes, juſtice at length laid hold of him, and his enterprizes ended at Tyburn. His other companion, WILLIAM MULLIGAN, entered into the military ſervice; after having made many efforts to perſuade Macklin to take the ſame ſtep, but in vain, and after ſome years ſervice abroad, he entered into a mercantile line of life, and in a few years amaſſed a very conſiderable fortune: Charles Macklin remained to experience that train of viciſſitudes and fluctuations of fortune, which it is our intention to relate.

Chap. IV.

AS he happened to ſtroll one day through the Borough, he perceived, ſtanding at the door of a public houſe, a female, whoſe face appeared ſo familiar to him, that he could not refrain from ſtopping and looking at her attentively. She ſeemed no leſs ſtruck with his countenance, in which ſhe thought ſhe ſaw ſomething not entirely unknown to her:—an explanation took place, and ſhe proved to be a perſon who had lived with his mother as a ſervant a few years before. The young woman expreſſed no leſs pleaſure than ſurpriſe at ſeeing our hero, although he had played her many a trick; but conceiving it to be impoſſible that Charles had come to London without his mother or father-in-law, deſired to know where they were, that ſhe might go and pay her reſpects to them; and on his informing her of the nature of his journey to London, and the ſituation he was in, ſhe burſt into tears, and exhibited demonſtrations of ſorrow, which affected our

youth's feelings extremely. She conducted him into the houſe, at the door of which ſhe was ſtanding, and taking him into a private room, enquired, with tender ſolicitude, into every particular of his ſituation, the developement of which, impreſſed her with ſtill greater aſtoniſhment and regret. She was herſelf at ſervice in the neighbourhood, and entreated the landlady of the houſe to take care of Charles, and afford him ſhelter, for which ſhe promiſed to be reſponſible, aſſuring every one in hearing, that he was the ſon of a real gentleman and as good a lady as ever exiſted. In conſequence of which, a bed in the attic ſtory was aſſigned him. The houſe in which our hero now reſided, was frequented by ſome inferior performers of a company who exhibited low drolls, pantomimes, tumbling, &c. and who found their account in entertaining the gueſts with their tricks. Charles, whoſe tender mind, and vivid animal ſpirits, rendered him extremely fit for ſuch impreſſions, was much captivated with their performances; and having, as already remarked, a talent

for mimickry, and a rich vein of humour, felt a ſtrong inclination to rival them, and ſoon ſucceeded to his wiſhes. During this time, from the kind treatment of the hoſteſs, (a widow) he had endeavoured to render himſelf as uſeful as poſſible in the houſe, and conducted himſelf ſo well, that he very ſoon became diſtinguiſhed for his diligence and activity; and the partiality of the landlady was juſtified by the actual ſervices that he rendered her; for, excluſive of indefatigable induſtry, and accuracy in the affairs of the trade, he ſoon diſcovered qualities of a more advantageous kind; and by dint of genius, and a high flow of ſpirits, became the delight of all who frequented the houſe. He ſung for them—he danced—he mimicked—he ſpouted—and he played the droll; inſomuch, that his fame ſpread abroad, and the houſe was every night filled with reſpectable opulent dealers. Clubs and meetings were inſtituted for the purpoſe of enjoying the entertainment he afforded. In ſhort, he became a moſt pleaſing and popular cha-

racter in that circle, and more than trebled the income of the houſe by his talents.

During this time, the eyes of the widow could not be accuſed of an entire abſtinence from his perſon. She was imbibing a paſſion for him, which ſelf-intereſt, and the value he was to the houſe encouraged. If her late huſband, at times, broke in upon her thoughts, it was only in a diſadvantageous compariſon with the ſuperior merits of our hero. She argued with herſelf in the following manner —"What would the world ſay? What! to marry a beardleſs boy; a ſtranger, and an Iriſhman too—after having had the beſt of huſbands! it would be too bad;—and as for any thing elſe, it would be worſe!—for who then could anſwer for his conſtancy?" Whenever a conflict of this kind takes place in the mind of a woman, it requires no great ſagacity to determine on which ſide victory will declare.—Reaſon and paſſion come againſt each other like hoſtile armies in a play, where it is predetermined which ſide ſhall beat the other off the ſtage. The voice of the world, decency, or common fame, could ſtand no chance of

ſucceſs, when oppoſed to a very inflammable heart, ſtimulated by ſuch accompliſhments. The good widow being determined to make the boy her own, loſt no time in preparing the attack, and actually had the addreſs to win him over, and the aſſurance to lead him (for it could not be ſaid he led her) to one of thoſe places vulgarly called *Beggar-making ſhops*, of which there were ſeveral at that time in London. The marriage ceremony was generally performed by perſons who had been excommunicated the church. This ſtep, however it might tarniſh her fame with the delicate few, did not at all injure her buſineſs; increaſed crowds came to break the ſhafts of their wit on her head, but they generally experienced ſome very ſevere retorts from her ſuppoſed huſband. She giggled, ſhe flirted, ſhe affected to hide her face—but Charles (miſchievous rogue!) found as much pleaſure in exhibiting and bringing her to view as the viſitors could.—And ſeveral weeks elapſed, before the merriment, which this *extraordinary union* had occaſioned, terminated.

Chap. V.

DURING this time, his mother became almoſt diſtracted at the loſs of him.—The uncertainty of his fate threw her into a ſtate of deſpondency—ſhe ſent to all parts of Ireland; and, by various means and indefatigable induſtry, had every little town ſearched for him: for the difficulties and dangers of a voyage to England, were, at that time, held in ſo exaggerated a point of view, that ſhe did not conceive it poſſible he could have attempted it; and his moſt intimate friends, not even Mrs. Pilkington herſelf, who inſtructed him to play the character of *Monimia*, had never heard him ſuggeſt an idea of viſiting England—ſo ſecretly had he hoarded up his intentions. At length, the young woman who firſt introduced him to the public houſe, ſuſpecting that it would be agreeable to his mother to hear of him, fearing that the company and mode of life he had fallen into would ruin him; and thinking, (no doubt, properly) that the ſup-

poſed union, into which he had been betrayed by his *virtuous landlady*, was not only ſhameful, vicious, and degrading, but unfit for ſo young a boy, wrote, or at leaſt procured a letter to be written, to *Mrs. O'Meally*, informing her of the whole tranſaction. To find him, in any ſituation, was tranſport to the afflicted mother—ſhe loſt no time in availing herſelf of the information, and recovering her prodigal back again to her arms. It happened, that a very near relation of Mrs. O'Meally's, of the name of *Sullivan*, a Spaniſh merchant, reſided in London—to him ſhe immediately wrote, and prevailed on him to undertake the reſtoration of her beloved child.

Proper affidavits were made and authenticated by the ſeal of the lord mayor of Dublin, and many letters were procured to perſons of eminence in London, in order to verify the fact reſpecting the age, and identify the perſon of Charles. Armed with theſe authorities, Mr. Sullivan proceeded, according to the directions he had received, to the Borough;

ſaw Charles, and made a formal demand that he ſhould be delivered up to him. This was at three o'clock in the afternoon. The miſtreſs of the houſe ſet up a plea of marriage; but Mr. Sullivan over-ruled that plea directly, by referring to Charles's nonage; which, he obſerved, and, indeed, ſhe knew, rendered the marriage void. After ſome diſpute, which he threatened to have determined by the intervention of a court of law, or by a more ſummary proceſs before the civil magiſtrate, it was agreed that the boy ſhould be ſent the next morning to Mr. Sullivan's houſe in the city; and that gentleman left the place ſatisfied with the ſucceſs of his negociation. Next morning Mr. Sullivan waited at home to receive and diſpatch the boy; but no boy came.

He, accordingly, without loſs of time, went again into the Borough, and was informed by the landlady, that young M'Laughlin had been gone from thence ſince the morning. On this occaſion, the good lady of the houſe held forth in a pitiable ſtrain of lamentation; declaring, that the abſence of Charles would be the ruin of her houſe, and undoing of her-

ſelf—for nobody would care to come to her club-room after his departure. Mr. Sullivan, however, who ſuſpected what was really the truth, viz.—that ſhe had Charles, at that very time, concealed in the houſe, told her he could liſten to no ſuch ridiculous language—that the boy was intended to move in a very different ſphere of life from that of a publican; and that, as to her loſſes and her feelings, they were not to be put in competition with thoſe of the youth's honeſt and reſpectable mother, who was pining in anguiſh at the loſs of her ſon, on whoſe future progreſs in life her beſt hopes reſted:—finally, he aſſured her, that ſhe ſhould be reſponſible for the boy's appearance—declared he was convinced ſhe had him concealed; and threatened, if he was not inſtantly reſtored, to proſecute her with the utmoſt rigour of the law. On this, Charles was, with very conſiderable reluctance, given up to Mr. Sullivan, and ſent back by the firſt conveyance to Ireland, where he was embraced with tranſport, as the reader may well ſuppoſe, by his fond mother; who was over-joyed, beyond

expreſſion, at the recovery of her long-loſt darling child.

Whilſt the memory of Mr. Macklin was able to recal one, and only one, circumſtance of his paſt life, this meeting with his mother was, probably, that circumſtance.—He often declared, his tranſports were ſo indeſcribably great on that occaſion, that he would undergo almoſt an age of pain to have them repeated; —for, as Mrs O'Meally was one of the beſt of mothers, ſo Charles was, always, the moſt affectionate of ſons.

During the interval of our hero's abſence, Mrs. O'Meally ſuſtained a heavy loſs in the death of a Mr. O'Kelly. This gentleman was diſtantly related to her, and having taken the ſtrongeſt ſide at the revolution, and exerted himſelf after with great activity and vigour on the part of the reigning King (William III.) was high in favour at court; and, being of an excellent diſpoſition, was ever ready to uſe his intereſt in the protection or ſervice of his relatives, however diſtant. He had promiſed

to provide for Charles as ſoon as he was fit to be put forward in life; and that promiſe made the mother more unhappy at the boy's elopement. It was, indeed, a critical turn in the fortune of our hero, and was then looked upon as an unfortunate one; for, on his return home, ſhe and her huſband were ſo circumſtanced, that they found it impracticable to put the boy forward in any buſineſs fitted for his capacity, or ſuitable to his inclination, as he had acquired a taſte for letters, and could think of nothing unconnected with them. While he was kept in this idle ſtate of ſuſpenſe, at his mother's, he formed an acquaintance with ſeveral young gentlemen, who reſorted that houſe; ſome of whom were, at that time, under-graduates in Trinity College, Dublin. Theſe gentlemen were greatly delighted with his manners and accompliſhments, and particularly captivated with his diverting ſtories, and whimſical adventures.—He told them tales, he ſung, he entertained them with anecdotes of ſeveral perſons, illuſtrating his details with mimickry, and embelliſhing them with whim; and they, in

return, lent him books, which he devoured with the greateſt avidity. Whenever he went for books, he was generally detained at the College for the day—ſo that at laſt he might almoſt be ſaid to reſide there. On theſe occaſions, opportunities would occur of rendering himſelf uſeful to his young friends, by going on meſſages from one to the other; and as the tavern had become diſagreeable to him, and he ſaw in that quarter no better proſpect than that of being all his life a tavern-keeper; and as, on the other hand, his College connections afforded him a temporary maintenance, and an opportunity of enlarging and enriching his mind, he determined to ſpend as much of his time in the univerſity as he poſſibly could, till ſomething better ſhould occur; to make himſelf uſeful and agreeable to the young gentlemen of the College; and, with indefatigable induſtry, to convert every opportunity that might preſent itſelf to the improvement of his mind. With this view he ſubmitted to the menial capacity of *Badgeman*—in which ſituation he remained till he arrived at the age of twenty-

one, when he quitted the College in the manner we ſhall now relate. Juſt at this time, a brother of Mrs. O'Meally, Captain O'Flanagan, in the German ſervice, came to Ireland, on a viſit to his relations, and to collect recruits. He was highly captivated with the ſpirited deportment of Charles, and promiſed, if he would be guided by him, to provide for him. On the captain's departure for Germany, he prevailed upon his nephew to accompany him, pledging himſelf to procure him a commiſſion immediately in that ſervice; and informing him, that his intereſt was ſuch as would enable him to get Charles as ſpeedy promotion as the nature of the ſervice would admit. Apparently elated with theſe hopes, our hero once more left his native country, and had the ſatisfaction to carry along with him the reflection, that he had his mother's approbation and conſent. One would naturally ſuppoſe that this great elevation in our hero's circumſtances and ſituation would have quieted his mind for the preſent, and afforded him at leaſt temporary content. After having, almoſt from

infancy, ſpent a life, which, to ſay no worſe of it, was not very enviable; after having firſt undergone the tyranny of a pedagogue, then felt the goading preſſure of poverty; and, after that, ſunk almoſt into ſervitude, it would be but rational to ſuppoſe, he muſt have been greatly over-joyed to riſe to a ſtate of independence, which conferred on him at once the rank of a gentleman; and not only ſecured him from indigence, but promiſed to gratify his moſt ardent ambition, and give ample room for the exerciſe of his ſpirit, however vivid or energetic it might be. Far otherwiſe was it, however, with *Charles*—his mind had got a bent of another kind—his Genius beckoned him to follow her in a different road, and to relinquiſh his deſign of viſiting Germany. He obeyed her ſummons; and whatever cauſe he himſelf might have had to regret or rejoice at it—for the public, at leaſt, and the intereſt of the drama, it muſt be conſidered as fortunate.

Chap. VI.

ON his return to Germany, Captain O'Flanagan made London in his way. He had ſome very honourable intimacies there, which he had formed at *Aix la Chapelle*, and *Bruſſels*, and he was engaged for near a month in a round of viſiting; during which time, our hero entertained himſelf in ſeeking after and converſing with ſome of his old friends in the Borough. And, as this is a proper place to do juſtice to his character, in a particular inſtance, which might, in the future progreſs of the hiſtory, eſcape recollection, we muſt mention, that Mr. Macklin, when he became in ſome degree opulent, finding the widow in the Borough in indigent circumſtances, furniſhed her with the means of living in comfort and decency to the end of her life.

While Captain O'Flanagan was taking leave of his friends in London, Charles was forming an intimacy with a company of ſtrollers; to

which he was introduced by his former ſcaramouch friends in the Borough; and when the time of departure came, was not to be found. His uncle waited three days, at the end of which time, he received a polite letter from his nephew, begging leave to decline the intended viſit to Germany, and the promiſed commiſſion, and announcing his being *better provided for!*—In conſequence of which, that gentleman proceeded to the continent without him; having firſt written a letter to his ſiſter, informing her of her ſon's ſtrange conduct, and incloſing his letter to her.

At this time, he was hidden in a ſhabby room in *Hockley in the Hole,** at which place the ſtrolling company, with whom he had got connected, were exhibiting pieces of mummery, wire-dancing, tumbling, &c.—With them he played a variety of parts—but, as all their pieces were of the moſt inſignificant kind, and might rather be called low drolls, than regular dramas, his parts were of a very inferior ſort, viz. Harlequin, Scaramouch, &c.

* Near Clerkenwell Green.

Here his genius, availing itſelf of the infinite variety of low character that preſented, firſt began to ſtudy mankind, and to lay up the rudiments of acting; which, it is allowed, he afterwards reduced to a ſcience. Here, too, he perfected his ſkill as a pugiliſt, in which he alſo excelled. His life, indeed, at that time, affords little matter for praiſe—and ſomething to lament and to cenſure. The veracity of a biographer, demands a true ſtatement, and we are, therefore, bound to relate, that, acting in thoſe low drolls, boxing, fighting, and gambling, made the tiſſue of his courſe for ſome months in this place:—he was only in his twenty-ſecond year, it is true.—It is known, but more particularly at that time, that an Iriſhman at twenty-two, was as wild, and miſchievous, as an arch Engliſh lad of fifteen: his youth, then, may be pleaded in mitigation of faults, which, in advanced life, would have been inexcuſable, if not infamous.

It will readily be conceived, that, in ſuch a courſe of life, the viciſſitudes of his fortune muſt have been many. His circumſtances were continually fluctuating—ſometimes, he

was without the means of procuring his daily food—at others, he was overflowing with money, which, for greater ſecurity, he uſually hid in his mattreſs; taking care to make his bed himſelf, to lock the room after him, and keep the key in his pocket.

Meantime, the diſappointment and affliction of his mother were inexpreſſible—her fond maternal heart knew no reſt—the hopes ſhe had cheriſhed of his advancement in life were deſtroyed—her pride was hurt, and the promiſed honors of her ſon extinguiſhed.—Nevertheleſs, ſhe was indefatigable in her efforts to recover him again; and applied, for that purpoſe, to every one coming to London, to whom ſhe could get an introduction—or, with whom ſhe had the ſlighteſt acquaintance. At length it happened, that a MR. MALONE, a reſpectable Iriſh gentleman, and the grand-father of the preſent gentleman of that name, who has ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the world of letters, particularly by his Illuſtrations of Shakeſpeare, was coming over to London: to him ſhe applied—he took the

neceſſary inſtructions, and promiſed to uſe his utmoſt endeavours to find her ſon.

This worthy, and ever to be reſpected, gentleman, on his arrival in London, loſt no time in performing his promiſe; and, in conformity to the directions he had received, ſent his ſervant to the public houſe in the Borough; where he, on enquiry, was informed, that Charles came there but ſeldom, but that a young man, who was in the habits of intimacy with him, was there frequently. On hearing this, Mr. Malone immediately applied to this perſon, and received the information, that our hero was lodged at the ſign of the *Cat and Bagpipes*, commonly called the *Salutation*, kept by an Iriſhman, in *Hockley in the Hole*. Thither that gentleman repaired in perſon without delay, and got full intelligence of our hero's whole courſe of life, which gave him infinite concern—though the dauntleſs vivacity and gaiety, with which Macklin afterwards ſpoke of it to him, made him laugh; and induced him to ſet it down as a mere effuſion of an ardent ſpirit; which might, one day, when

applied to proper objects, be uſeful to ſociety, and honourable to the poſſeſſor.

Without tracing, minutely, all the ſteps Mr. Malone took, or all the arguments he made uſe of to effect his purpoſe, ſuffice it to ſay, he ſucceeded to the utmoſt of his wiſhes; and, on his return, took young Macklin back with him to Ireland, and reſtored him once more to his mother; who began to be indifferent what line of life her ſon moved in; no matter how low, or how contracted, provided ſhe could perſuade him to preſerve his morals untainted, and his religion unchanged.—As long as ſhe was near enough to ſpeak to him, ſhe had the moſt abſolute control over him—for he knew not what it was to contradict or refuſe her. In compliance with her deſire, therefore, he endeavoured to content himſelf with the narrow circle of Dublin, and, once more, return to his former ſtation, of *badge-man* in Trinity College.

On the ſecond return of Charles to Ireland, Mr. O'Meally let the tavern in Werburgh-

ſtreet, and took an inn at Cloncurry, about eighteen miles from Dublin. Charles conſtantly viſited his mother in the country.—To this he was prompted by his anxiety to gratify her on the point of his religion:—he left Dublin on the Saturday—went with her to maſs on Sunday—and returned to the College on Monday. It was on theſe occaſions, ſhe was accuſtomed to uſe all her eloquence to eſtabliſh popery in her ſon's heart; who, on his part, liſtened with reſpectful attention, and agreed to every thing ſhe ſaid, though he had often declared her arguments were, frequently, of ſo extravagant a nature, that it required all his filial reverence to prevent him from laughing—and were ſuch as muſt have operated againſt her wiſhes, if that effect had then remained to be produced. O'Meally, her huſband, was a man of a liberal mind; and before him, ſhe dared not ſay a word againſt the eſtabliſhed religion. Thus it was between the two ſects, at that time; even between man and wife, who loved one another, but who happened to be of different perſuaſions—

each thought that, as to futurity, the other was undone, and damned to all eternity.

It was not till after he had completed his twenty-ſixth year, a time of life of very ſerious and important concern, that Macklin began to think he had ſacrificed ſufficiently to the miſtaken fondneſs of a mother; and to feel that he was obſcured, and likely to remain ſo, if he ſtaid in Dublin; while ſome of inferior talents, weaker bodies, and no better education than himſelf, were buſtling, and puſhing their fortune in life.—He, therefore, determined to return, once more, to that great theatre of the world, England; where, he knew, every man got to the laſt farthing of the value of whatever commodity he brought to market, be it what it might—merchandiſe, intellectual talents, or bodily labour. Though he ſtill, and, indeed, to the laſt day of her exiſtence, loved his mother almoſt to idolatry, he reflected that he was now a man, reſponſible to ſociety for the uſe of his talents, and too old to be kept in leading-ſtrings; not doubting, however, that his mother would

ſtill continue to have him purſued, and perſuaded back, he wrote her a letter, expreſſive of his determination, never to return at all, if he could not return in a better ſituation;—beſeeching her not to take the pains of enquiry after him—and, aſſuring her, that ſhe ſhould hear from him as often as would be conducive to her eaſe and ſatisfaction:—and completely to baffle purſuit, he reſolved not to go to London, but to ſteer directly for *Briſtol*, where he purpoſed to remain, if poſſible, till the heat of any enquiry ſhe might ſet on foot was abated. He, therefore, took a place in the ſteerage of a *Briſtol-trader;* and after a long paſſage, which he prevented from being tedious to him by ſtudying a volume of *Beaumont and Fletcher's* plays, landed in that opulent city.

Chap. VII.

IT happened, at this period, that a company of inferior ſtrolling players arrived at Briſtol, and opened a ſmall theatre there, with permiſſion of the Mayor. Two of the performers, a man and woman, lodged in the ſame houſe with Macklin:—it was a little, mean, ſnuff and tobacco ſhop, next door but one to the theatre.—A young fellow of our hero's complexion could not be long ſo ſituated without forming an acquaintance with his fellow-lodgers.—They were both, or at leaſt affected to be, charmed with his manner—took him behind the ſcenes, firſt at rehearſal, and afterwards at the performance, where the great and puiſſant manager himſelf behaved obligingly to him, and ſome nights after made him free of the houſe: for it muſt be obſerved, that Macklin made ſome very pertinent and ingenious remarks upon the drama in general, and his actors in particular—which he accompanied with ſome geſtures and ſpecimens

of imitation, that gave the manager no ſmall opinion of his talents, which was expreſſed in plain terms, with an invitation to enliſt under the banners of the company. Not to deny the truth, it was to the ſtage his heart always turned, and his judgment pointed.—Thus encouraged and puffed up by praiſe, the latent paſſion burſt forth like a flame—he accepted the invitation. The Play of *Richard the Third* was fixed for his *debut*—and the part of *Richmond*, to be performed by Mr. *M'Laughlin*, being his firſt appearance on any ſtage, appeared in manuſcript bills in every corner of Briſtol.

Conſidering the ſtrong vernacular accent, with which Mr. Macklin acknowledged he then ſpoke, the reader would be at a loſs to account for the applauſe which he met with on his firſt appearance—if he was not told, that Briſtol has always been ſo much inhabited by the Iriſh, that their tones in ſpeaking have become familiar there:—the liberal people of the neighbouring counties ſay of a Briſtol man, that he is the "offspring of an Iriſh

rogue and a Welch proſtitute," and this they wittingly call his genealogy. The truth is, the Iriſh traded more, and met more encouragement in that city (as they thought), than in any other part of England, and thence became frequently inhabitants of it. Whether it was owing to this, or the ſuperiority of his acting to the reſt of the company, cannot be determined; but ſo it was, he met a very flattering reception on his firſt appearance. He followed up this ſucceſs with ſeveral other characters of various kinds, and, at the concluſion of the ſeaſon, left Briſtol with the company, on a ſtrolling party through the weſtern part of England. It would be an unintereſting and tireſome taſk to the reader to go through, if it were poſſible for us to give a detail of, the various characters he played, or the variety of offices he executed. Sometimes he was an architect, and knocked up the ſtage and ſeats in a barn; ſometimes he wrote an opening Prologue, or a parting Epilogue, for the company: at others, he wrote a ſong, complimentary and adulatory to the village they happened to play in,

which he always adapted to ſome ſprightly popular air, and ſung himſelf: and he often was champion, and ſtood forward to repreſs the perſons who were accuſtomed to intrude upon, and be rude to the actors. His circle of acting was more enlarged than Garrick's; for, in one night, he played *Antonio* and *Belvidera*, in Venice Preſerved—*Harlequin*, in the entertainment—ſung three humorous ſongs between the acts, and indulged the audience with an Iriſh jig between the play and entertainment. He has often done this, or as much as this, when his allotment of the profits amounted to no more than five or ſix-pence. However, it was his nature not to think of preſent difficulties, but to look forward to future greatneſs.—While he was acting in this manner, he was not miſ-ſpending his time—he was ſteeling his conſtitution, learning the human heart, ſtoring up in his mind character in all its ſhapes, familiarizing himſelf to the caprices of fortune, and laying up a treaſure of information which he could not have acquired in any ſeminary in the courſe of an age.

Small though his profits were, he ſtill held a high rank; indeed, the higheſt in the company, except the manager. Though he took much pains to get rid of the natural *brogue*, it ſtuck to him a long time, and was certainly a great bar to his advancement:—he was conſcious of it himſelf, and, on account of it, avoided puſhing forward into a better company, being determined, if poſſible, to improve his pronunciation before he quitted that with which he acted, though it was of the loweſt kind. Yet there was a ſomething in his action which countervailed this defect —ſo groſs to an Engliſh audience—and held him in the character of a good player. Though he poſitively affirmed he was, in his own eſtimation, below mediocrity, and worked only with the view that labour, ſtudy, and perſeverence, would one day raiſe him. Having croſſed from Briſtol to Wales, the company ſtrolled through that country, and exhibited in the principal towns with the ſame chequered fortune as they met in the weſt of England. It was at one of thoſe towns, on or near the borders of England, that Macklin

happened to lodge in the houſe of a Welch parſon, who, by good fortune, was married to an Engliſh lady of great accompliſhments. He became ſo much a favourite with the happy couple, that they undertook to cure him of his brogue. He thankfully agreed to receive their inſtructions; that is to ſay, to profit by thoſe of the lady, and leave his Reverence's unnoticed; for, bad as the brogue was, it was by no means ſuch unintelligible jargon as that which our good-natured Welch parſon uttered, under the perſuaſion that he was ſpeaking Engliſh.

All Macklin's own efforts, for years, to get rid of his natural accent, were nothing in compariſon with the inſtructions of this lady. Every word he ſpoke with the Iriſh tone, every provincial phraſe, every ſingularity, ſhe noted, and interrupted him in.—His improvement was obvious; and ſo intent was he on proſecuting that improvement, that, having made a ſucceſsful campaign at Hereford, Worceſter, and Shrewſbury, he left the company, and returned to lodge in the houſe of the

Rev. Mr. Davis, his favourite clergyman, where he remained in a ſtate of tuition and edification for ſix months.

At the end of four years, from his laſt leaving Briſtol, he returned to it, hearing that a very reſpectable company of actors had arrived there. His admiſſion into this company, improved though he was in the buſineſs of acting, was attended with much more difficulty than his reception into that of the former. The manager was opulent, proud, critical, and cautious, and he received our hero only on probation, aſſigning him but an inconſiderable character at firſt, to ſee what hand he could make of it. This was *Friar Lawrence* in *Romeo* and *Juliet*; on his performance of which, the manager complimented him; obſerving, that if he could cut three or four inches more of the brogue from his tongue, he would ſpeak the part well. Macklin replied, he wiſhed he could; but obſerved, that cutting off tongues was a dangerous experiment—if not, it would certainly be more practiced than it was; for there were ſome who would be much

more inoffenſive actors, if they had no tongue at all. Our manager, who played *Romeo*, and liſped confoundedly, ſeemed to feel the the ſtroke; and making the beſt of a buſineſs, in which he foreſaw he ſhould be no gainer, took Macklin by the hand, and obſerving he was a clever fellow, ſaid, it ſhould not be his fault if they fell out. In ſhort, they agreed: and the performance of the character of *Mercutio* was, next night, added to that of *Friar Lawrence*, out of compliment to our hero. For a long time he had prejudices to encounter; which nothing but an excellent, ſound underſtanding, ſome genius, and a heart of manly pith, could have enabled him to overcome.—With the judicious, his Iriſh accent was an objection which they allowed his acting, in a great degree, counterbalanced;—with the lower order, his being an Iriſhman was an objection, however admirably he might act. This, however, did not hold ſo ſtrongly in Briſtol, for the reaſon before mentioned. But a circumſtance occurred, which ſeemed to be a fortunate interpoſition of Providence in his favour, as it, at leaſt, procured him friends,

who would not ſuffer him to be diſcouraged.

We have already ſtated, that Macklin was eminent for all thoſe exerciſes that require bodily ſtrength and agility. For none was he more remarkable than *fives*, or *hand-ball playing*. At Briſtol there was a *fives-playing club*, compoſed of the firſt players in and about that country. Macklin one day went to ſee them play againſt a Bath club of the ſame kind. Three players were choſen out of each club.—and, by agreement, it was ſtipulated, that the match ſhould be played immediately. They had hardly ſtruck three ſtrokes, when one of the Bath men, by a violent over-hand exertion, ſprained his ſhoulder, in ſuch a manner, as to be unable to proceed: and as it was for no ſmall ſum they were playing, it was inſiſted that the bets ſhould be drawn, if one of the Bath club could not be found. Search was made, but not one was to be found; when the Briſtol men, impatient to play, and ſanguine in ex-

pectation of victory, propoſed to them to find any ſubſtitute they pleaſed. The gentlemen who had bet the money were preſent, and looked about with an eye of inquiry, to ſee whether there was any one preſent, on whom they could rely. When our hero boldly ſtept forward, and offered himſelf: both parties made ſome difficulty—however, Charles removed it at once, by ſaying, "*Gentlemen, I have four guineas in my pocket, and I will ſtake them on whatever ſide I take, and will take either.*" They accordingly accepted him. The Bath men trembled; the Briſtol players rejoiced, both being perſuaded that it was only Paddy's vanity ſtimulated him to play with Engliſhmen. However, it ſo happened that the Bath men won, and Charles ſhewed ſuch vigour and dexterity, that they were aſtoniſhed:—he put four guineas into his pocket by it; and the Bath club promiſed to take tickets for his benefit; which promiſe they punctually performed, to the amount of eight pounds: a great ſum in thoſe days.

But this was not all: he played ſeveral times after, and ſo temperately managed his powers,

as not to deter them—and mixed his playing with ſo much fun and jeſt, that he became a favourite; and, notwithſtanding ſome oppoſition on the ſcore of his being an Iriſhman, was admitted a member of the *fives-playing club*, which was compoſed of ſome of the firſt bucks of the town. In conſequence of which, he had the greateſt benefit that ever had been known in that city—and ſoon became a moſt diſtinguiſhed actor.

After this, ſuch numbers of the prime *fives-players* in the weſt of England came to play againſt him, that his profeſſional buſineſs was interrupted by their continual challenges—he managed them, however, very artfully. And though his powers, in that way, were ſuch, that he might, by one evening's exhibition, have given them a ſpecimen that would have kept them off for ever; he let himſelf out only by degrees, playing firſt againſt one, and beating him with ſeeming difficulty; then againſt a better; then giving a little, and afterwards, great odds, till he put a conſider-

able ſum in his pocket, and tired them of trying experiments upon him. All the while, his liberal, daſhing manners—his pleaſantry of expreſſion—his wit, and his companionable qualities, made him more and more in requeſt; and he became a great favourite with all ranks of people, not only as an actor, but a man.

When the company moved to Bath, he there played the ſame diſtinguiſhed part in the *ſives-court*, and on the ſtage; and became no leſs a favourite there, than he was at Briſtol. From thence he went, with the ſame company, to the various large towns in the weſtern part of England; and played in all, with increaſing ſucceſs.

Chap. VIII.

HAVING thus ſtemmed the tide of prejudice, and obtained an indiſputable title to the reputation of a good actor, he betook himſelf with indefatigable aſſiduity to ſtudy. This, he was the better able to accompliſh, as he had it now in his power to furniſh himſelf with books to any uſeful extent. The difficulties which his accent and provincial expreſſions threw in his way, at firſt, though now in ſome degree ſurmounted, dwelt with lingering pain in his mind; and impelled him to uſe more than common efforts, to get rid of them. He obſerved, too, that moſt of the actors, who failed of ſucceſs on the ſtage, had to attribute their failure to defective enunciation; and he could even ſee that the beſt of thoſe, with whom he performed, were greatly deficient in that reſpect. He, therefore, made the Engliſh language the object of his purſuit; and reſolved not to deſiſt,

till he had made himſelf as perfect a maſter of it, as his capacity would admit.

He had become ſo great a favourite, both as an actor and a companion, with the people of Briſtol—his emoluments were ſo conſiderable, and his ſituation ſo comfortable, with ſo much leiſure for the cultivation of his underſtanding, by reading, that he ſcarcely felt a ſingle impulſe of inclination to remove from it. Beſides, there was no place to which he could move, with any poſſible advantage, in point of fame or emolument, but the metropolis, where the ſtate of the theatres afforded no hope of admiſſion, All, there, was carried by cabal, trick, and intrigue—the managers, *Wilkes*, *Dogget*, *Cibber* and *Booth* were, themſelves, capital actors, and engroſſed all the parts that could help a young actor to fame; and had, moreover, every department of the theatre filled with eſtabliſhed old actors, their own friends and acquaintances—and, what was more, the ſtage friends and acquaintances of the town. He, therefore, contented himſelf with Briſtol and Bath, taking occaſional excurſions to different

parts of England, where his fame circulating, and reaching the country managers' ears, induced them to employ him.

It may ſeem extraordinary, that an actor of Macklin's talents, ſhould have remained in the obſcure ſhade of a country company for ſo long a time: it is no leſs a poſitive truth. His head quarters were at Briſtol; till a revolution in the London theatres brought him upon that ſtage in the year 1733. To elucidate this circumſtance more fully, it will be neceſſary to give the following hiſtory of the theatres, which we have faithfully compiled from Mr. Macklin's memorandums on the ſubject.

We mean to do it as conciſely as will be conſiſtent with the view we have in giving it —that is, to ſhew the reader, that, in thoſe concerns, trifling though they are, as much envy and jealouſy, as much fraud, low intrigue, and cabal; as much party fury, and party injuſtice, are to be found, as in the courts of the moſt deſpotic princes, or levees of the moſt profligate prime miniſters.

Looking back to the time of Shakeſpeare, we ſhall find, that the players then, were the king's or queen's ſervants, and under the controul of an officer of the ſtate.—As there was no patentee, or proprietor of a theatre in his own right, there was no ſtruggle for power, and ſcarely any injuſtice—each was rewarded according to his abilities, to contribute to the king's entertainment. QUEEN ELIZABETH, particularly, encouraged, and protected them; and ſo did her nobles.

Lord Southampton made a preſent of one thouſand pounds to Shakeſpeare, by the ſtyle and title of "*his honoured friend Shakeſpeare.*" When we conſider that money bore near ten times the value at that time that it does now, we cannot but be aſtoniſhed at his lordſhip's munificence; and, when we advert to the object of it, we muſt allow, that it ought to ſtand for ever engraven in braſs, as a monument of his fame.

After that, *James the Firſt* granted a licence to nine perſons to perform plays—among thoſe

we find three names of diſtinction as poets—*Shakeſpeare*, *Cowley*, and *Fletcher*.

Thus the drama was encouraged by the protection of the crown, and the patronage and bounty of the nobles, till the time of the common-wealth, when *Cromwell* and his barbarous fanatics cruſhed it, and ſhut up the theatres.

Soon after the reſtoration, the drama again began to revive, and two patents were granted for two ſeparate companies, one called "*the King's*," and the other "*the Duke's*." Sir *William Davenant* had one, *Henry Killigrew*, Eſq. the other; one exhibited at *Drury-lane*, the other at *Dorſet-garden*. Ten of the actors of the *King's company* were fixed on the royal eſtabliſhment; were allowed each ten yards of ſcarlet cloth, with ſufficient gold lace, for liveries; and were honoured with the ſtyle of Gentlemen of the Great Chamber. The King himſelf took cognizance of their management and private government, and gene-

rally gave his deciſion on their differences, pretenſions, or complaints.

Under ſuch great patronage, and with the advantage of ſuch excellent performers, which they had, it can be no wonder that theſe companies were proſperous for ſome time. But the variety of their plays was at laſt exhauſted—the public taſte was palled by ſatiety and repetition of the ſame delicious food. The few who went to plays were drawn by the beſt actors—the *King's company* carried all away, and the manager of the *Duke's company*, in order to ſupport his theatre, was compelled to have recourſe to grand ſpectacle and muſic, and to introduce that nonſenſical impoſition on public taſte—the Dramatic Opera, with all its trappings, tinſels, and gawdy decorations.

When it is conſidered, that of thoſe who frequent theatres, the far larger part are perſons incompetent to form a judgment of what is right or wrong, in matters of taſte; are

more captivated by thoſe things which pleaſe the groſſer ſenſes, than thoſe which delight and improve the intellect and the heart:—in ſhort, that there are more who can ſee or hear, than think or judge, we are not to be ſurpriſed that ſuch a novel ſupply of mere ſight and ſound were too hard for common ſenſe and plain nature; and that the ſtupid, fulſome opera, was, for a time, more frequented than the *King's theatre*, though ſupported by the beſt acting ever known. The firſt introduction of this vile abuſe may be attributed to the manager of the *Duke's company*: it was even then loudly complained of.—And in the prologues, prefixed to the plays of thoſe days, we find the incroachment lamented with all the pathetic energy of poetry, and laſhed with the bittereſt ſeverity of ſatire.

"The wicked, when compared with the more
"Wicked, ſeem virtuous—and not to be the
"Worſt, ſtands in ſome rank of praiſe."

So we may ſay, that thoſe who firſt introduced that groſs and injurious outrage on

public judgment, were guilty of but a very venial treſpaſs, when compared with thoſe who have followed them, and who have carried it ſo far, as to have completely vitiated the public taſte; for what elſe but groſs vitiation and corruption of public taſte muſt it be, when a manager is enabled to give a greater ſalary to a *Banti*, than ever a *Garrick* or a *Barry* received; and when the moſt exquiſite performances of *Shakeſpeare* are forſaken, for the ſqueaking yells of an Italian *caſtrato*, or the capering of a *Didelot*, a *Roſe*, or a *Veſtris*.

This groſs hereſy againſt common ſenſe, however, did not long continue to ſerve the purpoſes of the introducer.—The novelty of it wore off—while the corruption of public taſte remained behind, and made the people dupes to every wretched exhibition that offered; and *Cibber* relates, that a miſerable puppet-ſhow, in Saliſbury Change, (where Cecil Street now ſtands) had ſuch an amazing run of audiences, for ſuch a length of time, that thoſe two celebrated companies

were greatly diſtreſſed; inſomuch, that they were at laſt obliged to petition the *King* for relief againſt it. Thus the corruption of taſte, like the depravation of morals, when once begun, runs in a rapid career; and between the opera and its dancers, the pantomime and its contemptible parade, and the very loweſt puppet-ſhow, the deſcent is but ſhort, and rapid. Indeed, the hiſtory of all agesſhews us, how vain it is to argue or contend againſt this evil, however we may lament it; for *Terence* himſelf took much pains to inculcate a contempt for performances ſo derogatory to the human intellect; and reproaches the Roman audiences for their attachment to rope-dancers.

But to return.—What between the injury one company did the other, by the introduction of the opera; and that which a puppet-ſhow, with its *equally rational amuſements*, did to both; they were obliged to think of adopting ſome plan for their mutual preſervation; and, impelled by theſe, as well as other reaſons, joined the two companies toge-

ther. This junction was attended with no ſmall diſadvantage to the actors; for the only theatre in the town being then in poſſeſſion of one intereſt, the united patentees took ungenerous advantage of it, and impoſed ſuch terms as they thought proper on the actors. Adventurers were then ſuffered, without any one qualification, to purchaſe ſhares; and though utterly ignorant of theatrical affairs, were admitted to a proportionate ſhare of power, and an equal vote in the management. Theſe took upon them to advance, that it was improvident to encourage particular actors, becauſe they had merit; and that any money, given in that way, was but ſo much deducted from their private dividends. Thus ſtrangers and idle drones ſhared the produce of the plays, while little elſe but labour and oppreſſion fell to the ſhare of the actors.

And yet, if we look into the characters and reputations of the actors of that company, as handed down by thoſe of later times, we ſhall be induced to believe, that this injured, abuſed, and oppreſſed ſet of actors, was the very

beſt that ever was collected together in our theatre. There were no leſs than ſeven actors, and ſix actreſſes; any one of whom would, at this day, be reckoned a firſt-rate, and be able to ſupport the reputation of a houſe.

At the head ſtood *Betterton*, who, as *Cibber* and others relate, was like *Shakeſpeare*, without a competitor.—And here, thinking of the mighty dead in that line, recollecting, as we do, *Garrick*, *Barry*, *Moſſop*, and many others, whoſe exquiſite performances have ſo often thrilled to our marrow, and almoſt ſuſpended life, we cannot help lamenting the fate of ſuch great men, and regretting that their labours, like thoſe of the poet or the painter, cannot go down to after ages, as a teſtimony of their excellence, and a record of the delight and improvement they afforded. We know, and our children's children will know hereafter, how a *Shakeſpeare*, an *Otway*, a *Congreve*, or a *Sheridan* WROTE—but how ſhall we be able to conceive how a *Betterton*, or a *Nokes* ACTED?—or how ſhall thoſe, who are

to come after us, be able to form any adequate idea how SHAKESPEARE's *Lear*, and OTWAY's *Jaffier*, were improved by the inimitable performances of BARRY?—how *Shylock* was identified, and CONGREVE's *Sir Paul Pliant* ſupported, by MACKLIN—or how SHERIDAN's *Sir Fretful Plagiary* could receive as much ſupport from an actor's merit, as it does from the author's wit, when they will not be able to conceive how it was performed by a PARSONS? Beautifully, indeed, does MR. SHERIDAN expreſs his thoughts, in his incomparable Monody on the Death of GARRICK. The lines are of ſuch maſterly and truly poetic compoſition, that we are tempted to give them a place here.—

If dying excellence deſerves a tear,
If fond remembrance ſtill is cheriſh'd here,
Can we perſiſt to bid our ſorrows flow,
For fabled ſuff'rers and deluſive woe?
Or with quaint ſmiles diſmiſs the plaintive ſtrain,
Point the quick jeſt—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried *Roſcius* we aſſign
Our kind regret—one tributary line!
His fame requires we act a tend'rer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art!

The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful verſe,
The ſplendid ſorrows that adorn'd his hearſe,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite paſs'd,
The grac'd reſpect that claim'd him to the laſt,
While Shakeſpeare's image, from its hallow'd baſe,
Seem'd to preſcribe the grave, and point the place:
Nor theſe, nor all the ſad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domeſtic woe,
So much are Garrick's praiſe—ſo much his due,
As on this ſpot—one tear beſtow'd by you.
Amid the arts which ſeek ingenious fame,
Our toil attempts the moſt precarious claim!
To him whoſe mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths ſupplies:
Whate'er of wonder *Reynolds* now may raiſe,
Raphael ſtill boaſts cotemporary praiſe:
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom ſubdued,
With undiminiſh'd awe his works are view'd:
E'en beauty's portrait wears a ſofter prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.
The patient ſculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art:
Content with ſlow and timorous ſtroke to trace
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once atchiev'd, tho' barb'rous wreck o'erthrow
The ſacred fane, and lay its glories low;
Yet ſhall the ſculptur'd ruin riſe to-day,
Grac'd by defect, and worſhip'd in decay;
Th' enduring record bears the artiſt's name,
Demands his honours, and aſſerts his fame.

Superior hopes the Poet's boſom fire,—
O proud diſtinction of the ſacred lyre!
Wide as th' inſpiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffuſive ſplendour gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the ſong heroic woes rehearſe
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verſe,
Or fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's ſmile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The ſoft deſpair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime,
Congenial paſſions meet the according rhyme;
The pride of glory, pity's ſigh ſincere,
Youth's earlieſt bluſh, and beauty's virgin tear,
Such is their meed, their honors thus ſecure,
Whoſe arts yield objects, and whoſe works endure:
The *Actor* only ſhrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whoſe faint breath his merits muſt abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to ſubſtance unallied!
Even matchleſs *Garrick's* art, to heaven reſign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.
The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied ſcene;
Th' expreſſive glance, whoſe ſubtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applauſe;
Geſture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A ſenſe in ſilence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious ſpeech, whoſe pure and liquid tone
Gives verſe a muſic ſcarce confeſs'd its own;

As light from gems aſſumes a brighter ray,
And, cloth'd with orient hues, tranſcends the day!
Paſſion's wild break, and frown that awes the ſenſe,
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,
All periſhable!—like th' electric fire,
But ſtrike the frame, and as they ſtrike, expire;
Incenſe too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the ſenſe, and blends with air.
Where then, while ſunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipſe for ever veils thoſe eyes;
Where is the bleſt memorial that enſures
Our Garrick's fame?—where is the truſt?—'Tis yours.
And, O! by every charm his art eſſay'd
To ſooth your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the huſh'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his laſt parting tear, repaid by you!
By all thoſe thoughts, which many a diſtant night
Shall mark his memory with a ſad delight!
Still in your hearts dear record bear his name,
Cheriſh the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To you it is bequeath'd, aſſert the truſt,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be juſt.
What more is due from ſanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn, ſhall bloom, a deathleſs wreath,
Whoſe bloſſom'd ſweets ſhall deck the maſk beneath—
For theſe, when ſculpture's votive toil ſhall rear,
The due memorial of a loſs ſo dear,
O lovelieſt mourner, gentle muſe! be thine
The pleaſing woe to guard the laurell'd ſhrine.

As fancy, oft by ſuperſtition led
To roam the manſions of the ſainted dead,
Has view'd by ſhadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb;
So thoſe, ſweet muſe, hang o'er his ſculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet deſire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that ſpeak—*He never ſhall return!*
Chilling thy tender boſom, claſp his urn;
And with ſoft ſighs diſperſe th' irrev'rend duſt,
Which time may ſtrew upon his ſacred buſt.

Chap. IX.

BUT to return to BETTERTON.—This great man ſeems to have filled, in the eyes of thoſe who knew him, the moſt perfect idea of a finiſhed actor; and, indeed, we can collect ſufficient matter from their circumſtantial accounts, to ground a belief, that the pictures given of him are but little, if at all, exaggerated.—From theſe he appears to have had all the requiſites for a good actor, an excellent underſtanding and conception of

his author; fine feelings—powerful organs of delivery—an unuſually expreſſive countenance—mild, grand, and authoritative, juſt as ſuited the character he was to perform; with a perſon dignified and majeſtic, and action that could not be excelled. CIBBER, who lived to ſee GARRICK and BARRY, declares, that all the *Othellos*, *Hamlets*, *Brutus'*, *Hotſpurs*, *Macbeths*, &c. that ever he ſaw ſince, fell infinitely ſhort of him. We muſt receive this account with ſome allowance for partiality—for VICTOR accuſes CIBBER of ſlighting BOOTH; hinting, at the ſame time, that BOOTH was probably as great an actor as BETTERTON; though, he adds, that BOOTH himſelf never would allow it; but, whenever a compariſon was attempted in his preſence, would burſt out into an extatic eulogy on his great predeceſſor, and exclaim, in the words of the Poet:

"Oh had you known him all, as I have known him,
"What a man he was, &c. &c."

Making allowances, however, for all partiality, and declining compariſons, which it is

impoſſible at this day to make, it muſt be allowed that he was a wonderful actor, and had the character, above all others, of completely gratifying the eye, ear, and underſtanding. A great proof of this is, that the moſt furious rants, and turgid fuſtian of LEE, became important when uttered by him—and when he pronounced that moſt extravagant mad *bravado* of Alexander, which no other actor could ſpeak without exciting laughter, viz.

" By Heaven they never did; they never can;
" And I more glory to have paſs'd that ſtream,
" Than to have drove a million o'er the plain.
" Can none remember? yes—I know all muſt,
" When glory, like the dazzling eagle, ſtood
" Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood;
" When Fortune's ſelf my ſtandard trembling bore,
" And the pale Fates ſtood frighted on the ſhore;
" When each immortal on the billows rode,
" And I, myſelf, appeared the leading God."

The ſtrength and melody of his voice, the majeſty of his deportment, the ſkill and force of his enunciation, the expreſſion of his

countenance, and the general harmony of the whole, had ſuch an effect upon his auditors, that Judgment was diſarmed, and led captive in tranſport and admiration. MONTFORD, the BARRY of that day, had been the *Alexander*. When he died, BETTERTON, then old, took it up; and notwithſtanding the ſatiety of the town, continued to play it to full houſes, till his ſtrength was unequal to it; when he relinquiſhed it; and for many years after the play could not pleaſe the public. It has been ſaid, and we think with juſtice, that his ſupporting the falſe fire and extravagance of that character, was a more ſurpriſing proof of his ſkill, than his being eminent in SHAKESPEARE.

Nor was his merit confined to tragedy, or any particular walk in tragedy. He ſeems to have had as great a variety, though the extremes of that variety were not ſo contraſted as GARRICK's. In tragedy, he excelled in love, in rage, in dignity, in pathos, in terror, and in declamation.

In comedy, he was admirable, particularly in the character of the gentleman; and his *Falſtaff* has never been ſurpaſſed, not even by *Quin*:—if we may believe report, he was ſuperior in many parts which *Garrick* attempted to perform. But we have no reaſon to believe that he would be able, like Garrick, after exhauſting the hearts of his auditors of their laſt tear in the character of *King Lear*, to throw them into convulſions of laughter, with the low drollery of *Abel Drugger*. This admirable performer, who was as good a man as he was an actor, played, three days before his death, the character of *Melantius* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, for his own benefit; and played better, ſays Cibber, than any one ſince, though then 74 years old. Rather than diſappoint the audience, he put compreſſures about a gouty foot, which threw the diſorder into the ſtomach, and was the cauſe of his death.

To convey a juſt idea of the excellence of deceaſed actors, is, as before lamented, impoſſible. The beſt mode of giving a notion of

their ſtyle and merits, is by a ſcale of compariſon with ſome actors in remembrance. On this plan we may, with juſtice, ſet down *Betterton*, the *Garrick* of that day. The time may come, when it would give offence to the admirers of ſome favourite actor, to compare Garrick with him; and many will now cenſure our placing *Betterton* on his level. Each thinks the beſt he has ſeen, the beſt that ever exiſted. There are even now ſome perſons who are diſpleaſed, if they hear *Barry* or *Moſſop* preferred to Mr. *Kemble*; and much againſt their will, and with ſome doubt, admit the ſuperiority of Garrick. Though Mr. Kemble himſelf would have judgment and modeſty enough to ſet them right.

The next, in this admirable company, which, as before related, ſunk under the opera and the puppet ſhow, was *Montfort*, whom, on our ſcale of compariſon, we may ſtyle the *Barry* of that day, and, indeed, the deſcription of the one, would almoſt exactly anſwer for the other. After him came *Kynaſton*,

whom we may pretty juſtly compare to *Moſſop:* and, after making every allowance, with no diſadvantage to the latter, he had more grace and dignity.

The next was *Sandford*, whom Cibber calls the *Spagnolet* of the ſtage. It would be injuſtice to compare him to any one particular actor. The ſtage villain was his particular forte—though, in private life, a moſt excellent man. Let the reader ſuppoſe, Garrick in Richard, Macklin in Iago, Moſſop in Zanga, &c. &c. and let him add to this, a naturally deformed, crooked perſon, an acute piercing tone of voice, and a formidable ſtern aſpect, "changing, at times (as Cibber happily expreſſes it), into an almoſt ludicrous triumph over all goodneſs and virtue," and he will have ſome diſtant conception of this great actor.

Then came the comedians—at the head of whom—at the head of all comedians, ancient or modern, ſtood NOKES. We have no one to compare him with: a mixture of Parſons

and Weſton comes neareſt him of any thing we can conceive. An adequate deſcription of ſuch an actor muſt be impoſſible:—but Colley Cibber's account of him is ſo well conceived, and happily executed; ſo likely to impreſs a diſtant idea of the man, and ſo entertaining in itſelf, that we are ſure our readers will think themſelves well repaid for the trouble of reading it.

"*Nokes* was different from any one actor that ever I have ſeen or heard of, ſince or before him.—His excellence was a plain, palpable ſimplicity of nature, ſo entirely his own, that he was often as diverting off the ſtage as on it.

"Whenever he entered, he was received with a burſt of applauſe; not clapping of hands, for that might, and very often is, proſtituted; but an involuntary laugh, which the very ſight of him provoked, and nature could not reſiſt. Had a bench of biſhops been preſent, they muſt have fallen into a titter: yet, the louder the laugh, the graver was his look.

In the ludicrous diſtreſſes, which, by the laws of comedy, folly is involved in, he ſunk into ſuch a mixture of piteous puſillanimity, and conſternation, ſo ruefully ridiculous and inconſolable, that, when he had ſhook you to pieces with laughter, it was a moot point whether you ought not to have pitied him.

" When he debated any matter by himſelf, he would ſhut up his mouth with a dumb, ſtudious pout, and roll his full eye into ſuch a vacant amazement, ſuch a palpable ignorance of what to think of, that his ſilent perplexity (which would laſt ſeveral minutes) gave your imagination as full content, as the moſt abſurd thing he could poſſibly ſay upon it. In *Sir Martin Marr-all;* who is always committing blunders to the prejudice of his own intereſt, when he had brought himſelf to a dilemma in his affairs, by vainly proceeding on his own head, and was afterwards afraid to look his governing ſervant in the face, what a copious and diſtreſsful harangue has he often made with his looks (while the houſe has been in one continued roar for ſeveral

minutes), before he could prevail with his courage to ſay a word to him. Then might you have at once read—*vexation* that his own meaſures, which he had piqued himſelf upon, had failed—*envy* of his ſervant's ſuperior wit —*diſtreſs* to retrieve the occaſion he had loſt—*ſhame* to confeſs his folly—and yet a ſullen deſire to be reconciled, and better adviſed for the future. What tragedy ever ſhewed ſuch a tumult of paſſions, riſing, at once, in one boſom; or what buſkined hero, ſtanding under the load of them, could have more effectually moved his ſpectators, by the moſt pathetic ſpeech, than poor, miſerable *Nokes* did, by this ſilent eloquence, and piteous plight of his features.

"In ſome of his low characters, that became it, he had a ſhuffling ſhamble in his gait, with ſo contented an ignorance in his aſpect, and an aukward abſurdity in his geſture, that, had you not known him, you could not have believed that naturally he could have had a grain of common ſenſe."

Beſides him, there were *Underhill* and *Leigh*, performers inferior only to *Nokes*, and eminently excellent in ſeveral characters in comedy, which were unfit for him

The actreſſes were, *Mrs. Betterton*, *Mrs. Barry*, *Mrs. Leigh*, *Mrs. Butler*, *Mrs. Montfort*, afterwards *Venbruggen*, *and Mrs. Bracegirdle*; all of them admirable performers, and worthy to be compared with any that have followed them.

Such were the performers, and ſuch their merits; yet they could not be ſecure againſt the tyranny of their taſk-maſters, and the peculation of their hard-hearted employers.—How happy, how opulent, how independent, is the ſtate of inferior actors, at this day, compared with theirs! The patentees of the united company, having a monopoly of the ſtage in their hands, preſumed that they might impoſe what terms they pleaſed upon their people. They would not admit any young actor into pay, under, at leaſt, half a year's probation; at the end of which time,

Colley Cibber relates he was glad to get ten ſhillings a week from them for his labour.

But while they were thus tyrannizing over the actors, and making them their enemies, they forgot that there was a third party—the public, who having actors, and not managers in their eye, would be diſpoſed to protect them. It was natural that the actors, who night after night were affording them delight, ſhould ſtand higher in their eſteem, than a perſon never ſeen; and that the public ſhould wiſh them the enjoyment of the profits ariſing from their labours, however it might claſh with the rights of patentees, or whatever damage or injuſtice might fall on the owners, whoſe perſonal merit the public was little acquainted with.

Impreſſed with theſe feelings for the actors, ſeveral perſons, of the higheſt diſtinction, warmly eſpouſed their cauſe, and ſometimes, in the upper circle, entertained the King with the ſtate of the theatre. Looſe converſation brought about cloſe diſcipline and inquiry; at

length their grievances were completely laid before Earl Dorſet, then Lord Chamberlain, who entered heartily into their cauſe, and took the moſt effectual ſteps for their relief. Counſel of the firſt eminence were adviſed with, and gave their opinion, that no patent for acting plays could tie up the hands of a ſucceeding Prince, or prevent him from granting the like authority to others, where his wiſdom or juſtice might think it expedient: on which opinion, the proſpect of the actors began to brighten. While the affair was in agitation, QUEEN MARY died—and of courſe a ſtop was put to all public diverſions, ſo that Betterton and his adherents had more leiſure to ſolicit the redreſs they hoped for. And the patentees, finding that the party formed againſt them was daily gaining ſtrength, were reduced to the neceſſity of making ſure of ſuch a company of players as the refuſe of Betterton's party could form.

In a ſhort time Mr. Betterton and the chiefs of his party were allowed the honour of an audience with his Majeſty—who gra-

ciouſly diſmiſſed them, with aſſurances of relief and ſupport—and accordingly a ſelect number of them were ſoon after impowered, by his Majeſty's Licence, to perform plays in a ſeparate theatre for themſelves. In purſuance of which, a ſubſcription was ſet on foot for erecting a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they opened the next year, ſucceſsfully, with the comedy of *Love for Love*, then newly written by Mr. Congreve, who joined them, and undertook to give them one new play a year—which undertaking he certainly never fulfilled. Both ſides, however, were ſufferers by the ſeparation. The patentees were convinced, when too late, of their error—their proſpects were bad—their houſes thin; and as to the new company, they began ſoon to form cabals among themſelves, which retarded their ſucceſs. They might be compared to a commonwealth—ſucceſs poured in at firſt upon them in torrents—but jealouſies, and love of power, deſtroyed their union; and all began to vie and ſtruggle for command: although deference ſhould have been paid to the judgment and experience of

Betterton, ſeveral of them endeavoured to take the lead, and govern in turn. Then diſputes aroſe of another kind—the tragedians thought themſelves better than the comedians, as tragedy was more excellent than comedy. While the comedians aſſerted their ſuperiority, which they grounded on the merits of comedy, as coming nearer to, and being a more juſt repreſentation of nature:—the comedians were jealous of the rich dreſſes in tragedy; and the tragedians again remarked ſeverely upon the unneceſſary expence attending the decorations of comedy; in ſhort, every thing became a ſubject of diſpute, jealouſy, and cavil: averſe to each other's good from envy, ſecure from ſucceſs, and negligent from merit, they gave an advantage to their enemies, which was not neglected, and ſoon found, to their regret, that a young, induſtrious company, under good direction and proper government, were more than a match for the beſt actors in the world, unreſtrained by wholeſome controul, and unaided by induſtry. Thus the two companies mutually harraſſed each other—reduced each

other's finances—were working for half wages, or, by alternate ſucceſſes, intercepting and wreſting the bread from each other's mouths.

About this time, the immoralities of the ſtage, which, by the ſcandalous, open encouragement and indulgence of Charles the Second, had been ſince his time creeping into the drama, became ſo licentious, that nothing, however groſs, could be too low for it. That infamous comedy, the *London Cuckolds*, was, above all plays, in favour with Charles and his court. Indeed we may form ſome conception of the ſtate of morals at that time, from the circumſtance of a man of Dryden's towering genius ſtooping to gratify an audience by writing ſcenes, which, at this day, would be burned by the hands of the common hangman—or, at leaſt, publickly execrated, on account of their indecency. One *Collier*, a nonjuring clergyman, made a violent attack upon the ſtage, and dramatic writers—and upon a critical examination of ſeveral pieces, convicted them of the moſt foul immorality:—he was particularly ſevere on

Congreve's *Old Batchelor*, and Cibber's comedy of the *Relapſe*—nay, he went ſo far with the latter, as to cenſure his comedy of the *Fool in Faſhion*, only for having the word "*Faith*" in it as an oath. Unqueſtionably the indecency of thoſe plays demanded cenſure; but we muſt at the ſame time allow, that it is to the vitiated taſte of ſpectators, and not to the author or actors, the corruptions of the ſtage are at all times attributable. The one muſt write, and the other act agreeably to their palates, or they may as well attempt neither. It is the audience, and not the author or actor, who give the tone.

Collier's book met with general approbation—and was thought to have ſo laudable a tendency, that it at laſt found its way into the hands of *King William*, who entirely coincided with its principles, and took notice, not only of it, but its author; diſtinguiſhing Collier by a particular mark of favor. The avowed opinion of the king, had a very wholeſome effect on thoſe who wrote after:—authors were more on their guard—inde-

cency ceaſed to be conſidered as wit, and of courſe, became leſs faſhionable; and, by degrees, the fair ſex began to fill the boxes on the firſt repreſentation of a new comedy, without fear of offence, or apprehenſion of cenſure.

But this was not all—the Maſter of the Revels, who then licenſed all the plays for the ſtage, came forward in ſupport of Collier, and aſſiſted this reformation with a ſeverity, injuſtice, and ignorance equally diſguſting, vexatious, and ridiculous: he would ſtrike out whole ſcenes of a vicious or immoral character, though obviouſly brought forward only to be reformed or puniſhed — one ſentence would ſometimes damn a whole ſcene, to the ruin of the whole piece: but the moſt ridiculous exertion of his power, was ſhewn in the caſe of Cibber's excellent alteration of Richard III. out of which he cut, at one ſweep, the whole firſt act. Cibber applied for the ſmall indulgence of one or two of the inoffenſive ſcenes, in order (to uſe his own words) "that the other four acts

might limp on with a little leſs abſurdity"—No; it would not do. The Maſter of the Revels *had not* leiſure to conſider what might be ſeparately inoffenſive—he had an objection to the whole act—and for what reaſon? why, truly, that the diſtreſſes of King Henry the Sixth, who is killed by Richard in the firſt act, would put people too much in mind of King James, then living in France. *Riſum teneatis!*—We ſhould be inclined to diſbelieve this anecdote, if it did not ſtand on high authority.

For ten years, that is to ſay, from 1697 to 1707, both companies went on without any memorable change in their affairs:—about that time, the acquiſition of *Mr. Wilkes*, and *Mrs. Oldfield*, was of great importance—and the improvement that time and practice accompliſhed, in the playing of *Penkethman*, was of no leſs conſequence; while Cibber and the other performers of Drury Lane, were acquiring great reputation for that company; ſo that the old company were, in proportion,

declining—though ſupported, as Cibber himſelf acknowledges, by far ſuperior acting—for there was no actor in his company to be compared to *Betterton*, or even to be put in competition with *Booth*. This was owing entirely to the want of due ſubordination. *Booth* afterwards ſaid, that Betterton uſed to complain to him, in terms of chagrin and mortification, of the difficulties he had to encounter, and the impracticability of keeping their little body in the common order, neceſſary to their ſupport.

Finding the public palate ſatiated with plain, good ſenſe, and nature, in the excellent acting of Betterton and his company, recourſe was had to high-ſeaſoned, foreign kickſhaws, in order to revive their ſickly appetite—and ſome of the very beſt dancers of the French opera were brought over—an expedient, which, in ſome degree, anſwered for a time, but was of very ſhort duration.—The pleaſure which the novelty of thoſe dancers afforded, could not naturally be long-lived—it expired in a time incredibly ſhort,

and left behind it a miſchief, of which the company were not aware, though one would think it required no great ſagacity to foreſee it. In ſhort, it had this injurious conſequence, that it lowered the value of plays, and made the multitude deſpiſe the beſt pieces not accompanied with a dance. Thus the public taſte, by imperceptible degrees, became daily more vitiated, and, as it is the bad taſte of audiences which corrupts the ſtage, that of neceſſity encreaſed in depravity, and added ſtill more to the corruption of general taſte.

Of this *Colley Cibber* gives a variety of proofs; but one, which, conſidering how it bears upon himſelf and his friends, is entitled to perfect credence. He ſays, that the company he belonged to at Drury-lane, though by no means comparable to the other, were more ſucceſsful. The one (Betterton's) had the few true judges to attend them; the other had the crowd, whoſe taſte was pleaſed at a cheaper rate, and with courſer fare.

This rapid decline in the ſtate of the drama, which threatened it with total extinction, rouzed the attention of a few, to whoſe hearts the intereſts of poetry, and letters, and, of courſe, the theatre were dear; and they began to form plans for recovering the ſtage to its original vigour, for correcting the public taſte, and for reſtoring thoſe admirable actors, who were the beſt commentators, and chief ſupport of the drama, to their due eſtimation. The moſt active in this enterpriſe, were, *Sir John Vanburgh*, and *Mr. Congreve*. Under their auſpices, a project was formed, and carried into execution, for building a State Theatre in the Hay-market. For this purpoſe a ſubſcription was raiſed by Sir John, who completed the projected theatre in 1706.

Chap. X.

AS ſoon as this ſtructure was finiſhed, Betterton and his co-partners diſſolved their own agreement, and placed themſelves under the direction of Sir John Vanburgh and his friend Congreve. A new theatre, under the management of two ſuch dramatic writers, ſupported by ſuch admirable actors as compoſed their company, afforded hopes of ſucceſs and proſperity. They imagined, that, now their ſituation being improved, the town would be brought to a juſt taſte, by the new pieces which thoſe celebrated men would find it their intereſt to write, and which would give them an advantage no other company could poſſibly expect. Such, however, is the fallibility of the beſt laid human projects, that it often happens that the moſt promiſing plans which genius can ſuggeſt, or judgment approve, are rendered abortive by ſome unforeſeen circumſtance. In the preſent inſtance, the outlines of the plan,

as well as the principle on which it was founded, were at once laudable and wiſe. But one or more radical errors crept into the execution of it, which fruſtrated the ſanguine expectations of the projectors; and ſhewed them that their hopes, as well as their houſe, were ill conſtructed.

The firſt of theſe errors was the ſite of the building: thoſe magnificent ſquares and ſtreets in the vicinity of the Hay-market, now diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of the Weſt-end of the town, which, in fact, conſtitute, at this day, the chief ſupport of our theatres, were then paſture fields, while the middle part of the town, then the great object of the theatres, was too far diſtant, particularly at a time when luxury had not made a coach a neceſſary article in the domeſtic arrangement of every wealthy citizen. Here, then, was one fatal error, ariſing from an extraordinary, and, indeed, almoſt inexcuſable overſight.

Another lay in the conſtruction of the houſe itſelf, in which Sir John gave a new proof

how inferior he ſtood as an architect, compared with his merit as a poet. The theatre was by much too large, and ſo unſkilfully conſtructed, that every ſound was loſt in it, or, at leaſt, ſo confuſed in hollow reverberations of the voice from the walls, as to appear (ſays Cibber) "like the gabbling of ſo many people in the lofty aiſles of a cathedral."

For ſome time previous to this, that mockery of common ſenſe, the Italian opera, had been creeping into the favour of the people of England; and Sir John, in order to commence with *eclat*, opened the houſe with one of thoſe exotic productions, the novelty of which he expected would charm the public. But, contrary to his hopes, it met a very cold reception. Upon this he reſolved to uſe his utmoſt exertions—He produced his comedy of *The Confederacy*, the fate of which was little better, though it was ſupported by the beſt acting; which, however, was loſt in the defectiveneſs of the houſe. From a proſpect ſo clouded and inauſpicious, Mr. Congreve determined to retire, and, in a few months,

gave up his ſhare to Sir John, who, becoming ſole proprietor, was compelled, in ſelf-defence, to ſtrain every nerve to ſupport it. He, therefore, brought forth, in quick ſucceſſion, no leſs than three pieces: every one of which were unſucceſsful; for, though well executed, the dialogue was loſt in the indiſtinctneſs with which it came to the ear: —and an audience could not be expected to approve or applaud that which they could not plainly hear, or underſtand.

While things were moving in this very unpromiſing manner, ſeveral of the actors, who compoſed this excellent company, died; others became too feeble and ſuperannuated for exertion; and the great Betterton himſelf, though without the ſhadow of a competitor, was upwards of ſeventy, an age at which he could not be ſuppoſed to retain his former fire and ſpirit. Thus was the fineſt ſet of actors, that ever were collected in one company, ſinking gradually under time and death, and moldering to decay under the chilling neglect of a ſatiated, taſteleſs public.

In this ſtate of the ſtage, a junction of both companies was conſidered as neceſſary, in order, by their united ſtrength, to force back public taſte to its proper ſtandard. After much low intrigue and cabal, this coalition was effected by the cunning and addreſs of the manager of the Drury-lane theatre, and every change, from that time, ſeems to have led to the proſperity and independence, which, much to the honour of the Engliſh nation, actors have for a long time enjoyed.

To enter into a minute detail of the various diſgraces and diſorders, convulſions and revolutions, which the theatre underwent after this, would be going unneceſſarily aſide from our hiſtory, for which our readers would be but poorly compenſated by ſuch a diſguſting picture, as it preſents of tyranny, impolicy, meanneſs, and folly. We, therefore, purpoſely paſs it over, and proceed to thoſe events, which led to the ſeparation of the Italian opera from the Britiſh ſtage, and afterwards to that happy period, when actors, under the management of actors, received juſt

retribution for their labours, made the drama reſpectable, and enriched their employers.

Sir Thomas Skipworth, who had a ſhare in Drury-lane theatre, being on a viſit to his friend Colonel Brett, in Glouceſterſhire, was ſo delighted with the place, and pleaſed with the entertainment he received, that, in the warmth of his acknowledgments, he made his hoſt an offer of his whole right in the patent; at the ſame time obſerving, in order not to enhance or over-rate the favor, that, for ten years he was in poſſeſſion of it, it had not produced him one ſhilling. After a little friendly ſcuffle in overcoming the difficulties of the Colonel, a conveyance was drawn out by a gentleman of the law, who happened to be one of Colonel Brett's gueſts at the time, and executed in due form by Sir Thomas.

We cannot mention this tranſaction without ſtating a reflection that will be likely to occur to our readers. When we compare the little value ſet upon a ſhare of the patent of Drury-lane theatre at that time, with the

amazing value ſuch a ſhare now bears, and conſider that there are now no leſs than two large theatres, beſides an Opera Houſe, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, all of them conferring opulence upon their owners, we cannot but be aſtoniſhed at the vaſt increaſe of wealth and population, which this country has, in a ſpace much ſhort of a century, attained.

Colonel Brett, being thus inveſted with all the rights of a patentee, reſolved to turn it to the beſt account; and having good intereſt with the Vice-Chamberlain, called in his aid to bring about an union.—To have one theatre for plays, and another for operas, under ſeparate intereſts, was the main object:—no meaſures were left untried by him for the purpoſe, and he at laſt ſucceeded. The report of the growing deſire of the Engliſh for foreign operas, had, by this time, reached Italy, and the famous *Nicolini* came over. On his arrival, the town expreſſed an impatience to hear him, which implied an aſſurance, that operas, being ſo completely provided, would meet with

conſiderable ſucceſs. It was, therefore, concluded, that the famous *Owen Swiney*, who was manager of the company at the Haymarket, ſhould be made ſole director of the *Italian operas*; the profits ariſing from which, it was expected, would be ſo ample as to make full compenſation to him for his reſignation of the actors. *Swiney* accepted the appointment, and the actors were all ordered to Drury-lane, there to remain under the patentee, to act by the name of her Majeſty's *only* Company of Comedians.

Under this form of management the profits of the theatre increaſed; and to the induſtry of Brett that increaſe was chiefly owing. But no ſooner did Sir Thomas Skipworth find what a falſe eſtimate he had made of the value of his ſhare, than he reſolved to get it back again. Accordingly he applied to Colonel Brett for a re-conveyance, and, on the Colonel's refuſal, filed a bill againſt him, ſtating, that it was only made over in truſt for him. To this Colonel Brett put in an anſwer poſitively denying the exiſtence of any ſuch truſt, and fol-

lowed up his anſwer by a voluntary, contemptuous re-conveyance, not to Sir Thomas himſelf, who did not live to enjoy the fruits of this *honourable* retractation, but to his ſon, Sir George Skipworth. Colonel Brett was a man of excellent character and diſpoſition. Colley Cibber, who was on intimate terms with him, has left us an anecdote of him, which, for its ſingularity, may be entitled to a place here, where that gentleman's name is, for the laſt time, mentioned. We will not injure the ſtory, by taking it out of the laureat's own words.

" Among the many men of condition with whom his converſation had recommended him to an intimacy, Sir Thomas Skipworth had taken a particular inclination to him; and as he had the advancement of his fortune at heart, introduced him where there was a lady, who had enough in her power to diſencumber him of the world, and make him every way eaſy for life. While he was in purſuit of this affair, which no time was to be loſt in (for the lady was to be in town but

for three weeks), I one day found him idling behind the ſcenes, before the play was begun. Upon ſight of him, I took the uſual freedom he allowed me, to rate him roundly, for the madneſs of not improving every moment in his power, in what was of ſuch conſequence to him. Why are you not (ſaid I) where you know you only ſhould be? If your deſign ſhould once get wind in the town, the ill-will of your enemies, or the ſincerity of the lady's friends, may ſoon blow up your hopes, which, in your circumſtances of life, cannot be long ſupported by the bare appearance of a gentleman. But it is impoſſible to proceed, without ſome apology for the very ſingular circumſtance that is to follow. Yet as it might not be ſo trivial in its effect, as I fear it may be in the narration, and is a mark of that intimacy, which is neceſſary ſhould be known, had been between us, I will honeſtly make bold with my ſcruples, and let the plain truth of my ſtory take its chance for contempt or approbation. After twenty excuſes, to clear himſelf of the neglect I had ſo warmly charged him with, he concluded them, by telling me

he had been out all the morning, and that his linen was too much ſoiled to be ſeen in company. Oh, ho! ſaid I, is that all? come along with me, we will ſoon get over that dainty difficulty: upon which I hauled him by the ſleeve into my ſhifting-room, he either ſtaring, laughing, or hanging back all the way. There, when I had locked him in, I began to ſtrip off my upper cloaths, and bid him do the ſame; ſtill he either did not, or would not, ſeem to underſtand me; and, continuing his laugh, cried, What! is the puppy mad? No, no; only poſitive, ſaid I; for, look you, in ſhort, the play is ready to begin, and the parts you and I are to act to-day, are not of equal conſequence; mine of *Young Reveller* (in Greenwich Park), is but a rake; but whatever you are, you are not to appear ſo; therefore, take my ſhirt, and give me yours; for, depend upon't, ſtay here you ſhall not, and ſo go about your buſineſs. To conclude, we fairly changed linen, nor could his mother have wrapped him up more fortunately; for in about ten days he married the lady. In a year or two after his marriage he was choſen a member of that parliament

which was ſitting when *King William* died; and, upon raiſing ſome new regiments, was made Lieutenant-Colonel to that of Sir Charles Hotham. But as his ambition extended not beyond the bounds of a Park-wall, and a pleaſant retreat in the corner of it, which, with too much expence, he had juſt finiſhed, he, within another year, had leave to reſign his commiſſion in favour of a younger brother."

Chap. XI.

UPON the re-conveyance by Colonel Brett to Sir George Skipworth, the patentees exerciſed great tyranny and injuſtice towards the actors, till, at length, their grievances became ſo great, that application was made, on their behalf, to the Chamberlain, who gave a formal warning to the patentees to render ſatisfaction to the actors, and thereby afforded them an interval of calm, which furniſhed them with an opportunity to form ſo powerful a body, as to render the inclination of the

Lord Chamberlain to relieve them practicable. Accordingly, permiſſion was given to Swiney, then the director of the opera, to enter into a private treaty with ſuch of the actors, as might be thought proper heads for a company, to be ſharers with him in the Hay-market. Several of the actors joined, and engaged in the confederacy, with Swiney; and the patentees were ſilenced—A ſtriking inſtance of the great power of the Lord Chamberlain.

The firſt object of the managers of this new confederacy was, to alter the Hay-market theatre, which they did ſo effectually, as to make the performance audible. And, as there was no other theatre to rival it, they had the town to themſelves, were their own maſters, and the profits came into their own pockets.

While they were proceeding thus ſucceſsfully, a new interruption was given to their progreſs,—the ſtrong hand of power interfered in behalf of a new favourite.—One *William Collier*, an enterpriſing lawyer, was

permitted, not by patent, but licence, to open Drury-lane Theatre, with a company of his own collecting; and thoſe actors, who had been kept in a ſtate of inaction, under the late patentees, came over to him; but he was unſucceſsful; ſo that he was obliged to have recourſe to a new plan for the ſupport of his theatrical project; and, looking with an invidious eye to the fortunate ſtate of Swiney's company, reſolved to call in the aid of power to procure a ſhare in it. To this end he exerted his court influence to ſupport him in a propoſition to Swiney and his joint ſharers; which propoſition was: "That, on his giving up the Drury-lane cloaths, ſcenes, and actors to them, they ſhould put him into an equal poſſeſſion of the Hay-market theatre, with all the ſingers, and appoint him ſole director of the opera." Accordingly, by permiſſion of the Lord Chamberlain, a treaty to that effect was ratified, and *Collier* ſo far gratified, at the expence of poor Swiney and his partners. Had the act of coercion ſtopt here, it would have been well; but two unjuſt articles were added—one, that the players ſhould pay two

hundred pounds a year to Collier, while he continued maſter of the opera; in return for which, they had a verbal aſſurance, that, ſo long as that payment continued to be made, no other company ſhould be permitted to act plays againſt them. The other article provided, that on every Wedneſday, on which an opera could be performed, the theatre ſhould not be open. Such barefaced infractions on common right dare not, at this day, be attempted. But Collier was a member of parliament; and what chance had the honeſt claims and juſt rights of a company of poor players, when put in competition with his intereſt. Had the injuſtice of Collier to Swiney ſtopt even here, the abilities of the latter, and the general good-will of the actors and public towards him, would have enabled him ſtill to have ſtemmed the torrent;—but Collier, hearing of his ſucceſs, and that the playhouſe, under his management, was more advantageous than the opera, propoſed that Swiney ſhould return to the opera, and had that propoſal ſupported by court power. Sir John Vanburgh, who was much attached to

Swiney, adviſed him to accept the change, ſince the power of the other was too great to be reſiſted. Swiney accordingly yielded, and was, in conſequence, *ſo harraſſed* in his circumſtances, that he was driven to an exile of twenty years in a foreign country; where he was followed by the affections of all who knew him. He ſurvived, however, to return to his native country, where he died, as he had before lived, much loved and reſpected.

Collier, having thus got rid of Swiney, was guilty of the moſt groſs exactions on the acting managers, Wilkes, Dogget, and Cibber; and, at laſt, demanded from them, an annuity of no leſs than ſeven hundred pounds, which they granted him, rightly apprehending, that if they refuſed, his court influence would entirely ſilence them.

On the death of the Queen, and the acceſſion of George the Firſt, court favour took a new turn; *Collier's* licence was ſuperſeded, and his theatrical office beſtowed upon SIR RICHARD STEELE, who, in the Queen's reign

had diſtinguiſhed himſelf, by his zeal for the Houſe of Hanover, and had actually been expelled the Houſe of Commons for the ſuppoſed exceſs to which he carried it. During the tyranny of Collier, the ſtage was under the controul of Wilkes, Dogget, and Cibber, who were the only acting managers:—they were enriched beyond precedent, and that without having recourſe to the aid of thoſe ridiculous, ſenſeleſs entertainments, with which the ſtage has ſince been diſgraced. Upon the extinction of Collier's intereſt, the managers turned their eyes to Sir Richard, as a perſon, in all reſpects, worthy their attention. In the firſt place, they very ſagaciouſly thought that his intereſt, on the acceſſion of the Houſe of Hanover, muſt neceſſarily be great;—in point of prudence, then, he was an admirable colleague and patron. But there were alſo motives of a kind more honourable to both. They were grateful to Sir Richard for the ſervices his writings had done to the ſtage, and to the actors; for there was not a ſingle comedian, of any merit, whom he had not individually ſerved, by recommendation to the public,

in his admirable periodical paper, "*The Tatler.*" Indeed, the houſe was often filled by the influence and credit of his pen. Under theſe impreſſions, the managers, to wit, Wilkes, Dogget, and Cibber, applied to him to procure a renewal of the licence, with his own name inſerted in it. In conſequence of which, he applied to the Duke of Marlborough, who at once obtained it of his Majeſty, for Sir Richard and the former managers, who were actors.

That year they had very good ſucceſs; but the old patentee, having finiſhed the theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields, formed a new company, and the intereſt of Sir Richard got his licence converted into a patent: under which they went on for ſeveral years in an uninterrupted courſe of proſperity; during which time, Booth was admitted to a ſhare, and Sir Richard Steele ſo entirely relaxed in the active diſcharge of his part of the buſineſs, that he left them, and was caſt in a ſuit, brought againſt him by the managers, for a ſum in lieu of his ſervices, and by way of

retribution for the injury his neglect had done them.

What contributed very much to their ſucceſs, was, their having accompliſhed a point, hazardous to be undertaken indeed, but abſolutely neceſſary to the intereſts of the ſtage, viz. *Clearing the ſtage of ſpectators.* Speaking of this, Cibber ſays, "Among our neceſſary reformations, what not a little preſerved to us the regard of our auditors, was, the decency of our clear ſtage; from whence we had now, for many years, ſhut out thoſe idle gentlemen, who ſeemed more delighted with the pretty objects themſelves, than capable of any pleaſure from the play, who took their early ſtand, where they might beſt elbow the actor, and come in for their ſhare of the auditors' attention.—In many a laboured ſcene of the warmeſt humour, and of the moſt affecting paſſion, have I ſeen the beſt actors diſconcerted, while thoſe buzzing muſquitoes have been fluttering round their eyes and ears."

The long interval from 1712 to 1730, was a proſperous time for the theatre: no great revolutions took place in it, and the hiſtory of the ſtage for that time is little more than a diary of ſucceſsful performances, and a detail of the little ſquabbles that aroſe between Wilkes and Dogget, and the good temper and addreſs of their co-manager, Colley Cibber, in reconciling and keeping them together. Dogget, however, retired from the management, and left it in the hands of Wilkes, Cibber, and Booth.

During this period, Macklin, whoſe head quarters, as we have before remarked, were at *Briſtol*, occaſionally came in the winter ſeaſons to London, and acted in ſuch very inferior parts, that his name was for ſome time little known. Nor can we wonder, that a young man, labouring under his diſadvantages, ſhould be loſt in the blaze of talents that ſurrounded him. In the ſummer ſeaſon he played conſiderable characters, with ſome applauſe, in the country; and in the winter, performed the loweſt and moſt trifling parts

in the metropolis. To this latter act he was prompted not by pecuniary neceſſity, but by the ardent deſire he had for improvement, and the hopes he entertained of profiting by his obſervations on the acting of thoſe great performers.

Thus did our hero creep on for years, with the patient perſeverance of a mind bent upon elevation, and the external humility of one who had no hope of it. Occaſions, however, ſometimes occurred, in parts of ſervants, and other low characters, of diſcloſing ſome marks of the humour that was natural to him; and he ſometimes roſe to the performance of characters of ſome note, not by accident, nor intrigue, nor intereſt, but by well earned marks of diſtinction gradually conferred upon him, even in his low ſtate, by the public. He at firſt was in the Lincoln's Inn Fields company, and ſome years after procured an engagement at Drury Lane. Quin, who was the tyrant and ruler of the former theatre, took, at firſt, an unaccountable averſion to him, which he diſplayed in the moſt unpro-

voked brutal rudeneſs, and which at laſt brought down Macklin's vengeance on him in a way that ſhall be hereafter related.

Quin, by ſome ſplendid acts of generoſity, has left behind him the character of a good man, and we are diſpoſed to think he deſerved it—but he was a great oddity; extremely haughty, and over-bearing; blunt, and even rude, in his manner of converſing with his friend, or doing the beſt actions; and, of courſe, offenſive and *brutal to thoſe* he diſliked.

It was not till long after the year 1730, at which time he was upwards of forty years of age, that Macklin became at all an object of notice and approbation. About this period, the very great men of the day were either dead, or had retired from the ſtage: Quin and Mills, Millward, The. Cibber, and a few of inferior note, ſuſtained the characters of the drama, and opportunities began to offer for the efforts of aſpiring candidates. At this time, too, a new revolution in the theatres fa-

voured our hero. It happened that a young gentleman, of conſiderable property, named *Highmore*, was induced by a wager to attempt the performance of the character of *Lothario*, without poſſeſſing, as Victor ſays, "any one requiſite for an actor." He played it even worſe than could have been expected; but the ſingularity of the thing obtained him applauſe—that applauſe confounded him, and he determined, not only to continue a player, but even graſped at a propoſal that was made to him, to purchaſe from Mr. Booth one half of his ſhare; that is to ſay, one-ſixth of the whole patent. In leſs than twelve months after he entered into treaty with Colley Cibber for his third of the patent, for which the Laureat, aware of the young man's weakneſs, exacted a moſt enormous and diſproportionate ſum; and, on the death of Booth, he bought the remainder of that gentleman's ſhare from his widow. Scarcely two weeks had paſſed under his management, before a revolt began to ſhew itſelf, and at laſt openly appeared in the conduct of Theophilus Cibber, the ſon of the man who had juſt received ſuch an enormous

ſum for the theatre and its company. This adventurer had the art to influence, almoſt immediately, all the ſenior actors and actreſſes, except *Mrs. Horton*, and *Mrs. Clive*, to liſt under his banners, and with them he opened the Haymarket theatre.

The bare-faced violation of decency and probity in this tranſaction became an object of deteſtation, and the whole town was divided into parties, as integrity, intereſt, or partiality, directed them. Mr. Victor, whoſe private reputation ſtands as high as any actor of that day, expreſſes an honeſt diſguſt and indignation againſt the family of Cibber, on the occaſion, and uſes the following words: "It appeared to me ſhocking, that the ſon "ſhould immediately render void and worth-"leſs what the father had juſt received "twenty-one hundred and fifty pounds for, "as a valuable conſideration."

Thus diſtreſſed, and deſerted, poor *Highmore* was reduced to the neceſſity, in the theatrical receſs of 1733, of beating up for vo-

lunteers, and gleaning performers from the various ſtrolling companies, to keep the theatre open. It will naturally be concluded, that great numbers came—" But none (ſays Victor) of any promiſe, but *Mr. Macklin*, who ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf."

Chap. XII.

AS this is the firſt notice we find taken of Mr. Macklin in the hiſtory of the ſtage, it may not be improper here to recal our readers to what we have before mentioned: viz. that he was a performer, but of no diſtinction, before that period. He played the part of *Sir John Brute's ſervant*, in the *Provoked Wife*, on its firſt repreſentation, in 1725, and has often related the uproar that attended the performance for the firſt ſix nights. This is a circumſtance that would be ſufficient to prove, if it was not already a ſelf-evident propoſition, that the crying down *(damning* it is called) a play on its firſt repreſentation, without ſufficient

examination, is diſhoneſt, abſurd, cruel, and injurious to the drama. The *Provoked Wife* was conjectured to be the production in part of Colley Cibber, who, though eſteemed as a player, had a ſtrong tide of popular prejudice and diſlike running againſt him as an author. Sir John Vanburgh was ſuppoſed to have aſſiſted him in the compoſition of the piece, and a violent party, who were determined to *damn* the play, on the preſumption that it was Cibber's, were ſo far carried away from common ſenſe, by their fury, that they undertook to diſtinguiſh the ſcenes written by the *Laureat* from thoſe of Sir John, and to notice them with hiſſes and marks of diſapprobation commonly uſed on ſuch occaſions. In ſhort, they treated it with the moſt unmerited ſeverity. This tumultuous oppoſition continued for ſix nights; through which the reſolution of Cibber carried it, while his extraordinary good temper kept him unmoved. Nothing, Macklin was accuſtomed to ſay, could exceed the compoſure with which Colley bore the fury of the audience—all of which was directed againſt him: during the whole of the time

he preſerved the utmoſt tranquillity; and, as Mr. Macklin has declared, *actually ſlept* between the acts. At the end of the ſixth night, however, when the play was publiſhed, and it was ſeen, that what the audience had condemned, under the idea that it was Cibber's, had actually been written by Sir John Vanburgh, and that the ſcenes they applauded were added by Cibber to Sir John's unfiniſhed play; Cibber came forward, and in terms of polite, indirect ſatire, expreſſed his ſatisfaction at the final ſucceſs of the piece; obſerving, that he was quite careleſs of the fate of his own addition, but was indeed concerned to find, that any fragment of his departed friend had incurred their cenſure. Such poignant ſatire upon the depravity of public judgment, couched in terms of ſuch apparent zeal for a departed friend, and reſpect for his audience, had an effect ſcarcely to be conceived. The audience teſtified their feelings by the warmeſt applauſe, which they carried ſo far as to *huzza* Cibber, and put an effectual ſtop to the malice of the party againſt him, which had attempted to ſuppreſs ſo ex-

cellent a comedy. This account, which Macklin uſed to relate at times in the hearing of the author, and in the ſame way he was accuſtomed to relate it before his memory became decayed, is corroborated by various authorities, and was confirmed to a gentleman,* of high reputation as a dramatic writer and ſcholar, by old *Croſs*, the prompter, who was at that time prompter's boy in the theatre, and recollected the whole tranſaction.

Highmore, with his newly patched up company, was able to make but a poor ſtand againſt the ſuperior ſtrength of the old company at the Haymarket; ſo that at the end of the ſeaſon there was a large balance againſt him, which, as he was a man of ſtrict honor, much pride, and great integrity, he paid off with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs, and ſtill entertained hopes of inducing the Lord Chamberlain to ſupport his patent againſt the encroachments of the other houſe.—He was,

* Arthur Murphy, Eſq.

however, not only baffled in his expectations on this head, but failed in an attempt he made to put the Vagrant Act in force againſt the Haymarket company. In theſe experiments, poor Highmore's patrimonial eſtate was exhauſted—and he found, when it was too late, what a misfortune it was to have been applauded in the character of *Lothario*. His fate, however, was much lamented, as he was a man of probity and honor, who would no more break his promiſe than his bond, how injurious ſoever the performance of it might be to his intereſt.

At this juncture, an enterprizing man, of the name of *Fleetwood*, came forward, and purchaſed the patent from Highmore for little more than he gave for half of it. He was a gentleman of faſhion, fortune and connections, and had the promiſe of power that would carry all before it. The revolters under *The. Cibber* having, by this time, become heartily tired of their enterprize; and the veterans, finding themſelves the dupes of ſo young, and in all reſpects unſubſtantial a man, grew aſhamed, and were,

without the leaſt difficulty, brought back from the Haymarket. The parties all met, a treaty of peace was concluded, and maſter *The. Cibber* had, in the firſt place, the artifice and addreſs, by meeting the manager alone, to procure very advantageous terms, not only for himſelf, but for his favourite actors.

Accordingly, on the 9th day of March 1734, the old company, returning from the Haymarket to Drury Lane, began under Mr. Fleetwood, and performed to great audiences; for the company was compoſed of the flower of the ſtage—to wit, *Miller*, *Johnſon*, *Harper*, *Cibber*, *Griffin*, *Milward*, the two *Mr. Mills'*, *Hallam*, *Bridgewater*, &c. *Mrs. Clive*, *Mrs. Heron*, *Mrs. Butler*, and others of inferior, though conſiderable note.

Fleetwood was ſoon conſcious of his want of theatrical knowledge, and reſolved to look out for an aſſiſtant. In this he ſhewed his good ſenſe; but in the choice of a perſon his ſagacity forſook him, for he choſe for his *premier*, Theophilus Cibber; than whom the

ſtage could not have produced another man more unfit for an office that required judgment or fidelity. Fleetwood, however, ſoon found his miſtake, and perceived that Cibber was a very improper, and even dangerous man—he was therefore diſplaced (ſays Victor) " for " *Macklin*; a man, at that time, of ſeemingly " humble pretenſions, but of capabilities ſuf- " ficient to raiſe him to the office of lord high " cardinal. This miniſter continued long in " the higheſt favor with the manager, and the " buſineſs of the theatre was conducted for " ſome years, under his influence and direc- " tion, with very conſiderable ſucceſs."

But though the activity, fidelity, and ſound ſenſe of Macklin, rendered him an acquiſition to Mr. Fleetwood, as an aſſiſtant-manager, he was yet to remain low in his profeſſion, compared with the rank which he afterwards obtained. The old comedians who were eſtabliſhed, by the opinion of the town, in the poſſeſſion of the principal parts, ſtill ſtood in his way; though, at times, he

fell by accident into comic parts, which ſerved to afford an opening for public opinion, and to give him the character of a funny fellow: as, in general, he went by the name of "*the Wild Iriſhman.*" We may conclude, that he, at firſt, a little overſtept the 'modeſty of nature,' and was deficient in that chaſteneſs in acting, which he afterwards acquired; for we find, from anecdotes of his own relating, that Quin, who, ſoon after Mr. Fleetwood purchaſed the Drury-lane patent, left Mr. Rich's company, and joined him, and who was very deſpotic and ſcurrilous to the inferior actors, was in the habit of cenſuring him ſeverely, and complaining that there was no ſuch thing as having a chaſte ſcene performed, where he (Macklin) had a part.

There is an anecdote which Macklin has often related with that luxuriant force of deſcription, which characteriſed his ſtory telling.—As it happened about the period of the hiſtory of the ſtage at which we are now arrived; and as it may ſerve to throw ſome

light on the diſpoſition of Quin, and his unprovoked rudeneſs to the actors, we preſent it to our readers, nearly in the words of the old gentleman, as he told it, in the year 1787, at the Rainbow Coffee-houſe, in King-ſtreet, Covent-garden, to an acquaintance, who aſked him—*if Quin and he had ever quarrelled?* Many perſons, in the adjoining boxes, attended to the veteran, who ſpoke, as uſual, in a very audible voice; but exhibited, in the courſe of the narration (as the reader will perceive), ſtrong proofs of the rapid decay of his memory:—"Yes, Sir; I was very low in the theatre, as an actor, when the ſurly fellow was the deſpot of the place. But, Sir, I had —had a lift, Sir. Yes, I was to play—the—the—the Boy with the red Breeches;—you know who I mean, Sir—he whoſe mother is always going to law;—you know who I mean!"—'*Jerry Blackacre*, I ſuppoſe, Sir?'—"Aye, Sir—*Jerry*.—Well, Sir, I began to be a little known to the public, and, egad, I began to make them laugh;—I was called the *Wild Iriſhman*, Sir; and was thought to have ſome

fun in me: and I made them laugh heartily in the Boy, Sir—in *Jerry*.

"When I came off the ſtage, the ſurly fellow, who played the ſcolding Captain in the play; Captain—Captain—you know who I mean" ——'*Manly*, I believe, Sir?'——"Aye, Sir—the ſame—*Manly*. Well, Sir, the ſurly fellow began to ſcold me, told me I was at my *damned tricks;* and that there was no having a chaſte ſcene for me.—Every body, nay, egad, the manager himſelf, was afraid of him.—I was afraid of the fellow, too; but not much.—Well, Sir, I told him, that I did not mean to diſturb *him* by my acting; but to *ſhew off a little myſelf.* Well, Sir, in the other ſcenes I did the ſame, and made the audience laugh incontinently—and he ſcolded me again, Sir.—I made the ſame apology; but the ſurly fellow would not be appeaſed. Again, Sir, however, I did the ſame; and when I returned to the green-room, he abuſed me like a pickpocket, and ſaid, I muſt leave off my *damned tricks.*—I told him I could not play otherwiſe. He ſaid, I *could*, and I

ſhould. Upon which, Sir, egad, I ſaid to him flatly—" you lie." He was chewing an apple at this moment; and, ſpitting the contents into his hand, he threw them in my face."—' Indeed!'—" It is fact, Sir!—Well, Sir, I went up to him directly (for I was a great *boxing cull* in thoſe days), and puſhed him down into a chair, and pummelled his face damnably."

' You did right, Sir.'

" He ſtrove to reſiſt; but he was no match for me;—and I made his face ſwell ſo with the blows, that he could hardly ſpeak. When he attempted to go on with his part, Sir, he mumbled ſo, that the audience began to hiſs. Upon which he went forward, and told them, Sir, that ſomething unpleaſant had happened, and that he was really very ill. But, Sir, the moment I went to ſtrike him, there were many noblemen in the green-room, full dreſſed, with their ſwords, and large wigs: (for the green-room was a ſort of ſtate-room, then, Sir,)—Well, they were all alarmed, and

jumped upon the benches, waiting, in ſilent amazement, till the affair was over.

"At the end of the play, Sir, he told me I muſt give him ſatisfaction; and that, when he changed his dreſs, he would wait for me at the Obeliſk, in Covent-garden. I told him I would be with him:—but, Sir, when he was gone, I recollected that I was to play in the pantomime (for I was a great pantomime boy in thoſe days): ſo, Sir, I ſaid to myſelf—"damn the fellow, let him wait; I wont go to him till my buſineſs is all over; let him fume, and fret, and be damned." Well, Sir, Mr. Fleetwood, the manager, who was one of the beſt men in the world—all kindneſs, all mildneſs, and graciouſneſs, and affability—had heard of the affair; and as Quin was his great actor, and in favour with the town, he told me I had had revenge enough; that I ſhould not meet the ſurly fellow that night; but that he would make the matter up ſome how or other.

"Well, Sir, Mr. Fleetwood ordered me a good ſupper, and ſome wine, and made me ſleep at his houſe all night, to prevent any meeting. Well, Sir, in the morning, he told me, that I muſt, *for his ſake*, make a little apology to Quin, for what I had done.—And ſo, Sir, having given him a belly full, I, to oblige Mr. Fleetwood (for I loved the man), did, Sir, make ſome apology to him, and the matter dropped."

It is impoſſible to imagine any thing more humiliating and mortifying than this circumſtance muſt have been to Quin, whoſe pride was great, and temper overbearing; who was not only the tyrant of the theatre, but a great favourite with the town:—more eſpecially, as his aſſailant was then a low actor, and a man characteriſed by a ludicrous *name*—"*The Wild Iriſhman.*" It is well known that Quin, who was the firſt promoter of the quarrel, never, to the end of his days, forgave Macklin; but uſed to ſay, in his uſual language, made up of humour and profaneneſs,

"If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain." Quin once went ſo far as to addreſs Macklin in the following manner, without any provocation whatſoever: "Mr. Macklin, by the *lines*—I beg your pardon, Sir—the *cordage* of your face, you ſhould be hanged."—How a man, who gave ſuch unreſtrained licence to brutal rudeneſs of ſpeech, eſcaped an untimely death, and lived to an advanced age, is aſtoniſhing. The patience of Mr. Macklin, in bearing ſuch language, is perhaps as much a matter of ſurpriſe.

Chap. XIII.

BEFORE we proceed further in the hiſtory, we think it neceſſary to carry the reader's attention back to the time of our hero's birth, in order to adduce thoſe proofs of his real age, to which we have alluded in the beginning of this work.

Although it muſt be confeſſed, that the author has to encounter, not only the long received opinion of the public with regard to Mr. Macklin's age, but even his own repeated declaration, viz. " That he was born in the laſt year of the laſt century ;"—yet, when the reader comes to conſider the nature of the proof that we ſhall lay before him, together with the motives that induced Mr. Macklin uniformly to ſay, that he was not ſo old as he really was, we are perſuaded that a ſhadow of doubt cannot remain, upon the mind even of the moſt ſceptical, as to the authenticity of the time of his birth ; and that the reader will be only aſtoniſhed that the truth of the circumſtance ſhould have remained ſo long concealed. It is to be recollected, that, at the period of Mr. Macklin's nativity, there were no regiſters of births or marriages, no records hardly of any kind then kept in Ireland. This was a deficiency which Mr. Macklin had, afterwards, great cauſe to lament, as will be found in the courſe of this hiſtory.

To remedy this great inconvenience, the expedients adopted by the Iriſh were of various kinds:—ſome engraved the date of a birth, marriage, or death, in the family, on a piece of braſs; ſome carved it in wood, or in ſtone; ſome cut it in horn, whilſt others had their names, ages, and the ages of their relations, blown into their arms, after a certain proceſs, by gun-powder. There was alſo another method adopted, of making figures or characters in the fleſh by a needle and blue thread.

When Mary M'Laughlin, the ſiſter of our hero, was born, her age was imprinted on her arm by the proceſs of gun-powder already alluded to.—But, at the birth of Charles, either the tenderneſs of his mother prevented the ſame operation from taking place, or the diſtracted ſtate of the family, ariſing from the turbulent ſpirit of the times, cauſed its omiſſion. However, ſo it happened, that young Charles never had any abſolute record of his birth.

But though no written document can conſequently be adduced, yet the moſt ſatisfactory oral teſtimony can be brought forward.

Mrs. Elizabeth Macklin, relict of the late inimitable *Shylock* (under whoſe immediate auſpices this work is given to the public), has aſſured the author, and is ready to teſtify the fact upon oath (were it neceſſary), that the actual circumſtance of his having been born two months previous to the memorable battle of the Boyne, has been repeatedly communicated to her, by a perſon of the name of *Mary Millar*, who lived ſervant with the mother of Charles, during his minority, and who had her own age marked in her arm by gunpowder, which mark, or regiſter, of birth Mrs. Macklin had frequent opportunities of ſeeing, during the time Mary Millar lived ſervant with her in Dublin. And this circumſtance is the more accurate and remarkable, becauſe the difference between the age of Charles Macklin and Mary Millar was known to be exactly ten years.

The author alſo of this hiſtory has frequently heard his mother, who lived long in the habits of intimacy with the mother of Mr. Macklin, recount the ſtory of Charles having been conveyed away, as already ſtated, in a *turf-kiſh*, from the ſcene of action near the Boyne, and of his living two days almoſt without ſuſtenance, owing to his having been rapidly carried away to a diſtant part of the country, without his mother, who nurſed him herſelf, but who was then occupied in affording every conſolation in her power to the afflicted mind of her huſband, after his defeat.

Here, then, is teſtimony the moſt incontrovertible. The mother, the nurſe, the wife, and relations of Mr. Macklin, all agreeing in one account. What intereſt could his mother have in giving a falſe ſtatement of his nativity? What motive could induce Mary Millar, the nurſe, after the death of Mrs. O'Meally, (Macklin's mother) to confirm her ſtory? Or what poſſible view can Mrs. Macklin, or the relations of Mr. Macklin, have

now in declaring and corroborating the ſame teſtimony? But it may be aſked, how it happened that this ſtory was not made public before? In reply to this, it is only neceſſary to obſerve, that Mrs. Macklin and the author have communicated the ſame ſtory over and over again to the circle of their acquaintances; and the reaſon why it did not gain more currency is, that, perhaps, they found themſelves rather delicately circumſtanced concerning this matter, during the life time of the old man, whoſe own account differed ſo widely from theirs, and whoſe public declarations operated as a check, becauſe they were adhered to with no uncommon degree of pertinacity.

But the maxim, "*de mortuis nil niſi bonum*," will hold good upon this occaſion. For as to the motives that induced Mr. Macklin to perſevere in an erroneous account of his age, there maybe many opinions—But from the accuſation of a want of attention to truth, in other points, we muſt, in the firſt inſtance, beg leave to acquit him. There was no man that

paid a more ſtrict regard to truth, or that held falſehood in greater contempt and abhorrence. It was, perhaps, from an over attention to, or a commendable anxiety concerning his veracity, that led him into a dilemma with reſpect to his age, out of which he could not extricate himſelf, as he thought, without doing a manifeſt injury to his credibility. But the clew to the labyrinth is this—Owing to the misfortunes and diſtreſſes that for a long period attended the family of William M'Laughlin, and particularly during the minority of Charles, his education was, from motives of neceſſity, obliged to be neglected.

This was the greateſt mortification his mother felt during the ſeaſon of her adverſity.

She, however, did every thing in her power to inſtruct him herſelf, but this was to very little purpoſe. For the mother, however anxious ſhe might be about his proficiency, was too fond and indulgent (a weakneſs very

common, and very cenſurable) to have her injunctions ſtrictly complied with; and Charles was too volatile, and fond of boyiſh amuſements, to pay proper attention to her inſtructions. This is a circumſtance, the truth and importance of which ſhe felt at that time, but ſhe could not inflict puniſhment; and Charles, although he then approved her maternal indulgence and forbearance, had cauſe to lament it afterwards.

The diſadvantages he laboured under in the early part of his life, were therefore very great; for he was not ſent to any regular ſchool, till after the marriage of his mother with Mr. Luke O'Mealy, and even then he was notorious for being more attentive to the ſports of his play-mates, than to the lectures of his preceptor. From this period the reader is already in poſſeſſion of the ſpace of time that elapſed, and with the manner in which it was ſpent, previous to his being taken the leaſt notice of as an actor in England. In fact, it will be found, that, during the early part of his life, he had no very great oppor-

tunity of receiving inſtruction; and, ſhortly after he was fixed at a regular ſeminary, his adventurous ſpirit hurried him almoſt inſtantaneouſly upon the theatre of the world, which he may be ſaid hardly ever after to have quitted, till a ſhort time before he reſigned his breath.

It may then be fairly aſſerted, that Mr. Macklin, from indefatigable exertion acquired all he knew. A thirſt for knowledge, a vigorous conſtitution, and a ſtrong mind, are qualifications that will enable a man to ſurmount almoſt every obſtacle.

Theſe qualifications Mr. Macklin poſſeſſed in an ample degree, and to theſe he owed all his fame. But though his mind, from his being an acute obſerver of men and manners, had been in a more advanced ſtate of improvement than could even be expected from other young men, who might have had greater opportunities of edification, yet Mr. Macklin, thus tolerably learned, would not ſuffer it to be known, that he was ſo far ad-

vanced in life, as to have attained his *thirtieth year*, and poſſeſſed, as he thought himſelf, of ſo ſmall a ſhare of erudition.

To this motive then is to be attributed the error into which he at firſt fell, and afterwards continued. But the following anecdote, which the author has frequently heard the *venerable Jew* relate, will ſerve to illuſtrate the circumſtance better than a thouſand pages.

When Mr. Macklin offered himſelf to *Mr. Watkins*, the manager of a ſtrolling company, at Briſtol, he had juſt completed his thirtieth year. A time of life, that, as he often ſaid himſelf, he began ſeriouſly to look about him.

He alſo found in this company, in which he engaged, that the major part of the performers were younger than himſelf. It therefore occurred to him to conceal his age, or rather to give out, that he was younger than he really was. This circumſtance he ima-

gined would afford him ſome conſolation for his backward ſtate in the line of his profeſſion, and would leſſen the contraſt between the other performers and himſelf. Having, therefore, made up his mind on this ſubject, it was underſtood, in the company, that Mr. Macklin was, at that time, only twenty years of age. From this period, then, may be dated the ſource of the miſtake. His having once declared his age to be twenty years, and the circumſtance obtaining currency, he never afterwards cared to retract his declaration; and it thenceforth became ſo habitual to him, whenever he was aſked concerning his age, that it is preſumed he believed it himſelf; or that, in the latter part of his life, he did not know how old he was.

There was alſo another motive that induced him to the concealment in the firſt inſtance. The heroine of the ſtrolling company at Briſtol, where he was firſt regularly engaged, was a *Miſs Jackſon*, very beautiful, and only in her nineteenth year. To this

lady our hero, upon his firſt joining the company, paid his addreſſes. It was about the preciſe juncture of time, that he was conſidering with himſelf about ſettling his age, that he became her admirer.

The difficulties that preſented themſelves to his mind before, were immediately done away, when he came to reflect, that the diſparity of years between the lady and himſelf might poſſibly throw an obſtacle in the way of their union. He, therefore, inſtantly reſolved to make himſelf *young* for her ſake; and he had not been more than ſix weeks in the company, when a *theatrical marriage* took place between them. This young lady, though beautiful, and an excellent actreſs, had one great fault—viz. ſhe was immoderately fond of drinking rum. To reclaim her from this ſhameful habit, Charles tried every poſſible means, but to no purpoſe—ſhe would ſtill have recourſe to the bottle; nay, ſhe at laſt became ſo enamoured of it, that ſhe conſtantly carried one in her pocket. As ſoon as Macklin was made acquainted

with this circumſtance, he reſolved to play her the following trick, in the hope, that by putting her feelings to the teſt, in the moſt public manner, he might be enabled to bring her back to her ſober ſenſes.

On the night, therefore, of her benefit, Charles took occaſion, while ſpeaking an Epilogue with her, at the end of the play, to hit her (as it were by accident) on the ſide with a cane, ſo as to break the bottle in her pocket, and let the rum about the ſtage, to to the great mortification of the poor lady, and the no ſmall entertainment of the audience—and Macklin by his attitudes and laughter very conſiderably heightened this *rum-ſcene!*

This laughable incident operated very powerfully on her mind for a few weeks, and Mr. Macklin was rejoicing within himſelf at the reform he had ſo ſuddenly brought about. But he had not cauſe to rejoice long, for ſhe ſoon after returned to the bottle, with, if poſſible ten-fold deſire; and ſet at defiance both pri-

vate remonſtrance and public ſhame. Mr. Macklin now concluded that it was impoſſible to work her reformation. He therefore reſigned her to her propenſities, and an opportunity occurred ſoon after which terminated the connection.

This company having left Briſtol, travelled the country, with various ſucceſs, till they arrived at Haverfordweſt, where they met with a very good reception. Here it was that Charles formed an intimacy with a Mr. Williams, a gentleman of large fortune, who, as ſoon as he ſaw our young heroine, was ſmitten with her beauty and accompliſhments. He ſeized the earlieſt opportunity of breaking the matter to Macklin, who very candidly told the gentleman he would relinquiſh all his pretenſions to the lady, and at the ſame time, adviſed him to have nothing to do with her; obſerving, that her addiction to liquor was intolerable, and incurable.

But Mr. Williams was ſo paſſionately in love with the young lady, that nothing could

diſſuade him from his intention; and, what is not a little remarkable, offered her terms of marriage at the firſt interview that took place between them.

The lady, with the conſent and advice of Mr. MACKLIN accepted the propoſals. The nuptials were immediately celebrated with great feſtivity; and Charles, on this occaſion, acted the part of a father, and actually *gave the young lady away!*

Mr. Williams, being thus rendered happy, offered to ſettle an annuity, by no means inconſiderable, on our hero. But this was refuſed; however, the gentleman made Mr. Macklin ſeveral valuable preſents, and, among the reſt, gave him a capital horſe, which, on his return to Briſtol, he afterwards ſold for a great price. The young lady ſtill continued the practice of drinking rum, in large quantities, notwithſtanding the entreaties and remonſtrances of her fond huſband; and, in ſhort, killed herſelf, in ſix months after her marriage, by an immoderate uſe of that liquor.

Chap. XIV.

AS the hiſtory will proceed regularly, after the concluſion of this chapter, we ſhall occupy the whole of it in recording the principal incidents which befel our hero, (and which have not been already recounted) from the period of his quitting the academy of Mr. Nicholſon, till his regular engagement in London, in the year 1733.

After Mr. Macklin returned to Briſtol, from Haverfordweſt, he engaged with the manager of another ſtrolling company, which took a different direction from the one that he had juſt quitted.

They travelled through the country, with various ſucceſs, till they arrived at *Stratford-le-Bow*, where the famous *Anthony Boheme* was firſt taken notice of by *Mr. Rich*, the London manager. This celebrated actor,

Mr. Macklin ſays, was transferred from a ſtrolling company to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and engaged at a very ſmall ſalary.

He made his *debut* at that theatre in the trifling character of *Franciſco*. The right expreſſion of a ſimple thought is ſometimes of conſiderable and unexpected conſequence to the ſpeaker. It happened ſo with *Mr. Boheme*; for his unaffected and natural manner of pronouncing this ſhort ſpeech—"FRANCISCO—*for this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold, and I am ſick at heart,*"—ſo completely electrified the audience, and aroused them to an inſtantaneous obſervation of his merit, that the manager, in obedience to the public voice, immediately raiſed his ſalary, and promoted him, ſoon after, to the firſt rank in the theatre.

His manner of acting *King Lear* was inimitable: he differed from *Mr Booth* and *Mr. Garrick*. In his perſon he was tall, and his features were exceedingly expreſſive. But we ſhall uſe *Mr. Macklin's* own words:

"To his *Lear* he gave a trait of the antique; by the venerable caſt of his countenance, he gave force and authority to the various ſituations and paſſions of the character; the tones of his voice were equally powerful and harmonious, and his whole action ſuited to the age and feelings of *King Lear*." Mr. Quin, who afterwards performed the part, fell infinitely ſhort of his predeceſſor.

Of *Mr. Garrick's* abilities, in the ſame character, we ſhall give our opinion in another part of this hiſtory, and ſhall indulge the reader with MR. MACKLIN'S criticiſms on that gentleman's performance of this violent old monarch.

As often as MR. MACKLIN could find an opportunity of coming to London, he embraced it. This he did with the view of attending the theatres, and profiting by his obſervation on the acting of the eminent performers of that day. It was about this time that Mr. Macklin, finding his original name, '*M'Laughlin*,' rather difficult to be pro-

nounced by Engliſhmen, conceived the idea of changing it.

At this period *Mr. Boheme* ſtood high in the eſtimation of the town, and, through his interceſſion, the manager of the ſtrolling company, at *Stratford-le-Bow*, gave Mr. Macklin leave of abſence for a fortnight.

Our hero immediately came to London with his valuable friend *Boheme*, and took lodgings at a glove-ſhop, in the Strand, within three doors of Temple-bar. He had not been two days in his new apartments, before an Iriſh relation, who happened to be unacquainted with the circumſtance of Charles' having changed his name, called upon him at his lodgings, and inquired of the landlady—"Whether *young Charley Mac-Laughlin* was within?"

"*Young Charley who?*" replied the good woman, with aſtoniſhment!

"Why, my relation, *Charley Mac-Laughlin*," anſwered the Iriſhman, with vehemence and impatience.

Landlady. "Upon my word, Sir, you muſt be miſtaken; there is no perſon of that name in my houſe."

Iriſhman. "Arrah, faith and troth, and I muſt be right enough; for I was along with my friend *Charley Mac-Laughlin* laſt night at the play, and he himſelf *tould* me, he lived here, within three doors of the big gates, there," (pointing to Temple-bar).

Landlady. "*Charley Maclottin! Maclotlin!* Really, Sir, you muſt have made a miſtake; no ſuch perſon lodges in my houſe."

Iriſhman. "Well, then, my honey, if *Charley Mac-Laughlin* is not within now, will you tell him, when you ſee him, that his *ould* friend *Phil Flanagan* called upon him."

Mr. Macklin, who happened to be at home at the time, overhearing the latter part of this curious dialogue, came down ſtairs immediately, ſhook his old crony, *Phil*, by the hand, and requeſted him to walk up to his apartments.

The landlady was exceedingly ſurpriſed at this circumſtance, and, upon a little conſideration, *wiſely concluded*, that her lodger and his Iriſh relation were little better than ſwindlers. She could by no means reconcile it to her notions of honeſty, that any perſon who went by *two* names, could be a good member of ſociety.

Thus ſtrongly prejudiced againſt her lodger, and fearing that her name ſhould be brought in queſtion, and her character injured by ſome felonious act of the man whom ſhe harboured, ſhe determined to give him immediate notice to quit her apartments.

Accordingly, the next morning, ſhe entered Mr. Macklin's room, with very little cere-

mony, and addreſſed him in the following manner:

Landlady. "Sir, I'd have you to know, that I have kept this houſe theſe five-and-thirty years, and have always maintained an honeſt character. I alſo have had very reſpectable lodgers in my houſe; but I never had any perſon that aſſumed *two names* before!"

Mr. Macklin, as the reader may eaſily imagine, was not a little ſurpriſed at this abrupt addreſs of his landlady, and interrupted her, by aſking her, laughingly, what ſhe meant?

Landlady. "Sir, I mean to tell you, that I am too experienced to be impoſed upon, and I muſt requeſt, that you will quit my houſe directly; for I cannot ſuffer any one to remain in it *who has two different names!*"

Macklin. "Upon my word, madam, you aſtoniſh me very much;—I do not underſtand you!"

Landlady. Sir, you took the lodgings in the name of "MACKLIN," and here, yeſterday, a perſon came, and called you by ſome ſtrange name—"*Maclotlin!*" or "*Maclottin!*" Indeed, it is impoſſible to pronounce it. I, therefore, inſiſt that you will leave my houſe."

Macklin, (burſting into a fit of laughter). "Madam, I beg your pardon; this miſunderſtanding originates with me. I can aſſure you, that I have but *one name,* which is '*Macklin,*' and it is derived from that old Iriſh word, '*Maclaughlin,*' as my friends in this town can teſtify."

The words, "*friends in this town,*" had an immediate effect upon this ſcrupulous old dame, who replied——"Oh, Sir, if that is really the fact I have to beg your pardon."

Macklin. "Madam, you have no occaſion to make an apology; it was my fault; I ſhould have apprized you before, that if any of my countrymen called here, they would inquire after me by the name of *M'Laughlin.* In-

deed, madam, that fine mouthful of a word, is the *true Iriſh* for *Macklin*. But, in order to ſatisfy you fully of the truth of this matter, and to convince you of the wrong opinion that you entertained of me, I beg leave to refer you, for my character, to *Mr. Rich*, and *Mr. Boheme*."

The landlady now became as civil as ſhe was rude before, and Mr. Macklin continued in her lodgings, as long as he remained in town, very well ſatisfied with the accommodation he met with; and related the circumſtance afterwards to all his friends, who were highly entertained with his humorous narration of this laughable occurrence.

On the termination of his leave of abſence, Mr. Macklin returned, and joined his company at *Stratford-le-Bow*; from whence they proceeded to *Southwark fair*, where they reaped a rich harveſt. Our hero was dreſſed, on this occaſion, in a fine laced coat, and bag wig, and cleared half a guinea a day. Here it was that the manager of *Sadler's Wells* had an opportunity of ſeeing Charles per-

form. He was ſtruck with his humour and agility, and offered him very advantageous terms, which were immediately accepted.

Mr. Macklin was now caſt into quite a new branch of his profeſſion. Having played various characters at *Sadler's Wells*, with great applauſe to himſelf, and emolument to his employer, he was induced, by the manager, to perform in a party-coloured dreſs. He accordingly became the much-followed *Harlequin*, for a ſeaſon. In this character he diſplayed great feats of agility: for he was, at that time, very thin in perſon, and very active, with a complexion very dark; ſo that, off the ſtage, he appeared exactly a *Filch!*

He has often, in a ſilk veſt, trimmed with ſilver fringe, and in white ſilk ſtockings, bowed and ſcraped, and picked up halfpence, that were thrown upon the ſtage by coblers, link-boys, and chimney-ſweepers.

From *Sadler's Wells* he proceeded, once more, to his former head-quarters, at *Briſtol*,

where he was kindly received, and played with his uſual ſucceſs.

After remaining at *Briſtol* for three months, he took an excurſion into Wales, with a reſpectable company of ſtrollers, that were managed by a perſon whom they ſtyled "*Lady Hawley*." This, like all other companies of the ſame deſcription, was ſometimes fortunate, and ſometimes unſucceſsful. However, *Mr. Macklin* had no great reaſon to complain; for, during the five months that he continued in this company, he contrived to lay up the ſum of twenty pounds: no ſmall acquiſition in thoſe days.

It happened, during the time that he ſtrolled with this company, that they had the misfortune to arrive, at a late hour, at *Llangadoc*, in the county of Carmarthen, where only a part of the company could be accommodated with beds. Although *Mr. Macklin*, from the high rank which he held in the company, was entitled to the firſt choice, he gave up, notwithſtanding, his pretenſions, and willingly

reſigned his claim in favor of a brother actor, who was then in an ill ſtate of health.

After ſupping with *Lady Hawley*, Macklin made his bow, and retired to the room where the luggage was ſtowed. Here he undreſſed himſelf, and adopted the following humorous expedient: He inſtantly arrayed himſelf in the dreſs of *Æmilia*, in the *Moor of Venice*, a part he occaſionally filled, tied up a ſmall bundle in an handkerchief, and ſlipped out of the houſe unperceived.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned, apparently much fatigued, and addreſſed the landlady in the moſt piteous terms; recounted a variety of misfortunes that had befallen him; and concluded his ſpeech with an heart-moving requeſt, that he might have ſhelter for the night, as he was a total ſtranger in that part of the country.

The ſuppoſed young woman was informed by the unſuſpecting landlady, that the beds were all engaged; but that, in pity of her

diſtreſſed condition, ſome contrivance would be made to let her have part of a bed. Charles now hugged himſelf at the ſucceſs of his ſcheme; and, after he had taken ſome refreſhment, was, to his great aſtoniſhment, conducted by the ſervant to the bed-room of the landlady herſelf, where he was left alone to undreſs. In this dilemma, he ſcarcely knew how to act: to retreat he could not, without running the riſk of a diſcovery. However, into bed he went, convulſed with laughter. He had not lain many minutes before Mrs. *Boniface*, who was upwards of 60 years of age, but completely the character in point of ſize and ſhape, made her appearance. *Charles* ſtruggled hard with himſelf for ſome moments; but the comic ſcene had ſuch an effect upon him, at laſt, that he could no longer contain himſelf; and, at the inſtant the old lady had got into bed, burſt out into a violent fit of laughter.

Mrs. *Boniface* was not a little alarmed at this oddity of her bed-fellow; and the laughter continuing, if poſſible, to increaſe, the old

lady was perſuaded that the poor *young girl* was in a fit. She got out of bed as faſt as ſhe could, and roared out ſo loudly and effectually for help, that every body in the houſe was arouſed, and aſſembled in the landlady's chamber in an inſtant.

Mrs. *Boniface* requeſted that aſſiſtance might be afforded to the afflicted female; but how great was her aſtoniſhment, when, on the entrance of *Lady Hawley*, and ſome of her itinerant *heroines*, the laughter began to ſpread, and encreaſe louder and louder; and it was not till ſome minutes after Charles was recognized by his companions, that the diſtreſſed and affrighted landlady recovered; for ſhe began to entertain ſerious apprehenſions that the whole company were ſuddenly affected by ſome unaccountable malady. However, after the *ecclairciſſement*, ſhe joined heartily in the laugh herſelf; but did not forget to throw out ſome ſharp reproaches againſt Charles, who had made ſo ſerious an attack upon her virtue, as ſhe conceived.

At the end of his engagement with *Lady Hawley*, *Charles* took it into his head to pay a viſit to his mother in Ireland. This was in the year 1731. A circumſtance occurred at that period, which, provided it had terminated ſucceſsfully, might have been the means of turning Mr. Macklin's attention for ever from the ſtage.

The repreſentatives of thoſe, who, from their attachment to the *perfidious James*, and the ſide they took during the rebellion in Ireland, made every effort, in the year 1731, to recover the eſtates of their progenitors. Some ſucceeded, and ſome failed; among the latter was Charles.

From the deficiency of public records, and the want of ſubſtantial evidence, ariſing from the death of material witneſſes, Mr. Macklin could not prove his title, and his application conſequently fell to the ground. This failure of his cauſe did not affect him ſo much as might have been expected. His mind was never addicted to deſpondency—Beſides, he had,

by that time, made ſome proficiency in the line of his profeſſion, and he began to perceive that he ſhould never want. His mother, too, was then in very good circumſtances, at *Cloncurry*, and his unſucceſsfulneſs was but ſlightly felt in the family.

Having paid all his promiſed viſits to his friends in Dublin, *Charles*, ſet out immediately for his mother's reſidence in the country. To his mother he was ever dutiful and attentive; and, before his departure from the capital, took care to provide himſelf with ſome valuable preſents for her acceptance. He remained at *Cloncurry* for ſome time, entertaining and gratifying his parents and friends with humorous deſcriptions of the various incidents that befel him and his fellow-ſtrollers in England, and partaking of their advice and affection. After taking leave of his parents, *Charles* returned again to *Dublin*, where, in the courſe of his viſits, he frequently met a young widow, that attracted his attention. This lady, though not affluent, was highly

accompliſhed. To her Mr. Macklin immediately paid his addreſſes, which were not unkindly received. In this lady he thought he diſcovered *theatrical talents* of an uncommon kind, and he was not deceived, for ſhe afterwards became an excellent actreſs. After having conſulted with his friends, and obtained his father and mother's conſent, the marriage ceremony was performed. This lady was a *Mrs. Ann Grace*, the widow of a very reſpectable hoſier in Dublin.

Mr. Macklin now loſt no time in the inſtruction and improvement of his wife and pupil. The ſcholar was as anxious to learn, as the maſter was to teach: with aptitude and capacity on one ſide, and promptitude and capability on the other, the deſired proficiency was ſoon accompliſhed, and Mrs. Macklin became at once an admirable actreſs; for ſhe was a true child of nature. Being thus enriched, *Charles* ſet out again for England, and, upon his arrival at Cheſter, opened a ſmall, but commodious theatre, where Mrs. Macklin made her *debut* in the part

of *Nurſe*, in the play of *Romeo and Juliet*. Mrs. Nurſe, to whom an objection may be made, as a character inconſiſtent with tragedy, though highly finiſhed from nature, was moſt admirably ſupported by Mrs. Macklin. The petulant impertinence of the character was nicely hit off; and Mrs. Macklin continued to play the part, many years after, on the London ſtage, with unbounded applauſe.

Upon her appearance in every new character, ſhe delighted her audience more and more; enriched her huſband's treaſury, and added to her own fame. Her ſucceſs at Cheſter produced the following lines:

" While MACKLIN charms the liſt'ning throng,
" A nobler ſubject warms my ſong;
" Of Nature's ſacred name I'd ſing,
" From whom her various beauties ſpring;
" The ſwelling ſenſe!—the genial fire!
" The nameleſs graces we admire!
" To her—ſhe frankly did impart
" A clue—to trace the mazy heart:

" She gave her wit—with graceful eaſe,
" And ev'ry attribute to pleaſe;
" But know—thou finiſh'd nymph—to you
" Nor wonder, nor applauſe is due
" For charms—which Nature only drew."

Mr. Macklin having cloſed a very profitable ſeaſon at *Cheſter*, proceeded to *Briſtol*, where he introduced Mrs. Macklin to all his old friends and acquaintances.

Here, as at *Cheſter*, our hero continued to enrich himſelf, and to diſplay his wife's talents to the beſt advantage. *Mrs. Macklin's* performance of the *Hoſteſs*, in *Henry the Fifth*, was highly applauded at Briſtol, and the author has frequently heard *Shylock* himſelf declare, that the Hoſteſs's deſcription of *Falſtaff's* final exit was maſterly; and, we doubt not, that all lovers of the *fat Knight*, feel, at this paſſage, ſome regret for the loſs of him. We ſhall take leave to inſert it here.

Quickly—" Nay, ſure, he's not in hell, " he's in Arthur's boſom, if ever man went

" to Arthur's boſom. 'A made a finer end,
" and went away, an it had been any chriſ-
" tom child; 'a parted even juſt between
" twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the
" tide: for after I ſaw him fumble with the
" ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile
" upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was
" but one way; for his noſe was as ſharp as
" a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.
" How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man!
" be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God,
" God, God! three or four times. Now, I,
" to comfort him, bid him 'a ſhould not think
" of God; I hop'd, there was no need to
" trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet:
" ſo 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet:
" I put my hand into the bed, and felt them,
" and they were as cold as any ſtone; then
" I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and
" upward, and all was as cold as any
" ſtone."

From Briſtol *Mr. Macklin* took a ramble into Wales, to viſit his old friends, who received him in the moſt hoſpitable manner.

From thence he proceeded with a ſtrolling company to Portſmouth, where Mrs. Macklin was brought to bed of a daughter, of whoſe uncommon abilities and accompliſhments we ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak in the progreſs of this hiſtory.

Chap. XV.

IN the year 1733, the revolt of the players at Drury-lane, (who ſet up for themſelves at the Haymarket, under The. Cibber) and the conſequent diſtreſs of *Highmore*, the manager, brought about a very ſudden and unexpected change in the ſituation of Mr. Macklin.

A propoſition of an advantageous nature was ſent to him at Portſmouth, by the Drury-lane manager, which was accepted, and which completely eſtabliſhed him on the London ſtage. Having taken leave of his

friends at Portſmouth, he haſtened up to London, with his wife and infant daughter. In this change of ſituation Mr. Macklin thought he perceived the opportunity that he long wiſhed to obtain. He thought, that the time was now arrived when he could diſplay his abilities, and better his condition in life. He was not miſtaken, for he had not appeared the third time, before he was particularly diſtinguiſhed. Mr. Macklin made his firſt appearance on the 31ſt of October, in the character of *Captain Brazen*, in the *Recruiting Officer;* and afterwards performed *Teague*, in the *Committee*, and the *Drunken Colonel*, in the *Intriguing Chambermaid*, with increaſing ſucceſs.

But, notwithſtanding the efforts of the manager, and the exertions of his *new raiſed corps*, the balance every week was very much againſt him. In this dilemma, he was adviſed by his friends to put the Vagrant Act in force againſt the revolters; and accordingly *Mr. Harper* was taken up, by a warrant from a

Juſtice of Peace for the county of Middleſex, and committed to Bridewell.

Mr. Macklin has often declared, that the whole town was in a ferment on the occaſion; and that this was conſidered an outrageous proſecution againſt *Harper*, the comedian, who happened to be a houſe-keeper in Middleſex, and a free-holder in the county of Surry; and conſequently could not come within the deſcription of the Vagrant Act.

The conduct of the Middleſex Magiſtrate, on this occaſion, was very ſeverely cenſured by the then Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench, who releaſed *Mr. Harper*, on his own recognizance to appear, if his proſecutors thought it prudent to proceed further. This was after many eminent counſel were heard on both ſides; and *Mr. Harper* left Weſtminſter-Hall, amidſt the acclamations of ſeveral hundred perſons, who crowded it on that memorable occcaſion.

It would be doing a great piece of injuſtice to the memory of the great man who then ſat on the Bench, not to record an highly honourable obſervation that fell from him on that day. The cauſe was appointed to be heard early in the morning, when ſome of the oppoſite counſel were for deferring the pleadings, and treated it as a matter of little conſequence. That great man declared, that he thought it a matter of very great conſequence, as the liberty of a ſubject was concerned; that he could not enter upon it too ſoon; and that he ſhould not grudge any time beſtowed upon the inveſtigation of the cauſe.

The law put a ſtop to the performance in the Haymarket; the performers returned, but the manager was ruined. Indeed, poor *Highmore* fulfilled all his engagements, for he was a man of ſtrict honor and punctuality.

The whole of the Drury-lane patent being, as we have already mentioned, purchaſed

by Mr. Fleetwood, in the year 1734, and every point being amicably adjuſted between him and the old company, the houſe opened on the 11th of March, with "*The Confederacy*," in which Mrs. Clive performed. This actreſs was peculiarly happy in low humour, although ſhe had a very diſagreeable face and perſon—yet ſhe always delighted the audience when ſhe kept clear of any thing ſerious or genteel.

The new manager inherited an eſtate of 6,000*l.* per annum, but was ſo incurably addicted to gambling, that he at laſt fell a victim to that fatal vice. *Mr. Macklin*, who at firſt played under the direction of *Cibber*, but ſucceeded ſoon after to the office of Deputy-manager, was highly diſtinguiſhed by this unfortunate man. As long as the manager hearkened to the prudent advice of Mr. Macklin the drama flouriſhed, and the internal œconomy of the theatre was conducted in the moſt ſucceſsful manner. But no ſooner did he reject the admonitions of this valuable counſellor, and the repeated en-

treaties of his once boſom friend, than ruin, inevitable ruin, began to ſtare him in the face; and the conſciouſneſs of his depravity and diſſipation hurried him headlong into the very gulph of deſpair.

In the early part of his intimacy with this unhappy man, Mr. Macklin, though he acquired ſolid reputation as a Deputy-manager, and ſubſtantial fame as an actor, ſuffered very materially in his property. The attachment that ſubſiſted between them, led them both to frequent the ſame place. In ſhort, Mr. Fleetwood and Mr. Macklin conſtantly went to White's gambling-houſe, where they entered deeply into play, and won and loſt large ſums of money.

This practice was continued for a conſiderable time, till the manager was almoſt ruined, and Mr. Macklin retired a very great loſer. Such was the fate of this once wealthy man; and ſuch muſt ever be the fate of thoſe who frequent ſuch ruinous places. Too much cannot be ſaid in praiſe of the perſon who

has ſtepped forward to arreſt the progreſs of this abominable vice. To the noble efforts of that illuſtrious character, LORD KENYON, the country ſtands highly indebted. This noble lord, to his immortal honor be it ſpoken, has often declared, and the community have already materially felt, and muſt continue to feel, the ſalutary effect of that declaration,—that he will puniſh, in the moſt exemplary way, and with the ignominy of the pillory, without reſpect to age, ſex, or condition, every perſon that ſhall be brought before him, and that ſhall be found at play in any of theſe warehouſes of plunder, debauchery, and diſſipation.

On the 25th of November, 1734, *Mr. Duncomb* produced his tragedy of *Brutus*, which, Mr. Macklin ſays, ran only five nights. This was the firſt new piece this ſeaſon: it received what it juſtly merited from the public—very indifferent approbation; for it is a mere tranſlation from *M. de Voltaire*, who not only borrowed the fable from the *Brutus*

of LEE, but coldly imitated ſome of the beſt ſcenes of that author.

The next new piece that was brought out this ſeaſon, was written by *Mr. Lillo*, and entitled " The *Chriſtian Hero*."

It was firſt performed at Drury-lane, on the 13th January, 1735, and ran but four nights. Though ſuch ſubjects were countenanced and applauded on the French and Spaniſh theatres, yet they do not ſuit (and we think very juſtly) the general taſte of an Engliſh audience.

The church is, unqueſtionably, the moſt proper theatre for ſuch uſeful and ſolemn repreſentations; and the clergy are, as they ſhould be, and we truſt ever will be, the fitteſt actors in the religious drama of Providence.

On the 10th February, the ſame year, Mr. Fielding's *Univerſal Gallant* was performed to a very crowded houſe, and but indiffer-

ently received—it ran but three nights. We have often heard Mr. Macklin ſay of this gentleman, that, although he was a man of humour, and a ſcholar, he could not write a good play.

Mrs. Macklin was engaged this ſeaſon at Drury-lane, and made her *debut* in the character of the *Hoſteſs*, in the hiſtorical play of *Henry the Fourth*.—The Hoſteſs is well delineated by the poet: Mrs. Macklin exhibited her to great advantage, and was highly applauded.

In the beginning of May, this ſeaſon, *Colley Cibber's* Comedy of "*Love makes a Man*, or the *Fop's Fortune*," was alſo performed at Drury-lane. This piece took its origin from two plays of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, which we think the *Laureat* ſhould have acknowledged; but this circumſtance he carefully concealed. The plot of this piece is highly improbable, and groſsly irregular. The ſentiments in many parts of the comedy convey groſs ideas; many of the ſcenes are too long,

and others totally insignificant. The dialogue is natural and sprightly, though void of wit and elegance; and the moral is very vague, and is comprized wholly in this,—that the passion of love will inspire a man to rouse up principles of reason and action, which, till he feels that passion, lie dormant in his breast. What utility is inculcated hereby, we know not; but this we know, that young minds may be prejudiced by the capital figure in this piece of theatrical painting.

However, if an audience wish merely to laugh, *The Fop's Fortune*, when well performed, will undoubtedly gratify that wish; but we can by no means recommend it in the closet, as it may taint the mind, and cannot convey instruction. We come now to the particular mention of a farce, written by Mr. Fabian, entitled "*Trick for Trick*," because the performance of it, this season, brought about an unfortunate incident in the life of Mr. Macklin.

We allude to the melancholy fate of *Mr. Thomas Hallam*, the comedian, whoſe death was occaſioned by a blow that he received in a ſcuffle with Mr. Macklin. The quarrel originated at the theatre, on the evening of the 10th of May, 1735, about a comedy wig, in which Mr. Macklin performed the part of *Sancho* the night before.

The circumſtances attending this unfortunate affray we ſhall ſtate at large, as they afterwards came out in evidence upon the trial, for two reaſons.

In the firſt place, the veracity of a biographer impoſes upon us the neceſſity of impartial narration; and in the next place, the regard we owe to the memory of Mr. Macklin demands a circumſtantial account of the tranſaction. Were we to paſs over this occurrence in a ſlight way, the public might accuſe us of an attempt to conceal what we know; and, on the other hand, the character of Mr. Macklin might, in a very important point of view, be cenſured and con-

demned to an extent beyond what the whole circumſtances of the caſe, taken together, will warrant or allow.

That Mr. Macklin was hurried on by a momentary, and inſtantaneous guſt of paſſion, to lift his hand againſt his opponent, and to do that, which we muſt cenſure; and which, in his cooler moments, he lamented, and was heartily ſorry for, cannot be denied. No doubt, ſuch impetuoſity of temper is to be condemned in the ſtrongeſt poſſible terms; but the candid reader will perceive, in the peruſal of the following pages, that a great deal might be ſaid in extenuation of Mr. Macklin's conduct. He will perceive that the behaviour of Mr. Macklin, on that fatal occaſion, was not that of a man bent upon miſchief, and acting with deliberate malice. There was no *malice prepenſe*; there is nothing proved that is indicative of a mind thirſting for blood; or of a heart hungering for revenge. There was no preparation of the weapon of death—quite the reverſe. No animoſity ſubſiſted between the

parties before the moment of the ſcuffle—all was momentary—what was done, was done in the inſtant of paſſion, and aroſe from the heat of violent altercation. There were faults on one ſide, as well as on the other; what happened, was merely accidental, but we ſhall leave the reader to paſs his own comments upon the following impartial particulars of the caſe.

"*Charles Macklin* was indicted for the wilful murder of *Thomas Hallam*, by thruſting a ſtick into his left eye, and thereby giving him a mortal wound, of the breadth of a quarter of an inch, and depth of one inch and an half, May the 10th, 1735, of which mortal wound he languiſhed till the next day, and then died. The witneſſes on the part of the proſecution depoſed to the following effect:

"*Thomas Arne.* I have the honour to be the numberer of the boxes, of Drury-lane play-houſe, under *Mr. Fleetwood.* On Saturday night I delivered my accounts in at the property-office; and, then, at eight at night, I

came into the ſcene-room, where the players warm themſelves, and ſat in a chair at the ſide of the fire. Fronting the fire there is a long ſeat, where five or ſix may ſit. The play was almoſt done, and they were making preparations for the entertainment, when the priſoner came into the ſcene-room, and ſat down next me, and high words aroſe between him and the deceaſed about a *ſtock wig*, for a diſguiſe in the entertainment. The priſoner had played in the *wig* the night before: and now the deceaſed had got it.—"*D——n you for a rogue*," ſays the priſoner, "*what buſineſs have you with my wig.*"—"*I am no more a rogue than yourſelf*," ſays the deceaſed; "it's *a ſtock wig*, and I have as much right to it as you have." Some of the players coming in—they deſired the deceaſed to fetch the wig, and give it to the priſoner, which he did, and then ſaid to him, "Here is *your wig*; I have got one that I like *better*." The priſoner, ſitting by me, took the wig, and began to comb it out, and all ſeemed to be quiet for about half a quarter of an hour: but the priſoner began to grumble again, and ſaid to the

deceaſed "G——d d——n you for a black-guard, ſcrub, raſcal, how durſt you have the impudence to take *this wig?*" The deceaſed anſwered, "I am no more a raſcal than your-ſelf." Upon which the priſoner ſtarted up out of his chair, and, with a ſtick in his hand, made a longe at the deceaſed, and thruſt the ſtick into his left eye; and, pulling it back again, looked pale, turned on his heel, and, in a paſſion, threw the ſtick into the fire—"G—d d——n it," ſays he; and, turning about again on his heel, he ſat down. The deceaſed clapped his hand to his eye, and ſaid it was gone through his head. He was going to ſink; but they ſet him in a chair. The priſoner came to him, and, leaning upon his left arm, put his hand to his eye. "Lord," cried the deceaſed, "it is out."—"No," ſays the priſoner, "I feel the ball roll under my hand." Young *Mr. Cibber* came in, and im-mediately ſent for *Mr. Coldham*, the ſurgeon.

The Priſoner. "Did I ſhew any concern afterwards?"

Arne. "I believe he was under the utmoſt ſurpriſe, by his turning about, and throwing the ſtick into the fire: and he ſhewed a farther concern when he felt the eye-ball."

Thomas Whitaker. "I am a dreſſer in the houſe, under the comedy players. On Friday night the priſoner aſked me to lend him a comedy wig, to play "*Sancho*," in "*the Fop's Fortune*;" and the next night the deceaſed came and aſked me for the ſame wig: I told him that I had it not, and bid him go to the other dreſſer. As I was afterwards waiting in the hall for my money, the priſoner came in, and aſked the deceaſed for the wig: the deceaſed anſwered, "*that he ſhould not have it:*" and the priſoner replied, "You're an impudent raſcal, and ought to be caned for your impudence. *Mr. Mills*, who was acting *Juba*, came in, and ſaid, "What's the matter with you? We can't play for the noiſe you make." The priſoner anſwered, "The raſcal has got a wig that belongs to me." *Mr. Mills* ſaid to the deceaſed, "HALLAM, *don't be impudent*; but give him the wig." Hallam

ſtill refuſed; upon which the priſoner ſaid, "G—d d——n you, ſuch a little raſcal ought to be made an example of;" and ſo turned out of the room. I, being dreſſed in character, went up and undreſſed. *Mr. Woodford* bid me bring down a ſimilar wig, which I did; but when I came down I could not find the priſoner; and ſo I went into the ſcene-room. The deceaſed was then ſtanding between the door and the ſettle; the priſoner was about three yards from him, and, ſtarting up, made a ſudden longe (whether ſtepping or running, I can't ſay). The deceaſed clapped his hand to his eye, and made a wheel; as if he was throwing himſelf into the ſeat. The priſoner ſeemed to be very much agitated, and afterwards ſhewed every mark of ſorrow and contrition."

Mr. Cole. "The deceaſed came firſt into the ſcene-room, and complained that the priſoner had uſed him ill about a *comedy wig*. The priſoner ſoon followed, and ſaid, "the deceaſed had uſed him ill, and impertinently, and he inſiſted upon having the wig." They went

out ſeparately. The deceaſed came in again. Upon which, *Mr. Fabian*, the author of a farce to be acted that night, *Mr. Mills*, and ſeveral others, adviſed the deceaſed to let the priſoner have the wig: and *Mr. Kitchen*, the property-man, promiſed to help him to a better. The deceaſed fetched the wig, and gave it to the priſoner, and then *Mr. Kitchen* gave another wig to the deceaſed. Then the deceaſed held out the wig, to ſhew it, and ſaid, "He liked it better than the other."—"You ſaucy, impertinent raſcal," ſays the priſoner, "I wonder how ſuch a little ſcoundrel dared to *take a wig* out of *my dreſſing-room*." The deceaſed told him, that he had it from the dreſſer.' 'D——n you, you dog," ſays the priſoner, "dare you prate?"—and, riſing up ſuddenly from the ſettle, he puſhed at the deceaſed, who then ſtood ſtock-ſtill between me and the ſettle: I was ſo near him, that I was afraid my own eye would have been hurt. The deceaſed reeled, and I caught him in my arms."

A Counſellor. " Who does the dreſſing-room, where the wig was kept, belong to?"

Mr. Cole. " Not to the deceaſed."

2. " Has every one a particular room to dreſs in?"

Mr. Cole. " There were three or four who dreſſed in that room; but the deceaſed did not belong to it. But he ſaid, the dreſſer gave him the wig. I believe the dreſſer's name is *Greenwood.*"

Francis Lee. " The deceaſed came into the ſcene-room, and ſaid, " the priſoner had uſed him like a pick-pocket, about a wig." *Mr. Mills,* and *the author* of *the farce,* and *others,* adviſed Hallam to go up, and fetch Mr. Macklin the wig. *Mr. Kitchen* called the deceaſed to the end of the room, and lent him another wig: he ſhewed this wig, and ſaid he would not change with the priſoner; for he had got a better. The priſoner replied, " You are a ſcoundrel for taking it at all."

The deceaſed anſwered, "No more a ſcoundrel than you are." Some other words having paſſed, the priſoner roſe up, and, I think, ſaid, "D——n you, you dog, do you prate!"—and then gave him the blow. The deceaſed clapped both his hands to his eye, and cried, "Lord, I believe my eye is put out!" and would have fallen into the fire, if *Mr. Cole* had not caught him. When he was ſet down, I aſked him how he did? He ſaid, "Lord, I believe my eye-ball is ſhoved to the other ſide of my head." I believe the priſoner had him by the hand all the while the ſurgeon was dreſſing him. He lived till ſix o'clock the next night."

Ellis Roberts. "I came in when the deceaſed had received the other wig; he ſaid, he liked it as well as the one the priſoner had. "You are an impudent ſcoundrel," ſays the priſoner, "for taking it out of *my ſhift*," (that is his dreſſing place). "No more a ſcoundrel than yourſelf," ſays the deceaſed; and added, "*You are one for calling me ſo.*"—"You impudent raſcal, do you prate?" replied the

priſoner, and, riſing up, made a longe, and puſhed at him."

Thomas Salway. "I was ſitting at the end of the ſettle, which will hold ſix or ſeven people. The deceaſed ſtood by me, and ſaid, "If he (the priſoner) had a mind for the wig, he might have aſked for it in a civil manner, and not attacked me like a pick-pocket." The priſoner ſaid, "You lie." The deceaſed replied, "I don't lie." Upon which the priſoner got up, and, I think, took one ſtep, and ſaid, "You little raſcal, do you prate?" or ſome ſuch word; and then made a puſh at him with a ſtick, which accidentally entered his eye, and made a noiſe like a ſquaſhing. The deceaſed clapped his hands to his eye, and the blood ran down his face. He tottered:—but I was ſo ſhocked and frightened, that I had not power to catch him; ſo I went out of the room. When the puſh was made, the deceaſed was ſtanding ſtill, about three yards from the priſoner."

Counſellor. " Did the priſoner aim at any particular place?"

Thomas Salway. " He ſeemed to be in *too great a paſſion* for that."

Priſoner. " Was not *a ſtick neceſſary* for my part as a Spaniſh ſervant?"

Thomas Salway. " Yes, certainly."

Priſoner. " Which ſide of him was towards me when I puſhed?"

Thomas Salway. " His full face."

Priſoner. " Did you not ſay, " What a paſſionate man you are, to do this miſchief?" and did not I anſwer, " Good God! what will not a man do in his paſſion, when he knows not what he does?"

Thomas Salway. " Yes, you ſaid ſo, and appeared very much concerned."

Mr. Coldham, ſurgeon. "On the 10th of May, in the evening, I was ſent for, and dreſſed the deceaſed. He died next day; and I opened the ſcull, and found that the ſtick had paſſed through the thin bone, that contains the eye, into the brain. That bone is extremely thin, and can make but little reſiſtance. Had the blow been elſe where, it might have had a leſs fatal effect. I was aſtoniſhed that a man ſhould die by ſuch an inſtrument. When I firſt attended him, the priſoner ſhewed much concern, and deſired me to take all poſſible care of him."

Here the evidence on the part of the proſecution cloſed, and the Judge aſked Mr. Macklin if he had a wiſh to urge any thing in his defence. Mr. Macklin replied in the affirmative.

THE PRISONER'S DEFENCE.

Mr. Macklin. "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,—I played *Sancho* the night before, and the wig I then uſed was proper for the

new farce, and *abſolutely neceſſary* for my part, as the *whole force* of the *poet's wit* depends on the *lean, meagre looks* of one that is in want of food. This wig being, therefore, ſo fit for my purpoſe, and hearing that the deceaſed had got it, I ſaid to him, "*You have got the wig that I played in laſt night, and it fits my part this night.*"—"*I have as much right to it* as you," ſays he. I told him that I *deſired it as a favour.* He ſaid I ſhould not have it. "You are a ſcoundrel," ſays I, "to deny me, when I only aſk you that *as a favour, which is my right.*"—"I am no more a ſcoundrel than yourſelf," ſays he; and ſo he went out of the room, and I went to the prompter's door, to look for *Mr. Cibber*; meanwhile, the deceaſed went into the ſcene-room, and ſaid I had uſed him like a pick-pocket. The author perſuaded him to let me have the wig, and the property-man brought him another wig. Upon this he threw the firſt wig at me. I aſked "Why he could not have done that before?" He anſwered, "Becauſe you uſed me like a pick-pocket." This provoked me; and, riſing up, I ſaid, "D——n you, for a

puppy, get out." His left ſide was then towards me; but he turned about unluckily, and my ſtick went into his eye. "Good God!" ſaid I, "what have I done!" and I threw the ſtick into the chimney. He ſat down, and ſaid to *Mr. Arne's* ſon, (who was dreſſed in woman's cloaths) "Whip up your clothes, you little b——h, and urine in my eye." But he could not; ſo I did. I begged of the perſons who were preſent, to take the deceaſed to the bagnio; but *Mrs. Moor* ſaid that ſhe had a room, where he ſhould be taken care of. I had then no idea that it would prove his end; but feared that his eye was in danger. But the next morning I ſaw *Mr. Turbutt*, who adviſed me to keep out of the way, or I ſhould be ſent to goal. I begged of him to get the advice of a Phyſician, and gave him a guinea, which was all the money I had about me. From the beginning of the quarrel to the end, it was but ten minutes, and there was no intermiſſion."

The priſoner then called *Robert Turbutt* on his behalf.

Robert Turbutt. "I played that night, and was in the ſcene-room when the deceaſed came in, and ſeemed fluſhed, and ſaid "*Macklin has uſed me like a pick-pocket*—I had the wig from *Mr. Greenwood*, the dreſſer, and now Macklin wants it, and, I think, it is as proper for my character as for his." The priſoner came in, and then demanded the wig; upon which, in a merry way, it was put to the queſtion which of them ſhould have it, and it was agreed that the priſoner ſhould. *Mr. Kitchen* came in, and ſaid, "here is another wig." The deceaſed then toſſed the former wig to the priſoner, who ſaid to him, "Why could you not have done this before?" He anſwered, "Becauſe you uſed me like a pick-pocket."—"You lie," ſays the priſoner. "You lie," ſays the deceaſed. "You are a ſcoundrel," ſays one. "You're a ſcoundrel," ſays the other. At laſt, the priſoner, riſing up, ſaid, "You puppy, get out," and puſhed at him, I am certain, not with any particular aim."

Mr. Rich, *Mr. Fleetwood*, *Mr. Quin*, *Mr. Ryan*, *Mr. Thompſon*, *Mr. Mills*, *Mr. Leſsly*, *Mr. Black*, and *Mr. Torn*, appeared to the priſoner's character, and depoſed, that he was a man of a quiet and peaceable diſpoſition.

The Judge having ſummed up the evidence, with great ability, the Jury found the priſoner guilty of manſlaughter.

Mr. Macklin's long and honourable life juſtified this verdict of the Jury; and his conduct as a father, an huſband, a friend, and a member of ſociety, ranks among the firſt, for tenderneſs, affection, friendſhip, and honeſty.

Chap. XVI.

MR. MACKLIN made his firſt appearance, after his trial, in the character of *Ramillie*, in FIELDING's Miſer, and received very great applauſe.

The leading actor, at Drury-lane, before this period, was the elder *Mills*, who, Mr. Macklin says, possessed great natural parts, and was excellent in tragedy. This capital actor was succeeded by *Mr. Quin*, and *Mr. Milward*, a young man, who had some theatrical requisites to make a good actor. The women of great note were, *Mrs. Clive* and *Mrs. Heron*. In the year 1736, *Mrs. Cibber* made her first appearance at Drury-lane, in *Zara*, a tragedy by *Aaron Hill*. This is a translation from *M. de Voltaire*. The author having a nephew who had a violent inclination for the stage, and a mistaken notion of his abilities, prevailed upon Mr. Fleetwood to let him appear in the character of *Osmyn*. The public were, on this occasion, treated with a new play, and two new performers. The young man, aspiring at that for which he had not the smallest qualification, injured himself and the play, and was consequently treated by the audience with indifference. The play, however, ran 14 nights;—and Mrs. Cibber received the approbation she deserved, and gave full promise of being, what she afterwards proved, a cele-

brated actreſs. In her perſon ſhe was agreeable, with a ſet of features uncommonly expreſſive; ſhe poſſeſſed a very plaintive, mellow, powerful voice: in grief and diſtraction, no idea could go beyond her execution; but ſhe had no turn at all for comedy. On the 20th of February, *Mr. Connell* produced his *Connoiſſeur*, which was *damned*; and on the 5th of March the ſtage ſuſtained a great loſs, in the death of *Mrs. Heron*.

At this period a new regulation took place at the theatre, with reſpect to the prices of admiſſion. The regulated prices being, boxes 4s. pit 2s. 6d. firſt gallery 1s. 6d. and ſecond gallery 1s. except upon the firſt run of a new play or pantomime, when the boxes were 5s. the pit 3s. the firſt gallery 2s. and the ſecond gallery 1s. but *Mr. Fleetwood* thought fit to raiſe the prices for an old pantomime, which was revived without expence. This circumſtance produced a violent oppoſition for ſeveral nights, and, at laſt, a deputation from the pit had an interview with the manager, in the green-room, where it was agreed, that the

advanced prices ſhould be conſtantly paid at the doors, and that ſuch perſons as did not chuſe to ſtay the entertainment, ſhould have the advanced part of their money returned. This was an advantageous agreement for the manager; becauſe, when the audience had once paid their money, and were ſeated, very few went out at the end of the play, and demanded their advanced money: the few that did it at firſt, ſoon grew tired, and at laſt it ſettled in the quiet payment of the advanced prices.

This was a very flouriſhing ſeaſon, Mr. Macklin ſays, for the manager, who ſaw his houſe full of the firſt faſhion and conſequence, every night. About this time, *Mr. Rich*, the manager of Covent-garden theatre, propoſed an agreement to Mr. Fleetwood, reſpecting the management of the theatres; by which agreement the actors conceived themſelves injured and oppreſſed. This circumſtance produced another commotion, which, at length, ended in Mr. Fleetwood's ſigning the cartel, as it was called; the particulars of which,

we ſhall not detail here, as the relation of ſuch ſquabbles and diſputes then, would not compenſate the reader for his trouble in peruſing them now. This was an eventful period in the hiſtory of the ſtage; for, in the courſe of the year 1736, the late ingenious MR. HENRY FIELDING exhibited ſome very bold and ſevere ſatires againſt the adminiſtration of the late *Lord Orford*, in the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.—Religion, Laws, Government, Prieſts, Judges, and Miniſters (ſays Cibber) were all laid down by this Herculean ſatiriſt.

Theſe were the proceedings that brought about a reſtraint upon the ſtage, and induced Parliament, in the year 1737, to paſs an act, by a large majority, to limit the number of Theatres in London, and to enact, that no play, nor even prologue, epilogue, or ſong, ſhould be exhibited at either of the Theatres, without being firſt inſpected, and having the approbation of the Licenſer.

The celebrated EARL OF CHATHAM oppoſed the bill with all his eloquence. The excel-

lence of that great man's ſpeech, upon this occaſion, needs no comment; its delivery cannot be deſcribed. We cannot avoid inſerting ſome of the principal paſſages in the following pages;—never did an Orator command more deep attention—the Houſe of Peers was ſilent as calm night:

> Their Lordſhips were all ear.—
> The raptur'd ſoul, abſorb'd in deep attention,
> Caus'd every other ſenſe to drop its function,
> As hearing were its only faculty.

The bill was entitled, An Act made to explain and amend ſo much of an Act made in the twelfth year of the reign of *Queen Anne*, entitled, An Act for reducing the laws relating to rogues, vagabonds, &c. as relates *to common players of interludes*.

The Earl of Chatham. My Lords,—The Bill, now before you, I apprehend to be of a very extraordinary, a very dangerous nature. It ſeems deſigned not only as a reſtraint to the licentiouſneſs of the Stage, but it will prove a moſt arbitrary reſtraint on the liberty

of the ſtage; and, I fear, it looks yet farther; I fear it tends towards a reſtraint on the liberty of the Preſs, which will be a long ſtride towards the deſtruction of Liberty itſelf. It is not only a Bill, my Lords, of a very extraordinary nature, but has been brought in at a very extraordinary ſeaſon, and puſhed with moſt extraordinary diſpatch.—When I conſidered how near it was to the end of the Seſſion, and how long this Seſſion had been protracted beyond the uſual time of the year; when I conſidered, that this Bill paſſed through the other Houſe with ſo much precipitancy, as even to get the ſtart of a Bill, which deſerved all the reſpect, and all the diſpatch, the forms of either Houſe of Parliament could admit of; it ſet me upon inquiring what could be the reaſon of introducing this Bill at ſo unſeaſonable a time, and preſſing it forward in a manner ſo very ſingular and uncommon. I have made all poſſible inquiry, and, as yet, I muſt confeſs, I am at a loſs to find out the great occaſion. I have, 'tis true, learned from common report, without doors, that a moſt ſeditious, a moſt heinous

Farce* had been offered to one of the Theatres; a farce, for which the author ought to be puniſhed in a moſt exemplary manner. But what was the conſequence?—the Maſter of that Theatre behaved as he was in duty bound, and as common prudence directed: he not only refuſed to bring it upon the Stage, but carried it to a certain honourable gentleman in the Adminiſtration, as the ſureſt method of having it ſuppreſſed. Could this be the occaſion of introducing ſuch an extraordinary Bill, at ſuch an extraordinary ſeaſon, and puſhing it in ſo extraordinary a manner? Surely, no. The dutiful behaviour of the Players, the prudent caution they ſhewed upon that occaſion, can never be the reaſon for ſubjecting them to ſuch an arbitrary reſtraint: it is an argument in their favor; and a material one, in my opinion, againſt the Bill. Nay, farther, if we conſider all circumſtances, it is, to me, a full proof, that the laws now in being are ſufficient for puniſhing thoſe Players who ſhall venture to bring any ſeditious libel

* *The Golden Rump.*—It was rejected.

upon the Stage; and conſequently ſufficient for deterring all Players from acting any thing that may have the leaſt tendency towards giving a reaſonable offence. I do not, my Lords, pretend to be a Lawyer; I do not pretend to know perfectly the power and extent of our laws; but I have converſed with thoſe that do, and by them I have been told, that our laws are ſufficient for puniſhing any perſon that ſhall dare to repreſent upon the Stage, what may appear, either by the words or repreſentation, to be blaſphemous, ſeditious, or immoral. I muſt own, indeed, I have obſerved, of late, a remarkable licentiouſneſs in the Stage.—There have but very lately been two Plays acted, which one would have thought ſhould have given the greateſt offence, and yet both were ſuffered to be often repreſented, without diſturbance, without cenſure. In one, the Author* thought fit to repreſent the three great profeſſions, *Religion*, *Phyſic*, and the *Law*, as inconſiſtent with common ſenſe: in the other, a moſt tragical ſtory was brought upon

* H. Fielding, Eſq.

the Stage—a cataſtrophe too recent, too melancholy, and of too ſolemn a nature, to be heard of any where but from the Pulpit. How theſe pieces came to paſs unpuniſhed, I do not know: if I am rightly informed, it was not for want of law, but for want of proſecution, without which no law can be made effectual; but if there was any neglect in this caſe, I am convinced it was not with a deſign to prepare the minds of the people, and to make them think a new law neceſſary.

Our ſtage ought, certainly, my Lords, to be kept within due bounds; but for this our laws, as they ſtand at preſent, are ſufficient. If our Stage-Players at any time exceed thoſe bounds, they ought to be proſecuted—they may be puniſhed: we have precedents—we have examples—of perſons having been puniſhed for things leſs criminal than either of the two pieces I have juſt mentioned. A new law muſt, therefore, be unneceſſary; and, in the preſent caſe, it cannot be unneceſſary, without being dangerous: every unneceſſary reſtraint on licentiouſneſs is a fetter upon the leg, is a

ſhackle upon the hands of liberty—one of the greateſt bleſſings we enjoy, one of the greateſt bleſſings a people, my Lords, can enjoy, is liberty. But every good in this life has its allay of evil: licentiouſneſs is the allay of liberty; it is an ebullition, an excreſcence—it is a ſpeck upon the eye of a political body, which I can never touch, but with a gentle, with a trembling hand, leſt I deſtroy the body; leſt I injure the eye, upon which it is apt to appear.—If the Stage becomes at any time licentious, if a Play appears to be a libel upon the Government, or upon any particular man, the King's Courts are open; the law is ſufficient for puniſhing the offender; and, in this caſe, the perſon injured has a ſingular advantage; —he can be under no difficulty to prove who is the Publiſher; the Players themſelves are the Publiſhers, and there can be no want of evidence to convict them.

But, my Lords, ſuppoſe it true, that the laws now in being are not ſufficient for putting a check to, or preventing the licentiouſneſs of the Stage; ſuppoſe it abſolutely neceſ-

ſary that ſome new law ſhould be made for that purpoſe; yet it muſt be granted, that ſuch a law ought to be maturely conſidered, and every clauſe, every ſentence, nay, every word of it well weighed and examined, leſt, under ſome of thoſe methods preſumed or pretended to be neceſſary for reſtraining licentiouſneſs, a power ſhould lie concealed, which might afterwards be made uſe of for giving a dangerous wound to Liberty. Such a law ought not to be introduced at the cloſe of a Seſſion; nor ought we, in the paſſing ſuch a law, to depart from any of the forms preſcribed by our Anceſtors for preventing deceit and ſurpriſe.

There is ſuch a connection between licentiouſneſs and liberty, that it is not eaſy to correct the one, without dangerouſly wounding the other: it is extremely hard to diſtinguiſh the true limit between them; like a changeable ſilk, we can eaſily ſee there are two different colours, but we cannot eaſily diſcover where the one ends, or where the other begins. There can be no great and immediate danger from the

licentiouſneſs of the Stage. I hope it will not be pretended that our Government may, before next winter, be overturned by ſuch licentiouſneſs, even though our Stage were, at preſent, under no ſort of legal controul. Why, then, may we not delay till next Seſſion paſſing any law againſt the licentiouſneſs of the Stage? Neither our Government can be altered, nor our Conſtitution be overturned, by ſuch a delay; but by paſſing a law raſhly and unadviſedly, our Conſtitution may at once be deſtroyed, and our Goverment rendered arbitrary. Can we then put a ſmall, a ſhort-lived, inconveniency in the balance with perpetual ſlavery? Can it be ſuppoſed that a Parliament of Great Britain will ſo much as riſk the latter, for the ſake of avoiding the former.

Surely, my Lords, this is not to be expected, were the licentiouſneſs of the Stage much greater than it is—were the inſufficiency of our laws more obvious than can be pretended. But when we complain of the licentiouſneſs of the Stage, and the inſufficiency of our laws, I fear we have more

reaſon to complain of bad meaſures in our polity, and a general decay of virtue and morality among the people. In public as well as private life, the only way to prevent being ridiculed or cenſured, is to avoid all ridiculous or wicked meaſures, and to purſue ſuch only as are virtuous and worthy. The people never endeavour to ridicule thoſe they love and eſteem, nor will they ſuffer them to be ridiculed: if any one attempts it, the ridicule returns upon the Author—he makes himſelf only the object of public hatred and contempt. The actions or behaviour of a private man may paſs unobſerved, and conſequently unapplauded—uncenſured; but the actions of thoſe in high ſtations, can neither paſs without notice, nor without cenſure or applauſe; and, therefore, an Adminiſtration without eſteem—without authority among the people, let their power be ever ſo great, let their power be ever ſo arbitrary, they will be ridiculed. The ſevereſt edicts—the moſt terrible puniſhments, cannot entirely prevent it: if any man, therefore, thinks he has been ridiculed; if any man thinks he has been

cenſured, upon any of our public Theatres, let him examine his actions—he will find the cauſe: let him alter his conduct—he will find a remedy. As no man is perfect, as no man is infallible, the greateſt may err; the moſt circumſpect may be guilty of ſome piece of ridiculous behaviour. It is not licentiouſneſs, it is an uſeful liberty always indulged the Stage, in a free country, that ſome great men may there meet with a juſt reproof, which none of their friends will be free enough, or rather faithful enough, to give them: of this we have a famous inſtance in the Roman Hiſtory. The GREAT POMPEY, after the many victories he had obtained, and the great conqueſts he had made, had certainly a good title to the eſteem of the people of Rome; yet that great man, by ſome error in his conduct, became an object of general diſlike; and, therefore, in the repreſentation of an old play, when DIPHILUS, the actor, came to repeat theſe words "*Noſtra miſeria tu es* MAGNUS," the audience immediately applied them to POMPEY, who at that time was as well known by the name of "MAGNUS,"

as by the name of POMPEY, and were ſo highly pleaſed with the ſatire, that, as CICERO ſays, they made the actor, by their clamour, repeat the words an hundred times over. An account of this was immediately ſent to POMPEY, who, inſtead of reſenting it as an injury, was ſo wiſe as to take it for a juſt reproof. He examined his conduct; he altered his meaſures; he regained, by degrees, the eſteem of the people; and then, he neither feared the wit, nor felt the ſatire of the Stage.—This is an example which ought to be followed by great men, in all countries. Such accidents will often happen, in every free country; and many ſuch would probably have afterwards happened at Rome, if they had continued to enjoy their liberty. But this ſort of liberty in the Stage came ſoon after, I ſuppoſe, to be called *licentiouſneſs*; for, we are told, that AUGUSTUS, after having eſtabliſhed his Empire, reſtored order in *Rome*, by reſtraining *licentiouſneſs*. God forbid we ſhould, in this country, have order reſtored, or *licentiouſneſs* reſtrained, at ſo dear a rate as the people of *Rome* paid for it to AUGUSTUS!

In this caſe I have mentioned, my Lords, it was not the *Poet* that wrote, for it was an old play; nor the Players that acted, for they only repeated the words of the play; it was the people who pointed the ſatire; and the caſe will always be the ſame, when a man has the misfortune to incur the hatred and contempt of a people. When public meaſures are deſpiſed, the audience will apply what never was, what could not be, deſigned as a ſatire on the preſent times. Nay, even though the people ſhould not apply; thoſe who are conſcious of guilt, thoſe who are conſcious of the weakneſs or wickedneſs of their own conduct, will take to themſelves what the Author never deſigned. A public thief is as apt to take the ſatire, as he is apt to take the money which was never deſigned for him. We have an inſtance of this, in the caſe of a comedian of the laſt age; a comedian who was not only a good poet, but an honeſt man, and a quiet and good ſubject. The famous MOLIERE, when he wrote his *Tartuffe*, which is certainly an excellent and a good moral comedy, did not deſign to ſatirize any great man of that

age; yet a great man in France, at that time, took it to himſelf, and fancied the Author had taken him as a model for one of the principal, and one of the worſt characters in that comedy. By good luck, he was not the licenſer, otherwiſe the Kingdom of France had never had the pleaſure, the happineſs, I may ſay, of ſeeing that play acted; but when the Players firſt propoſed to act it at Paris, he had intereſt enough to get it forbid. MOLIERE, who knew himſelf innocent of what was laid to his charge, complained to his patron, the *Prince of Conti*, that, as his play was deſigned only to expoſe hypocriſy, and a falſe pretence to religion, it was very hard it ſhould be forbid being acted; when, at the ſame time, they were ſuffered to expoſe religion itſelf, every night, publicly upon the Italian ſtage; to which the Prince wittily anſwered, "'Tis true, *Moliere; Harlequin* ridicules Heaven, and expoſes Religion; but you have done much worſe,—you have ridiculed the Firſt Miniſter of Religion."

I am as much for reſtraining the licentiouſneſs of the Stage, and every other ſort of licentiouſneſs, as any of your Lordſhips can be. But, my Lords, I am, I ſhall always be, extremely cautious and fearful of making the leaſt encroachment upon Liberty; and, therefore, when a new law is propoſed againſt licentiouſneſs, I ſhall always be for conſidering it maturely and deliberately, before I venture to give my conſent to its being paſſed. This is a ſufficient reaſon for my being againſt paſſing this bill, at ſo unſeaſonable a time, and in ſo extraordinary a manner; but I have many reaſons for being againſt paſſing the Bill, ſome of which I ſhall beg leave to explain to your Lordſhips.—The Bill, my Lords, at firſt view, may ſeem to be deſigned only againſt the Stage; but to me it plainly appears to point againſt ſomething elſe;—it is an arrow that does but glance at the Stage; the mortal wound ſeems deſigned againſt the liberty of the Preſs. By this Bill you prevent a play's being acted, but you do not prevent its being printed; therefore, if a licenſe ſhould be refuſed for its being acted, you may depend

on it, that the play will be printed; it will be printed and publiſhed, my Lords, with the refuſal in capital letters on the title-page. People are always fond of what is forbidden; *libri prohibiti* are, in all countries, diligently and generally ſought after; it will be much eaſier to procure a refuſal, than it ever was to procure a good Houſe, or a good Sale; therefore, we may expect that plays will be wrote on purpoſe to have a refuſal: this will certainly procure a good ſale; thus will ſatires be ſpread and diſperſed through the whole nation; and thus every man in the Kingdom may, and probably will, read for ſixpence, what a few only could have ſeen acted, and that, not under the expence of half a crown; we ſhall then be told—What! will you allow an infamous libel to be printed and diſperſed, which you would not allow to be acted? You have agreed to a law for preventing its being acted; can you refuſe your aſſent to a law for preventing its being printed and publiſhed? I ſhould really, my Lords, be glad to hear what excuſe, what reaſon, one could give for being againſt the latter, after having agreed to the former; for

I proteſt I cannot ſuggeſt the leaſt ſhadow for an excuſe. If we agree to the Bill now before us, we muſt, perhaps, next Seſſion, agree to a Bill for preventing any plays being printed without a licenſe. Thus, my Lords, from the precedent now before us, we ſhall be induced, nay, we can find no reaſon for refuſing, to lay the Preſs under a general Licenſe, and then we may bid adieu to the liberties of *Great Britain.*

But ſuppoſe, my Lords, it were neceſſary to make a new law for reſtraining the licentiouſneſs of the Stage, which I am very far from granting; yet I ſhall never be for eſtabliſhing ſuch a power as is propoſed by this bill. If Poets and Players are to be reſtrained, as other ſubjects are, by the known laws of their Country; if they offend, let them be tried, as every Engliſhman ought to be, "*by God and their country!*" Do not let us ſubject them to the arbitrary will and pleaſure of any one man. A power lodged in the hands of one ſingle man, to judge and determine without limitation, without any controul or appeal, is a ſort

of power unknown to our laws, inconſiſtent with our Conſtitution; it is a higher, a more abſolute power than we truſt even to the King himſelf, and, therefore, I muſt think, we ought not to veſt any ſuch power in his Majeſty's Lord Chamberlain. When I ſay this, I am ſure I do not mean to give the leaſt, the moſt diſtant offence to the noble Duke who now fills the poſt of Lord Chamberlain. His natural candour and love of juſtice would not, I know, permit him to exerciſe any power, but with the ſtricteſt regard to the rules of juſtice and humanity. Were we ſure his ſucceſſors in high office would always be perſons of ſuch diſtinguiſhed merit, even the power to be eſtabliſhed by this Bill could give no further alarm, than, leſt it ſhould be made a precedent for introducing other new powers of the ſame nature: this, indeed, is an alarm, which cannot be prevented by any hope, by any conſideration;—it is an alarm, which, I think, every man muſt take, who has a due regard to the Conſtitution and Liberties of his Country.

I ſhall admit, my Lords, that the Stage ought not, upon any occaſion, to meddle with Politics; and for this very reaſon, among the reſt, I am againſt the Bill now before us. This Bill will be ſo far from preventing the Stage's meddling with Politics, that I fear it will be the occaſion of meddling with nothing elſe; but then it will be a Political Stage *ex parte*; it will be made ſubſervient to the politics and ſchemes of the Court only—The licentiouſneſs of the Stage will be encouraged, inſtead of being reſtrained; but, like Court Journaliſts, it would be licentious only againſt the Patrons of Liberty, and the Protectors of the People. Whatever man, whatever party oppoſes the Court, in any of their moſt deſtructive ſchemes, will, upon the Stage, be repreſented in the moſt ridiculous light the hirelings of a Court can contrive. True patriotiſm, and love of public good, will be repreſented as madneſs, or as a cloak for envy, diſappointment, and malice; whilſt the moſt flagitious crimes, the moſt extravagant vices and follies, if they are faſhionable at Court, will be diſguiſed and dreſſed up in the habit of the moſt amiable virtues.

This has formerly been the caſe :—in *King Charles* II.'s days, the Playhouſe was under a Licenſe: what was the conſequence?—the Playhouſe retailed nothing but the politics, the vices, and the follies of a Court. Not to expoſe them—no; but to recommend them—though it muſt be granted, that their politics were often as bad as their vices, and much more pernicious than their other follies. 'Tis true, the Court had, at that time, a great deal of wit; it was then, indeed, full of men of true wit and humour; but it was the more dangerous; for the Courtiers did then, as thorough-paced Courtiers always will do,—they ſacrificed their honour, by making their Wit and Humour ſubſervient to the Courtonly; and what made it ſtill more dangerous, no man could appear againſt them. We know that *Dryden*, the Poet-Laureat of that reign, always repreſents the Cavaliers as honeſt, brave, merry fellows, and fine gentlemen; indeed, his fine gentleman, as he generally draws him, is an atheiſtical, lewd, abandoned fellow, which was at that time, it ſeems, the faſhionable character at Court. On the other

hand, he always repreſents the Diſſenters as hypocritical, diſſembling rogues, or ſtupid, ſenſeleſs boobies. When the Court had a mind to fall out with the Dutch, he wrote his *Amboyna*, in which he repreſents the Dutch as a pack of avaricious, cruel, ungrateful raſcals; and when the Excluſion Bill was moved in Parliament, he wrote his *Duke of Guiſe*, in which thoſe who were for preſerving and ſecuring the Religion of their Country, were expoſed under the character of the *Duke of Guiſe* and his party, who leagued together for excluding Henry IV. of France from the Throne, ont he account of his Religion. The City of London was made to feel the partial and mercenary licentiouſneſs of the Stage at that time; for the Citizens having, at that time, as well as now, a great deal of property; they had a mind to preſerve that property, and, therefore, they oppoſed ſome of the arbitrary meaſures which were then begun, but purſued more openly in the following reign; for which reaſon they were then always repreſented upon the Stage as a parcel of deſigning

knaves, diſſembling hypocrites, griping uſurers, and *cuckolds* into the bargain.

My Lords, the proper buſineſs of the Stage, and that for which it is only uſeful, is to expoſe thoſe vices and follies, which the laws cannot lay hold of, and to recommend thoſe beauties and virtues which Miniſters or Courtiers ſeldom imitate or reward; but by laying it under a Licenſe, and under an arbitrary Court Licenſe, too, you will, in my opinion, entirely pervert its uſe; for though I have the greateſt eſteem for that noble Duke, in whoſe hands this power is at preſent deſigned to fall; though I have an entire confidence in his judgment and impartiality; yet I may ſuppoſe that a leaning towards the faſhions of a Court is ſometimes hard to be avoided. It may be difficult to make one, who is every day at Court, believe that to be a vice or folly, which he ſees daily practiſed by thoſe he loves and eſteems. By cuſtom, even Deformity itſelf becomes familiar, and at laſt agreeable. To ſuch a perſon, let his natural impartiality be ever ſo great, that may appear to be a Libel

againſt the Court, which is only a moſt juſt and moſt neceſſary ſatire upon the faſhionable vices and follies of the Court. Courtiers, my Lords, are too polite to reprove one another; the only place where they can meet with any juſt reproof, is a free, though not licentious, Stage; and as every ſort of folly generally, in all countries, begins at Court, and from thence ſpreads through the country, by laying the Stage under an arbitrary Court Licenſe, inſtead of leaving it what it is, and always ought to be, —a gentle ſcourge for the vices of great men and Courtiers, you will make it a canal for propagating and conveying their vices and follies through the whole Kingdom.

From hence, my Lords, I think, it muſt appear that the Bill now before us cannot be ſo properly a Bill for reſtraining Licentiouſneſs, as it may be called a Bill for reſtraining the Liberty of the Stage, and reſtraining it, too, in that branch, which, in all Countries, has been the moſt uſeful; therefore, I muſt look on the Bill as a moſt dangerous encroachment upon Liberty, likewiſe an encroachment on

Property. Wit, my Lords, is a ſort of property; it is the property of thoſe who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on: it is, indeed, but a precarious dependance. Thank God! we, my Lords, have a dependance of another kind; we have a much leſs precarious ſupport, and, therefore, cannot feel the inconveniences of the Bill now before us. Thoſe gentlemen who have any ſuch property, are all, I hope, our friends: do not let us ſubject them to any unneceſſary or arbitrary reſtraint. I muſt own I cannot eaſily agree to the laying of any tax upon Wit; but by this Bill it is to be heavily taxed; it is to be exciſed; for if this Bill paſſes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a Permit; and the Lord Chamberlain is to have the honour of being Chief Gauger, Surveyor, Commiſſioner, Judge, and Jury: but what is ſtill more hard, though the poor author, the proprietor I ſhould ſay, cannot perhaps dine till he has found out a purchaſer; yet, before he can propoſe to ſeek for a purchaſer, he muſt patiently ſubmit to have his goods rummaged at *this new Exciſe Office*, where they may be

detained fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and beſt market will be for ever ſhut againſt him; and that without any cauſe, without the leaſt ſhadow of reaſon, either from the laws of his Country, or from the laws of the Stage.

Theſe hardſhips, this hazard, which every gentleman will be expoſed to who writes for the Stage, muſt certainly prevent every man of a generous and free ſpirit from attempting any thing in that way;—and as the Stage has always been the proper channel for Wit and Humour, therefore, my Lords, when I ſpeak againſt this Bill, I muſt think I plead the cauſe of Wit, I plead the cauſe of Humour, I plead the cauſe of the Britiſh Stage, and of every gentleman of taſte in the Kingdom. But it is not, my Lords, for the ſake of Wit only, even for the ſake of his Majeſty's Lord Chamberlain, I muſt be againſt this Bill.

The noble Duke, who has the honour to execute that office, has, I am ſure, as little inclination to diſoblige as any man; but if

this Bill paſſes, he muſt diſoblige—he may diſoblige ſome of his moſt intimate friends.

It is impoſſible to write a play, but ſome of the characters, or ſome of the ſatire, may be interpreted to point at ſome perſon or another, perhaps at ſome perſon in an eminent ſtation: when it comes to be acted, the people will make the application, and the perſon againſt whom the application is made, will think himſelf injured, and will, at leaſt privately, reſent it. At preſent this reſentment can be directed only againſt the author; but when an author's play appears with my Lord Chamberlain's paſſport, every ſuch reſentment will be turned from the author, and pointed directly againſt the Lord Chamberlain, who, by his ſtamp, made the Piece current. What an unthankful office are we, therefore, by this Bill to put upon his Majeſty's Lord Chamberlain! an office which can no ways contribute to his honour or profit; and yet ſuch an one as muſt neceſſarily gain him a great deal of ill-will, and create him a number of enemies.

The laſt reaſon I ſhall trouble your Lordſhips with, for my being againſt the Bill, is, that, in my opinion, it will no way anſwer the end propoſed; I mean the end openly propoſed, and I am ſure the only end your Lordſhips propoſe —To prevent the acting of a play that has any tendency to blaſphemy, immorality, ſedition, or private ſcandal, can ſignify nothing, unleſs you can likewiſe prevent its being printed and publiſhed. On the contrary, if you prevent its being acted, and admit of its being printed and publiſhed, you will propagate the miſchief; your prohibition will prove a bellows, which will blow up the fire you intend to extinguiſh.

This Bill can, therefore, be of no uſe for preventing either the public or the private injury intended by ſuch a play, and conſequently can be of no manner of uſe, unleſs it be deſigned as a precedent, as a leading ſtep towards another, for ſubjecting the Preſs likewiſe to a Licenſer. For ſuch a wicked purpoſe it may, indeed, be of great uſe; and in that light it

may moſt properly be called a ſtep towards arbitrary power.

Let us conſider, my Lords, that arbitrary power has ſeldom or never been introduced into any Country at once; it muſt be introduced by ſlow degrees, and, as it were, ſtep by ſtep, leſt the people ſhould perceive its approach.

The barriers and fences of the people's Liberty muſt be plucked up one by one; and ſome plauſible pretences muſt be found for removing, or hood-winking, one after another, thoſe ſentries who are poſted, by the Conſtitution of every free country, to warn the people of their danger.

The Bill, however, was paſſed by a very great majority, and ſoon after received the Royal Aſſent.

Chap. XVII.

IN purſuance of this Act of Parliament, Goodman's Fields and the Haymarket Theatres were ſhut up. But this was not all; the Licenſer ſoon after exerted his power, and prohibited two tragedies, viz. the "*Guſtavus Vaſa*," of BROOKE, and the "*Eleonora*," of THOMSON. The friends of *Mr. Brooke* adviſed him to print his Tragedy by ſubſcription, which he accordingly did, and cleared above a thouſand pounds by the publication. So much were the public incenſed at this firſt act of the Licenſer.

It was immediately preceding the ſhutting up of the Theatres that Mr. Garrick made his firſt appearance in *Goodman's Fields*, in the character of Richard III. His fame inſtantly reached the weſt end of the town, and the carriages of the firſt Noblemen in the Kingdom were to be ſeen every evening around that re-

mote Theatre. This celebrated actor was ſoon after engaged by the manager of Drury-lane.

The buſineſs of the Theatre went on now with ſucceſs; and while Mr. Macklin was exerting himſelf in the way of his profeſſion, he was not, at the ſame time, wholly inattentive to the improvement of his wife's theatrical talents, and to the education of his infant daughter. He paid conſiderable attention to the inſtruction of Mrs. Macklin, who was now become a very valuable actreſs; but to educate in the beſt manner, and to make his child as accompliſhed as poſſible, was his darling object. He ſpared no pains nor expence to attain this wiſhed end; the beſt and moſt approved maſters were procured, and entertained in the father's houſe, in order to perfect his deſign: for Mr. Macklin was ſo fond of his daughter, that he would not ſuffer her to be long abſent from his perſon, or to be placed at any Boarding-ſchool. Indeed, he always declared, that he had an averſion to public Seminaries, and ever ſpoke in praiſe of the advantages of a private education.

The reader will eaſily perceive that his duty now, as an actor, an huſband, and parent, left Mr. Macklin very little leiſure. However buſily employed he might be, yet, whenever he could procure the leaſt opportunity, he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of nature, and the peruſal of books. He was now in good reputation as an actor, and was gaining every day in public eſtimation. Since his engagement with *Mr. Highmore* he had performed ſeveral parts both in tragedy and comedy, with increaſing ſucceſs. The *Beggar's Opera*, which was repreſented at Drury-lane, in 1737, afforded the public freſh proofs of the abilities and merit of Mr. and Mrs. Macklin in *Peachum* and *Mrs. Peachum*.

The characters of *Peachum* and *Lockit* are admirably drawn from their ſtations, with a very natural diſtinction. The former being more in the world, has more extended ideas, more ſhrewdneſs, and is a knave of greater latitude. For general dryneſs, and a juſt cynical turn of humour, Mr. Macklin ſtood indiſputably ſuperior to any competitor in

this part, and *Mrs. Peachum* was extremely well ſupported by Mrs. Macklin.

By this piece, it is evident, that *Mr. Gay* was reſolved to exerciſe his unbounded talent for ſatire againſt thoſe uneſſential exotics—*Italian Operas*. The author, too, called in muſic to his aid; and the very title of the Opera was intended to convey a bitter ſarcaſm on men of fortune and public taſte, for the unmerited penury, and even contempt, that perſons of moſt excellent talents and genius have frequently experienced in this country. GAY himſelf often ſought for a *Mecænas* in vain—his mind was ſmarting under the recollection of the neglect that he had ſuffered, and he gave full ſcope to his ſeverity, which he conveyed through the medium of the *Beggar's Opera*, with great poignancy of expreſſion. The plot of this piece is very indifferent, and as to moral, there is none. It is truly a compendium of licentious burleſque, and loathſome infectious immorality. The humour is vulgar, and the ſatire inflammatory; in a word, it is

one of thoſe bewitching evils, which offended reaſon muſt wiſh had never been exhibited to the world.

In the year 1738 Mr. Macklin got another *lift* (to uſe his own expreſſion) in the Theatre, by his admirable performance of *Jerry Blackacre*, in the *Plain Dealer*. His throwing off a little in this character drew down upon him the reſentment of *Quin*, who was then the great tyrant of the Play-houſe. The particulars of Mr. Macklin's quarrel with *Quin* we have already amply detailed in the xiith chapter of this Hiſtory. It remains for us only to obſerve here, that Mr. Macklin's conduct, on that occaſion, was highly approved by the Public in general, and by the Players in particular, who heartily rejoiced at the ſound drubbing that *Quin* received, and at the mortification that he muſt have experienced, by having his deſpotic authority ſo effectually reſiſted, and his pride ſo completely humbled.

Jerry Blackacre is placed by the author in ſeveral diverting points of view. He is, in fact, a very laughable character, and Mr. Macklin, beyond all doubt, for genuine humour, and powerful ſimplicity, ſhewed himſelf a very good actor in the repreſentation of this part. He had now arrived to the rank of a firſt-rate low Comedian, and was becoming more uſeful every day in the Profeſſion.

The next new character that Mr. Macklin appeared in was *Scrub*, in *Mr. Farquhar's* comedy of the *Beaux Stratagem*, which is certainly a very odd, yet, we think, not a very blameable compoſition for a dying Author, whoſe genius, like an expiring taper, has, in the compoſition of this comedy, thrown out ſeveral ſtronger flaſhes of light than when in a perfect ſtate of exiſtence. The character of *Scrub* is very ſtrongly marked—He is ſimple, yet cunning; forward, though timid; a tatler, affecting ſecreſy; and a fool, aſſuming wiſdom. The ſituations

in which he is placed in the play are happily groteſque, and pregnant with much pleaſantry. Mr. Macklin found an opportunity, in *Scrub*, of diſpiaying his comic powers to advantage, and made his audience both laugh heartily, and applaud loudly. He performed this character often; and, by an admirable *naivéte* of execution, ſtood unrivalled in the part. His performance of *Lord Foppington*, in the *Careleſs Huſband*; *Ben*, in *Love for Love*; and *Trappanti*, in *She Would and She Would Not*, raiſed him ſtill higher in public eſtimation.

The repreſentation of *Mrs. Centlivre's* comedy of "*The Buſy Body*," in 1739, brought *Mr. Macklin* before the public in the character of *Marplot*. With regard to this comedy, we find that it contains a good moral; but, if we ſearch for ſolidity of ſentiment, or purity of language, our inquiry will be fruitleſs. As to the characters, they are natural and well choſen, and ſome of them extremely well contraſted—the dialogue is pert, and the incidents whimſical. The comedy is

pleaſing on the ſtage, but does not deſerve a place in the cloſet. Poor *Marplot* is the main engine of the piece—he is adequately drawn, and prettily finiſhed. He is not the miſchievous and obnoxious *buſy body* that we meet with in private life, but a mere inoffenſive, laughable character. Mr. Macklin gained great applauſe in this part. Fooliſhneſs and ſtupidity he depicted admirably by his countenance; and, therefore, moſt unqueſtionably excelled *Mr. Garrick*, who afterwards attempted to play *Marplot*. Mr. Garrick's repreſentation was lively and expreſſive, but too mechanical; in ſhort, he could not, as *Mr. Fox* wittily ſaid of him, *look fooliſh enough* for the part; and, knowing his deficiency, wiſely relinquiſhed his intimacy with *Marplot*.

We come now to the year 1740, at which period the comedy of *The Provoked Huſband*, altered from *Vanbrugh*, by *Cibber*, was exhibited at *Drury-lane*. In the alteration of this play, *Mr. Cibber* has ſhewn great judgment and taſte. The comedy opens with a

ſoliloquy from *Lord Townly*, who lets the audience well into the grounds of that uneaſineſs which ſits heavy on his mind: but we ſhall here preſent the reader with Mr. Macklin's own deſcription of this character; together with his valuable obſervations and criticiſms on the manner in which *Lord Townly* was performed by the celebrated *Mr. Wilks*, and *Mr. Garrick*.

" *Lord Townly*, as he ſtands in relation to ſociety in general, muſt be conſidered as a man, whoſe title, fortune, virtues, fine underſtanding, poliſhed manners, and purity of morals, raiſe him to the higheſt dignity and worth that we can conceive of a Britiſh Nobleman. As he ſtands particularly related in the play, he is a benevolent, tender huſband; patient under a wife's diſſolute follies, and moſt ſolicitous for her reformation; a loving brother, and an anxious, ſincere friend.

" In every ſituation that the Poet has placed him—be it in ſorrow, joy, patience, anger, love, anxiety, raillery, or even a care-

leſs converſation upon the moſt indifferent ſubjects, he has been moſt careful to mark a benevolent heart, and a moſt poliſhed mind. Theſe characteriſtics *Mr. Wilks* obſerved to ſuch a degree of amiable and elegant imitation, that they ſeemed, indeed, as they were in a great degree, the native and habitual qualities of the man himſelf.

" As ſoon as the curtain was drawn up, before he ſpoke a word, the audience might behold in his viſage, poſition, and the geſture that introduced and accompanied the words—'*Why did I Marry!*' an oppreſſion of ſpirits, mixed with a benevolence and tender anxiety, and accompanied with a politeneſs of mien and manner, that completely gave that mixed and pleaſing idea which the mind conceives of an accompliſhed man of faſhion, and a nobleman in ſuch a ſituation.

" His very dreſs, in make and fancy, was that of a man of ſenſe and taſte. He was not

harneſſed or loaded with tinſelled finery, but dreſſed modeſtly, in diſtinguiſhed elegance.

" He had no ſooner uttered the words that begin the play—' *Why did I Marry!*' than the audience became intimate with his condition.—So feelingly were they ſpoken, and ſo abſorbed did he ſeem, at once, in conjugal ſolicitude; and, all through that ſoliloquy, he was ſunk in the deepeſt conjugal anxiety.

" All the various ſtarts of the mind, marked, and painted by an anxious ſagacity of reaſoning; and diſtinguiſhed and pointed by ſhrugs, looks, tones, and geſture, that ſeemed the native efforts and emanations of the heart; yet, all tempered by an apparent tenderneſs and unalterable affection for the woman he was cenſuring, were truly and naturally delineated by Mr. Wilks.

" He was remarkable for being always buſy upon the ſtage—never idle; always in attention to the characters in the ſcene with him, or elſe in a reſtleſs perturbed motion and

agitation, from the ſuppoſed paſſion and circumſtances of the character that *he repreſented.*

" A judicious writer, either in comedy or tragedy, is always careful in his approaches to, and in his developement of, the extreme ſtarts and perturbations of a paſſion: he will not make the agitations and perturbations of it inceſſant, and always in the extreme, becauſe that conduct would be contrary to nature; it would make his character agitate, ſtalk, ſtrut, and turn his back, which would deſtroy that neceſſary attention that the general intercourſe of men, and the particular buſineſs of a ſcene, demand.

" For, if, while one perſon ſpeaks, in an interview of buſineſs, which every well wrought ſcene is, another pays no attention, but chafes, ſtruts, ſtalks, and pulls out his handkerchief, wipes his face, puts up his handkerchief and pulls it out again; varies his gait—walks up the ſtage, and down the ſtage, and acroſs the ſtage, it is a breach

of good manners; it is an interruption, a contempt, and an injury to the other actor; a little, pitiful, avaricious ambition in the fellow that does it, and a total contradiction to the ways of nature.

"It may make the ignorant admire, and applaud, but it must make the judicious grieve and despise.

"This short, pert, ill-mannered, unnatural, busy bustle, is substituted now on all occasions;—in tragedy, comedy, grief, rage, deliberation, reflection, conversation, love, gallantry, old age, youth, in the infirmity of *Lear*—gallantry of *Lotharia*.

"Garrick huddled all passions into strut and quickness—bustle was his favourite. In the performance of *Lord Townly* he was all bustle. In *Archer*, *Ranger*, *Don John*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Brute*—all bustle! bustle! bustle!

"The whole art of acting, according to the modern practice, is comprized in—*bustle!*

"Give me a Horſe!—Bind up my wounds!—*Have mercy Jeſu!*"—all buſtle!—every thing is turned into buſtle! All *Garrick* wanted, in order to make him a great actor, were—conſequence, dignity, elegance, and majeſty of figure; a voice that would laſt through a part, for his was generally hoarſe in the two laſt acts; the deportment and the manners of a gentleman; a knowledge of the paſſion and character, and how to dreſs with propriety.

"The mind, the genius, and the judgment of a man, at the head of an art or ſcience, may be ſeen by his pupils, for they all look up to him, and imitate him. *Moliere* formed a company that has not ſince been matched. *Booth*, *Wilks*, and *Cibber* left an excellent company behind them. But what kind of a company has *Garrick* left behind him?—A very poor one, indeed!

"Of all the various paſſions of grief, a manly ſorrow is the moſt difficult to be expreſſed; and, of all the actors I have ever ſeen, I muſt give the preference to *Wilks*.

No heart, that was capable of being touched, but muſt have ſympathized at his manner of ſpeaking one line in *The Orphan*, to *Monimia*, in the fifth act——

" My fatal love, alas! has ruin'd thee!"

" He was alſo inimitable in *The Royal Merchant*, in the *Beggar's Buſh*, a comedy of Fletcher's.

" The Character is noted for charity, and when his creditors have juſt preſſed him for payment, *Clauſe*, his old beadſman (though his father in diſguiſe) comes, as if to beg his uſual charity, when the Merchant replies, with ſuch a tone, that ſinks into the ſoul—

" *Clauſe*, I pray thee leave me; for, by my troth, I have nothing now to give thee."

Although the rules of time and place have not been ſtrictly complied with by the author, yet, the comedy of *The Provoked Huſband* is tolerably regular. The ſcenes are well arranged; the ſerious and ludicrous happily

mingled; the plot well digeſted, and the cataſtrophe much to be admired. In our humble opinion, the character of *Lord Townly* cannot be well repreſented by the requiſites of mediocrity. Mr. Macklin, who ſaw *Wilks*, *Garrick*, *Sheridan*, *Moſſop*, and many more play the part, has often declared, that no perſon ſupported the amiable, ſenſible, polite, generous, tender, and reſolute *Lord Townly*, with ample juſtice, but *Mr. Wilks.*

Sir Francis Wronghead is an admirable portrait of falſe conſequence, ignorant ſelf-ſufficiency, and undiſcerning good nature; a tame huſband, a fooliſh parent, and a credulous friend; poſſeſſed of a genteel independence, yet vainly graſping at imaginary promotion, to the great injury of his real circumſtances. By the performance of this character, Mr. Macklin acquired the reputation of a finiſhed actor. We cannot convey a better idea of his excellence in this part, than by quoting the opinion of a late excellent critic, who ſays—" Mr. Macklin,

beyond all doubt, filled the author's ideas of this part, and conveyed them to the audience admirably. Conſequential ſtupidity ſat well painted in his countenance, and wrought laughable effects, without the paltry reſource of grimace; where he affected to be very wiſe, a laborious, emphatic ſlyneſs, marked the endeavour humorouſly; while the puzzles between political and domeſtic concerns occaſioned much food for merriment." It may, therefore, be fairly ſaid, that *Mr. Macklin* made *Sir Francis* his own, and ſtood, in the repreſentation of this laughter-moving character, without a competitor.

Mrs. Macklin, who ſucceeded *Mrs. Clive*, in the part of *Lady Wronghead*, even out-did her celebrated predeceſſor, in the petulant, buſtling affectation of this odd compound. With reſpect to this comedy, when we conſider the language, characters, humour, ſpirit, and the moral, which is a moſt excellent one, ſhewing how follies, of a different nature, involve domeſtic concerns, in different perplexities, we are bound to pronounce it an admirable

play, and highly entertaining and valuable, both on the ſtage, and in the ſtudy.

In the year 1741, Mr. Macklin reſolved to revive "*The Merchant of Venice*," by SHAKSPEARE, in oppoſition to "*The Jew of Venice*," altered from the ſame author, by *Lord Lanſdowne*.

His Lordſhip, no doubt, took great pains to preſerve regularity in the alteration, but, in ſo doing, like other alterers, greatly enervated the drama that he meant to improve.

The play was put in rehearſal, and Mr. Macklin ſtuck cloſe to Shakſpeare's text, and ſtudied the part of *Shylock* with great diligence and attention. He ſaw, from the beginning, that the character, if properly ſupported, afforded a wide ſcope for the diſplay of his abilities, and the exhibition of capital acting; but he had a great deal to encounter and ſurmount.

The public had been, for a long time, accuſtomed to ſee and approve the repreſentation of *The Jew of Venice*, in which, the part of *Shylock*, inſtead of being the principal, was one of the moſt ſubordinate characters in the play, and was always perſonated by a very low comedian. However, *Mr. Macklin* perſevered, and by his ſound judgment, and inimitable performance of the part, immediately convinced the public, and his opponents, (for he had ſeveral upon this occaſion, and among the foremoſt was *Mr. Quin*) that *The Jew of Venice* was not the *Shylock* of SHAKSPEARE.

During the rehearſal of the play, *Mr. Macklin* did not let any perſon, not even the players, ſee how he intended to act the part. He merely repeated the lines of the character, and did not, by ſo much as one ſingle look, tone, geſture, or attitude, diſcloſe his manner of perſonating this cruel Iſraelite. The actors declared, that *Macklin* would ſpoil the performance; and Mr. Quin went ſo far as to ſay, that he would be hiſſed

off the ſtage, for his arrogance and preſumption. Nay, even the manager himſelf expoſtulated with him, concerning the propriety of his perſevering in his intention of having *The Merchant of Venice* repreſented, in oppoſition to the judgment of ſo eminent a perſonage, as Lord Lanſdowne; to the opinion of Mr. Quin and the reſt of the actors; and, indeed, to the voice of the public, who had ſo often teſtified their approbation of the noble Lord's play. Thus did Mr. Fleetwood argue with Macklin, and ſtrenuouſly urge him to abandon his reſolution. His character, as an actor, might (he ſaid) be materially injured by a perſeverance in his determination, and ultimately by a failure in the performance of the part; but Mr. Macklin, ſupported throughout by his ſound ſenſe and acute diſcrimination, continued firm to his purpoſe, and had *The Merchant of Venice* announced for repreſentation, on the 14th of February.

It was caſt in the following manner:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Anthonio . . .	Mr. Quin.
Baſſanio . . .	Mr. Milward.
Gratiano . . .	Mr. Mills.
Shylock . . .	Mr. Macklin.
Launcelot . . .	Mr. Chapman.
Gobbo . . .	Mr. Johnſon.
Salerio . . .	Mr. Berry.
Morochius . . .	Mr. Caſhell.
Lorenzo . . .	Mr. Havard.
Prince of Arragon . .	Mr. Turbutt.
Duke of Venice . .	Mr. Winſtone.
Tubal . . .	Mr. Taſwell.
Salarino . . .	Mr. Ridout.

WOMEN.

Portia . . .	Mrs. Clive.
Neriſſa . . .	Mrs. Pritchard.
Jeſſica . . .	Mrs. Woodman.

On the firſt night of the repreſentation, no ſooner were the doors of the Theatre opened, than the houſe was crowded in every part. Some came from motives of pleaſure; ſome to expreſs their diſapprobation; ſome to ſupport the actor, and a great number appeared merely to gratify their curioſity.

Before the curtain roſe, the Manager appeared in the green-room, in great diſtreſs. The actors were anticipating the reception that awaited them, and indulging themſelves in malicious remarks upon the headſtrong conduct of Macklin. It is impoſſible for us to deſcribe the feelings of poor *Shylock* at this preciſe juncture.

Mr. Macklin was ſure that he was right, but he was not quite ſure of the kind of reception that he was to experience from a crowded audience, whoſe taſte might be perverted, and whoſe attachment might be pre-engaged.

However, the curtain was drawn up, and the Performers, who had to open the Play, went on, and were received in the uſual way that Performers are, on their firſt entrance, when they are in favour with the public. But, when *Shylock* and *Baſſanio* entered, in the third ſcene, there was an awful, a ſolemn ſilence. A pin might have been heard if dropt upon the ſtage. Nothing, Mr. Macklin has declared, affected him ſo much as the coolneſs that was obſerved by the audience on his entrance. He had been then, for ſeveral years, a great favourite with the town, and the audience had been accuſtomed to greet him, on his firſt entrance, by repeated plaudits. We ſhall leave it to the reader to conceive the ſituation of Mr. Macklin's feelings at this juncture, for it is impoſſible for us to deſcribe them. Not a hand moved to encourage him; on the contrary, every thing around him appeared to conſpire towards his diſcomfiture. The terrified looks of the Manager, the malicious ſneers of the Actors, and the tremendous ſilence of a brilliant, and a crowded audience, all united to ſtrike

him with terror, and confound him with diſmay.

Notwithſtanding all this, he approached with *Baſſanio*, who ſolicits a loan of three thouſand ducats, on the credit of *Anthonio*. Still not a whiſper could be heard in the houſe. Upon the entrance of *Anthonio*, the Jew makes the audience acquainted with his motives of antipathy againſt the Merchant. *Mr. Macklin* had no ſooner delivered this ſpeech, than the audience ſuddenly burſt out into a thunder of applauſe, and in proportion as he afterwards proceeded to exhibit and mark the malevolence, the villainy, and the diabolical atrocity of the character, ſo in proportion did the admiring and delighted audience teſtify their approbation of the Actor's aſtoniſhing merit, by ſtill louder and louder plaudits and acclamations, to the end of the Play. Never was a Performer's triumph more complete—never were enemies and opponents more confounded and abaſhed—never was a Manager more agreeably ſurprized. The ſudden, unexpected, and happy cataſtrophe of

that night's repreſentation, conferred on *Mr. Macklin* immortal fame, as an actor, and tranſmitted to poſterity another proof of the amazing genius and wonderful talents of unrivalled SHAKSPEARE. The Play was repeated, again and again, with unbounded approbation. In ſhort, it ran *nineteen nights* ſucceſſively, the laſt of which was appropriated for Mr. Macklin's benefit.

We cordially coincide with an eminent critic, who ſays, " that *Shylock* is a moſt diſgraceful picture of human nature."

He is drawn, what we think man never was, all ſhade, not a gleam of light; ſubtle ſelfiſh, fawning, iraſcible, and tyrannic.

As he is like no dramatic perſonage but himſelf, the mode of repreſentation ſhould be particular. There is no doubt but that Mr. Macklin looked, as well as ſpoke, the part much better than any other perſon. In the level ſcenes, his voice was moſt happily ſuited to that ſententious gloomineſs of ex-

preſſion the author intended; which, with a ſullen ſolemnity of deportment, marked the character ſtrongly. In his malevolence, there was a forcible and terrifying ferocity.

In the third act ſcene, where alternate paſſions reign, for inſtance—

" *Shylock.* How now, *Tubal,* What news from Genoa? Haſt thou found my daughter?

" *Tubal.* Ioften came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

" *Shylock.* Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! the curſe never fell upon our nation 'till now; I never felt it till now :—two thouſand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, ſo:—And I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much, to find

the thief, and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

" *Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck, too; Anthonio, as I heard in *Genoa*,—

" *Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

" *Tub.* Hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

" *Shy.* I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

" *Tub.* I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that 'ſcaped the wreck.

" *Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

" *Tub.* Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

" *Shy.* Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:—I ſhall never ſee my gold again: Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! Fourſcore ducats!

" *Tub.* There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

" *Shy.* I am glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

" *Tub.* One of them ſhewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

" *Shy.* Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, Tubal: it was my Torquoiſe; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

" *Tub.* Anthonio is certainly undone.

" *Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal."

During this interview with *Tubal*, Mr. Macklin was inimitable. He broke the tones of utterance—he was at once malevolent and then infuriate, and then malevolent again: the tranſitions were ſtrictly natural, and the variation of his countenance admirable. In the dumb action of the trial ſcene he was amazingly deſcriptive; and, through the whole, diſplayed ſuch unequalled merit, as juſtly entitled him to that very comprehenſive, though conciſe, compliment paid him by MR. POPE, who ſat in the ſtage box, on the third night of the repreſentation, and who emphatically exclaimed—

" This is the Jew,
That SHAKSPEARE drew."

This was a deciſive judgment, pronounced by a very eminent man, in favour of Mr. Macklin. At that period "*The Jew of Venice*" made his final *exit*, and "*The Merchant of Venice*" has held quiet poſſeſſion of the ſtage ever ſince.

Chap. XVIII.

THE chagrin and mortification that Quin felt, on the occaſion of his being ſo far miſtaken with regard to the opinion that he pronounced, reſpecting the deciſion of the public on the *Merchant of Venice*, and on Macklin's performance of *Shylock*, muſt have been exceedingly great. His deſpotic power in the Theatre was diminiſhing very faſt, and his manner of acting leſſened in attraction. He, however, ſtood very high in the Manager's eſtimation, and poſſeſſed the largeſt ſalary ever given in an Engliſh Theatre.

For as ſoon as *Mr. Fleetwood* brought back the ſeceders from the Haymarket, at the commencement of his Management, and united the Performers of that Theatre with his own, he uſed every effort to make his company ſtill ſtronger and more reſpectable, by enticing away as many Actors of merit from Covent-Garden, as he poſſibly could. At this time *Mr. Quin* had a ſalary of 300*l.* a year from Mr. Rich, and had performed at Covent-Garden Theatre for twenty years, with very conſiderable ſucceſs. To procure ſuch a Player, and at ſuch a time, was, with Mr. Fleetwood, a matter of great conſequence. With this view he made *Quin* an offer of 500*l.* per annum. This was a propoſition as flattering as it was valuable; and here we muſt do *Mr. Quin* the juſtice to ſay, that he acted towards Mr. Rich a very honourable part.

He candidly acquainted him with the nature and extent of the very advantageous propoſal that was made him, and offered to remain with his old maſter for a leſs ſum than that which Mr. Fleetwood offered to give

him. But Mr. Rich refuſed to make any advance in his ſalary, and declared, that no actor was worth more than 300*l.* a year. *Mr. Quin* immediately accepted Mr. Fleetwood's terms, and joined the Drury-lane company.

Some ſhort time before *Mr. Quin* left Covent-Garden he played KING JOHN. This Play opens with peculiar dignity, being the royal audience of a French Ambaſſador, whoſe very inſolent addreſs, and arrogant demands, are replied to with ſuch ſpirit, as we wiſh Britiſh Monarchs may ever ſhew upon ſuch an occaſion. Mr. *Bridgewater* performed *Hubert*, in the ſame tragedy, and very ſkilfully diſplayed the various paſſions of the character. *Quin* was ſo pleaſed with the acting of *Bridgewater*, who followed, at the ſame time, the different avocations of Coal Merchant and Player, that, upon going into the green-room after the Play was over, he took him by the hand, and thanked him; obſerving, at the ſame time, that he was glad he had drawn his attention from the coal wharf

to the ſtage:—" for ſometimes, you know, " *Bridge*, that, in the midſt of a ſcene, you " are thinking of meaſuring out a buſhel of " coals to ſome old crony that you are fearful " will never pay you for them."

This play was got up about the ſame time at Drury-lane, and was ably ſupported. *Mr. Macklin* performed the part of *Pandulph*, the Pope's legate. In the compoſition of this tragedy *Shakſpeare* diſclaimed every idea of regularity, and has huddled ſuch a ſeries of hiſtorical events on the back of one another, as ſhame the utmoſt ſtretch of probability; his muſe travelled lightning-winged. But this, like all the productions of the immortal Bard, abounds with beauties. What follows, we think ſo rich a repaſt for poetical taſte, that we ſhould deem ourſelves very blameable not to offer it to the reader's palate: it diſcloſes the method *King John* takes of working *Hubert* to the deſtruction of *Arthur*.

" The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds
To grant me audience—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night:
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thoſe poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit, Melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
Which elſe runs trickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot Laughter keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment:
A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes;
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without ears, and make reply
Without a tongue—uſing conceit alone—
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts."

In the characters of this play there is great variety;—the *Baſtard* is an original and pleaſing oddity;—*King John* is a very diſagreeable picture of Royalty—ambitious and cruel; not void of ſpirit in the field, yet mean and irreſolute in adverſity—*Pandulph* is a ſubtle, proud, iraſcible Cardinal; he is a mere politician, not incumbered with delicacy of principle, or the

feelings of humanity. Mr. Macklin performed this miſchief-making prieſt with great correctneſs; but it ſeems he did not pleaſe *Quin* ſo much as *Mr. Bridgewater* did; for when *Quin* was aſked what he thought of Macklin's *Pandulph?* he replied, 'That Macklin, inſtead of appearing like a *Cardinal*, looked more like a *Pariſh Clerk!*'

The French King and his ſon cut but a poor figure in this piece. Prince Arthur is an amiable and intereſting character. The only female worth our notice is *Conſtance*, who ſeems to have been an object of great concern with the author, and who ſeldom fails to make a deep impreſſion on the audience.

We ſhall conclude our notice of *King John* with this excellent, ſeaſonable, and truly Britiſh remark, uttered by *Falconbridge:*

"Come, the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them!—nought ſhall make us rue,
If England to itſelf do prove but true."

In the year 1742, "*The Wedding Day*," a comedy, by Mr. Fielding, was firſt done at Drury-lane. Mr. Macklin played the part of *Stedfaſt* in this comedy, and Mrs. Macklin performed *Mrs. Uſeful;* and the following prologue, written by Mr. Fielding, was ſpoken by Mr. Macklin on the occaſion:

"*Gentlemen and Ladies*,—We muſt beg your indulgence,
and humbly hope you'll not be offended
At an accident that happen'd to-night, which was not in the
leaſt intended,
I aſſure you;—if you pleaſe, your money ſhall be returned;—
but Mr. Garrick, to-day,
Who performs a principal character in the play,
Unfortunately ſent word, 'twill be impoſſible, having ſo long
a part,
To ſpeak the Prologue; he hasn't had time to get it by heart.
I have been with the author, to know what's to be done;
For 'till the Prologue's ſpoke, Sir, ſays I, we can't go on.
"Pſhaw! rot the Prologue," ſays he, "then begin without it."
I told him, 'twas impoſſible, you'd make ſuch a rout about it;
Beſides, 'twould be quite unprecedented—and, I dare ſay,
Such an attempt, Sir, would make them damn the play.
"Ha! damn my play!" the frighted bard replies,
"Dear MACKLIN, you muſt go on, then, and apologize."—
Apologize! not I; pray, Sir, excuſe me;
"Zounds! ſomething muſt be done; pr'ythee don't refuſe me:

" Pr'ythee, go on; tell them, to damn my play will be a damn'd hard caſe.—

" Come, do; you've a good, long, diſmal, mercy-begging face."

Sir, your humble ſervant; you're very merry.—" Yes," ſays he, " I've been drinking,

" To raiſe my ſpirits; for, by *Jupiter!* I found 'em ſinking."

So away he went to ſee the play: O! there he ſits;

Smoke him, ſmoke the author, you laughing crits.

Isn't he finely ſituated for a damning oh, oh, a—a ſhrill whihee? O direful yell!

As *Falſtaff* ſays, Would it were bed time, *Hal*, and all were well!

What think you now? whoſe face looks worſt, your's or mine?

Ah! thou fooliſh follower of the ragged nine,

You'd better ſtuck to honeſt *Abraham Adams* by half;

He, in ſpite of critics, can make your readers laugh.

But, to the Prologue—What ſhall I ſay? Why, faith, in my ſenſe,

I take plain truth to be the beſt defence.

I think, then, it was horrid ſtuff; and, in my humble apprehenſion,

Had it been ſpoke, not worthy your attention.

I'll give you a ſample, if I can recollect it.

Hip! take courage; never fear, man; don't be dejected.

Poor devil; he can't ſtand it; he has drawn in his head;

I reckon before the play's done he'll be half dead.

But to the Prologue. It began,—

" To-night the comic author of to-day,
" Has writ a—a—a ſomething about a play;
" And, as the bee—the bee—(that he brings by way of
" ſimile) the bee which roves
" Through—through"—Pſhaw! pox o' my memory!—O!
" through fields and groves,
" So comic poets in fair LONDON town,
" To cull the flowers of characters, wander up and down."
Then there was a good deal about *Rome*, *Athens*, and dramatic rules,
And characters of knaves and courtiers, authors and fools;
And a vaſt deal about critics, and good-nature, and the poor author's fear;
And, I think, there was ſomething about a third night hoping to ſee you here.
'Twas all ſuch ſtuff as this, not worth repeating,
In the old prologue cant; and then at laſt concludes, thus kindly greeting,
" To you, the critic jury of the pit,
" Our culprit author doth his cauſe ſubmit;
" With juſtice, nay, with candour judge his wit:
" Give him, at leaſt, a patient, quiet hearing;
" If guilty, damn him; if not guilty, clear him."

In the courſe of this year, the fatal effects of the prodigal, abſurd, and diſſolute conduct of the Patentee, whom it was impoſſible to reſtrain within the bounds of prudence and œconomy, began to be ſeverely felt in

the Theatre, which, till now, appeared to be in the moſt flouriſhing condition. The Playhouſe, which had been raiſed for ſome years, by the prudent advice, and wiſe adminiſtration of Mr. Macklin, to the moſt proſperous ſtate, began to ſink rapidly into decay and diſrepute. As ſoon as Mr. Fleetwood rejected the ſalutary council of his faithful boſom friend, Mr. Macklin, by whoſe indefatigable exertions his conſequence in the Theatrical World was increaſed, his character diſtinguiſhed, and his patrimony conſiderably augmented, nothing but diſgrace, debaſement, and a long funereal train of the moſt diſaſterous events followed in regular ſucceſſion. To admonition or remonſtrance he paid no attention; his ſenſe of error was benumbed and deadened; his attachments became deeply rooted, and his vicious habits, alas! confirmed.

After he had forſaken ſome of the vices among the higher, he entered into all the depravity of the lower orders. He relinquiſhed cards and dice, for pugiliſm and buffoonery. This man, of genteel addreſs and polite manners, of handſome patrimony and eminent

connections, preferred the company and ſcience of *Broughton*, of boxing memory, to the converſation and accompliſhments of perſons of the firſt rank and character; the ſavage brutality of the heroic combatants of *Hockley in the Hole*, and the Bear Garden, to all the eminent virtues and endearments of civilized life; and the contemptible tumblers, fire-eaters, and rope-dancers, to all the beauties of the Drama, and the performances of the greateſt Actors. He was not ſatisfied with ſuch intimacies and acquaintances merely;—he was reſolved to make a farther uſe of them, and to convert the Stage into a place the moſt deſpicable and ridiculous that ever was tolerated and countenanced by a civilized and enlightened Nation.

He brought all the mummers of *Sadler's Wells** upon his Theatre, and entertained the

* This place of public amuſement has been ſince conſiderably altered—but, to the abilities, exertions, and wiſe adminiſtration of Mr. Hughes, the preſent amiable Manager, are to be aſcribed the many highly praiſeworthy improvements, which have been lately made in the ſcenery, machinery, internal œconomy, and performances at Sadler's Wells.

public with ſights of tall monſters, and contemptible rope-dancers. To theſe vile, ſilly, paltry ſhews, to theſe mockeries on common decency and common ſenſe, were the beauties of *Shakſpeare*, *Johnſon*, *Otway*, and *Rowe* to give rank and precedence. The ſkipping of an *Harlequin*, the grimace of a buffoon, and the monſters of nature were to ſuperſede the neceſſity of Macklin's talents, and Clive's humour. To follow up his favourite amuſements, the receipts of a declining Theatre were not ſufficient, and he was obliged, in order to ſupport his prodigality, to borrow money at an extravagant rate:—The Theatre was farmed by a perſon of the name of *Pierſon*, who had ſupplied the Manager's wants at different times.

Thus was the Patentee circumſtanced, and ſuch was the degraded ſtate of the Stage, and the deplorable ſituation of the Actors in 1742. The Manager, with a ſullied character, impaired conſtitution, and ruined revenue, would not hearken to the repeated remonſtrances of Mr. Macklin;—the ignorant, avaricious, narrow-minded *Pierſon*, who was the treaſurer,

paid ſtill leſs regard to the grievances of the Players; the juſt and legal demands of the Actors were treated by him with inſolence and contempt. The Theatre, cloaths, and other ſtage ornaments of the Performers were frequently in the poſſeſſion of Bailiffs.

In this diſtracted ſtate of Fleetwood's management, every circumſtance ſeemed to indicate a ſudden failure within, and to denote a rapid advancement towards a revolution.

The principal Actors held frequent conferences together concerning the redreſs of their grievances. Deputation after deputation waited upon the Manager, and expoſtulated, and entreated, and threatened. Fleetwood received them with politeneſs, acknowledged his faults with ingenuouſneſs, admitted their claims with candour, and promiſed reparation with apparent earneſtneſs. The Performers came to the Manager irritated and incenſed, and, after their interview, went away ſatisfied and appeaſed. But no ſooner had they turned their backs, than this unfor

tunate, infatuated man forgot his fair promiſes, and returned to his former diſgraceful conduct. Affairs were now come to a criſis, the Actors were tired out, and the clamours of thoſe, who had no means of ſubſiſtence but their weekly ſalary, became ſo loud and urgent, that ſome prompt and deciſive meaſure became abſolutely neceſſary to be adopted. Accordingly Mr. Garrick invited all the Players to his lodgings about the latter end of ſummer, 1743, and propoſed to them a plan, which he had digeſted for their mutual benefit, and which he meant they ſhould carry into execution, for the purpoſe of redreſſing the grievances under which they had ſo long and ſo patiently ſuffered. The object of this notable plan was, to enter into an agreement to ſecede from Drury-lane, upon condition that no perſon was to accept of any terms from the Patentee, without the conſent of all the ſeceders.

Mr. Garrick alſo obſerved to them, that he entertained great hopes of their being able to procure permiſſion from the Lord Chamberlain to ſet up for themſelves, at the Opera Houſe, or ſomewhere elſe. He placed great reli-

ance, he ſaid, upon the humanity and goodneſs of the *Duke of Grafton*, who was at that time Lord Chamberlain, and intimated, that he was almoſt certain that his Grace would be diſpoſed, upon a full and impartial repreſentation being made to him of their grievances and hardſhips, to extend his favor and protection towards them. He argued, that there could be no impropriety in their laying their diſtreſſed condition before the Lord Chamberlain, as there was a caſe exactly in point, where the great *Betterton*, *Mrs. Barry*, and other actors, were relieved from the oppreſſive tyranny of *Chriſtopher Rich*, the old Patentee of Drury-lane Playhouſe, by the benevolent Earl of Dorſet, who had been formerly Lord Chamberlain.

This propoſal was liſtened to with attention, and appeared to embrace the deſires and wiſhes of all the actors, except Mr. Macklin, who was of opinion, that it was much better for them to go once more to the Manager, and tell him, in an open and manly manner, what they intended to do, before they took ſo raſh a ſtep,

and before they proceeded to actual extremities. He ſtarted this objection with the view of arouſing the Patentee to a due ſenſe of his danger, and to a conſideration and proper redreſs of their grievances, and in the hope of reclaiming him from his vicious and abominable propenſities. To this Mr. Garrick objected, on the ground, that an expoſure of their plan, was the direct mode of throwing an impediment in the way of obtaining redreſs, and was the ſureſt manner of enabling the Manager to defeat ultimately the object of their application to the Lord Chamberlain. In this opinion Mr. Garrick was ſupported by all the other performers, who contended, that it would be the higheſt abſurdity to remonſtrate any more with Mr. Fleetwood, and that his baſeneſs and cruelty towards them did not entitle him to their candour or generoſity. It was further obſerved by Mr. Garrick, that, in order to remove any ſcruples that Mr. Macklin might entertain in the buſineſs, an agreement ſhould be formally drawn out, and immediately ſigned by all the parties, whereby it was covenanted that neither of the contracting parties ſhould accommodate matters with

the Patentee, without a comprehenſion of the other.

The Performers immediately eſpouſed this propoſition, and Mr. Macklin was compelled to yield to the voice of the majority. Thus were his beſt intentions fruſtrated, and thus were a ſet of men cajoled into the deſigns of this ambitious perſon, who had for his object not merely the redreſs of the wrongs of a few Players, but the intereſted view of aggrandizing himſelf. He panted for an opportunity to become a Manager himſelf, and to wield the theatrical ſceptre uncontrouled. He thought that he ſaw himſelf already at the head of a company, at the Opera Houſe, and in the act of diſpenſing his laws and ordonnances, to his underlings and dependants, with Kingly Authority. Alas! the vanity of human nature!—But to return to the plan. About a dozen of the Performers, the chief of whom were, *Garrick, Macklin, Havard, Berry, Blakes, Mills, and Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Mills*, immediately entered into an aſſociation, and ſigned the agreement. There were others invited to become

members. The next ſtep that was to be taken after this ſeceſſion, was, to addreſs the Duke of Grafton, to lay a full ſtatement of their caſe before him, and to entreat his Grace to lend a favourable ear to the prayer of their petition. This they did, and undertook, at the ſame time, to confirm every particular by Affidavit. The petition was laid before the Lord Chamberlain, and an interview followed ſoon after, which turned out very unfavourable for the Petitioners. Whatever the motives were that influenced his Grace, the Players were given to underſtand, that they had very little countenance to expect from that quarter. War had been, by this time, publicly declared between the Manager and Actors. In this poſture of affairs, the Patentee began to exert himſelf, and to collect recruits from all the ſtrolling companies in England. Both parties were now reduced to a very aukward predicament. The ſeceders found all their efforts to obtain a new patent ineffectual, and the Manager was little better circumſtanced with regard to his *freſh troops!* The period at which the Theatres uſually open having arrived, Mr. Fleetwood reſolved

(although perfectly conſcious of his weakneſs, and of his utter inability to exhibit any play) to hazard every thing, and to announce the repreſentation of *The Conſcious Lovers*, for the 20th of September, 1743. The efforts of the Manager's friends, together with the curioſity of the public, contrived to bring together a pretty tolerable audience, and the performance, though wretched, paſſed off with partial approbation.

As ſoon as Mr. Garrick diſcovered that the Lord Chamberlain was not favourably diſpoſed towards the cauſe of the Players, he thought the beſt mode to be purſued was, to make the beſt terms with Mr. Fleetwood that could be obtained. A mediator was accordingly diſpatched on this errand. The Patentee, diſtreſſed and deſerted, was as ready to liſten to a reconciliation as the ſeceders might be. A negotiation was immediately ſet on foot, and a propoſition of accommodation was made by Mr. Garrick, in which he included ſome of his friends, ſuch as he thought would be abſolutely neceſſary to the Manager in his then haraſſed condition. This propoſi-

tion was made without any intimation, on the part of Mr. Garrick, to the reſt of the Performers reſpecting its nature and tendency. It was done without the privity of Mr. Macklin, without the conſent of the whole of the ſeceders, and conſequently in open violation of a ſolemn agreement. As ſoon as the object of this underhand negotiation became known, Mr. Macklin called upon Mr. Garrick, and reproached him in bitter terms: he accuſed him of perfidy and apoſtacy, and inſiſted upon his adhering to the articles of their agreement. But this was in vain; for Mr. Garrick was now reſolved upon an accommodation with Mr. Fleetwood, at the expence even of his honour and character.

The propoſition of reconciliation was, as might be expected, inſtantly agreed to, and Mr. Garrick and a few others were admitted again into favour. But this was not all—Mr. Garrick contrived, during the negotiation, to get his own ſalary increaſed, and to procure the ſame annual ſtipends for his friends that they enjoyed previous to their ſeceſſion; and

the reſt of the unfortunate Players, who had been led away from their allegiance, and afterwards duped by this deſigning man, were left to ſhift for themſelves as well as they could. Theſe poor people, rather than ſtarve, threw themſelves on the mercy of the Patentee, who employed them, indeed, but, at the ſame time, took care to abridge them of half their ſalary. But what was to become of Mr. Macklin? The man who acted throughout the whole buſineſs with manlineſs and honour, who oppoſed the ſeceſſion in the firſt inſtance, and who recommended reconciliation almoſt upon any terms, was now forſaken and abandoned, and doomed to eternal baniſhment from the very Theatre that he had raiſed to the moſt flouriſhing condition. And what was worſe than all this, the revolt of the Players was aſcribed, by Mr. Fleetwood, principally to Mr. Macklin, whoſe ingratitude he determined to puniſh; for ſuch he termed his conduct in this tranſaction.

Now, let us quote Mr. Davies, the author of the Life of Garrick: ſpeaking of this affair, he

ſays, "Mr. Macklin had no inclination to be-
"come the ſcape-goat in this buſineſs, and he
"urged Mr. Garrick to perfect the articles of
"their agreement, by which it was covenanted
"that neither of the contracting parties ſhould
"accommodate matters with the Patentee,
"without a comprehenſion of the other.

"*Mr. Garrick could not but acknowledge*
"*the juſtice of Mr. Macklins plea.*" Even the panegyriſt of Mr. Garrick pronounces him *guilty;* but, by way of extenuation, he goes on, and ſays:

"Mr. Garrick offered Mr. Macklin a ſum,
"to be paid weekly out of his income, for
"a certain time, till the Manager could be
"brought into better temper, or he ſhould
"have it in his power to provide for himſelf
"in a manner ſuitable to his rank in the Thea-
"tre. He obtained a promiſe of Mr. Rich,
"to give Mrs. Macklin a weekly ſalary of
"three pounds. Theſe propoſals were ſtrenu-
"ouſly rejected by Mr. Macklin, who perſiſted

" in his claim of Mr. Garrick's abſolutely " fulfilling the tenour of their compact."

" *Mr. Garrick, notwithſtanding the per-* " *ſeverance of Mr. Macklin, accepted* " *Fleetwood's propoſals, and entered into co-* " *venant with him, for that ſeaſon, at a very* " *conſiderable income, I believe ſix or ſeven* " *hundred pounds.*" This is an extenuation, with a vengeance. Mr. Davies, by way of palliating the matter, records, that Mr. Garrick offered Mr. Macklin *a weekly ſalary*, to be paid out of his income, till he could be better provided for. This Mr. Macklin rejected with contempt, becauſe, if he had accepted it, the *odium* of the tranſaction would be removed from Garrick's to Macklin's ſhoulders, and the baſeneſs of it would be converted into generoſity. Mr. Garrick knew, at the time that he made this offer to Mr. Macklin, that it would not be accepted. He was conſcious, alſo, of the infamy of his conduct, and he wanted to make uſe of this *ſeemingly fair offer*, as a cloak, to cover the nakedneſs of his criminality. Mr. Davies

then ſays—Garrick offered Macklin a weekly ſalary, " *till the manager could be brought into better temper.*" Who, it may be aſked, put *Mr. Fleetwood out* of temper? The anſwer is obvious—moſt certainly Garrick, who was not only the inſtigator and promoter of the quarrel, but continued to exaſperate the Manager ſtill more againſt Mr. Macklin, by baſely inſinuating, that the Actors would not have revolted, in the firſt inſtance, if they had not been excited by Macklin. But then, as a compenſation, he wiſhed " to procure Mrs. Macklin an engagement at Covent-garden." Why, this, to be ſure, was doing a great deal, when it is well known that Mrs. Macklin's abilities were always certain to procure her an engagement. Even the author of the Life of Garrick cannot extenuate his conduct in this buſineſs. He acted throughout with deſign and duplicity, and finiſhed the tranſaction by baſeneſs and treachery. His behaviour, on this occaſion, will remain as an everlaſting ſtain upon his character, and will evince to the lateſt poſterity, the manly

ſpirit, the candour, and the honeſty of Mr. Macklin.

The public were ſo much incenſed at the flagitious conduct of Mr. Garrick, that, on the night of his firſt appearance afterwards, in the part of *Bays*, in the *Rehearſal*, he was treated by the audience with the moſt ignominious contempt. Mr. Davies ſays—"As ſoon as Mr. Garrick entered, he bowed "very low, ſeveral times; and, with the moſt "ſubmiſſive action, entreated to be heard. "He was ſaluted with loud hiſſes, and con-"tinual cries of 'off! off! off!'—All Mr. "Garrick's attempts to pacify them, were "rejected with diſdain." It is well known, that this perfidious man would have been driven from the Stage, if the Manager had not called in to his aid his friends and aſſociates from *Hockley in the Hole* and the *Bear Garden*. Theſe ruffians were diſtributed, in great plenty, in the pit and galleries, armed with ſticks and bludgeons, with poſitive orders from their Commanding Officer, to check the zeal of Macklin's friends, by the weigh-

tieſt arguments in their power, and force Garrick down the throat of the public. However anxious people might be to teſtify their diſapprobation of an Actor's miſconduct, yet their good ſenſe would not ſuffer them to go ſo far as to enter the liſts with bullies and bravos, and run the riſque of having their heads broke, merely for the ſake of expreſſing their diſlike of a Player, in a public Theatre. This theatrical tempeſt laſted two nights, but the obſtinacy of the Manager, and the weighty arguments of his aſſociates, at length prevailed, and ſhielded Mr. Garrick from the juſt vengeance of the Public.

Mr. Macklin immediately wrote a pamphlet, in which he laid his whole caſe before the Public. This appeal was aſcribed, at that time, to *Mr. Corbyn Morris*; but we ſhall preſent the reader with what Mr. Davies ſays upon the ſubject—" The pamphlet was allowed, by the anſwerer, to be well written, and to contain in it a charm of words. I have authority to ſay, that Mr. Morris was not the

author of that pamphlet, which, indeed, *is well written;* but its *merit conſiſts* in the *cloſeneſs* of *reaſoning*, from AUTHENTICITY OF FACTS." Here again Mr. Davies condemns Mr. Garrick—He admits the "*authenticity of facts.*"—He makes him plead *guilty* to *all* the *charges* brought againſt him in *that pamphlet;* the principal parts of which we have already ſtated. Thus was Mr. Macklin led into this diſagreeable conteſt; thus was his conduct miſrepreſented and miſunderſtood, and thus was his character traduced and vilified. He ſupported himſelf throughout with magnanimity and fortitude, and retired the principal loſer in the conflict, but with this conſolation, that he had juſtified his conduct in the eyes of the world, and made the periſhable infamy of Garrick's apoſtacy immortal.

Chap. XIX.

BEING diſengaged from Drury-lane Theatre, Mr. Macklin adopted a plan of ſupporting himſelf, which, if it had met with ſufficient encouragement, would have contributed much to the improvement of the Drama and the Stage.

He collected together a company of perſons, almoſt wholly unacquainted, at that time, with the buſineſs of an Actor, among whom were, the celebrated *Mr. Foote*, *Dr. Hill*, and ſeveral others; and undertook to inſtruct them in the ſcience of acting. With theſe raw troops he reſolved to turn Manager immediately. This was an arduous undertaking; but Mr. Macklin was determined to ſurmount every obſtacle, and he executed his plan with ſuch uncommon promptitude and ſucceſs, that he was enabled to open the Haymarket Theatre, on the 6th of February,

1744, with the tragedy of *Othello*. The very difficult character of the Moor was performed, on this occaſion, by Mr. Foote, and the part of *Iago* was moſt ably ſupported by Mr. Macklin. The houſe was crowded in all parts, and the Performance, for chaſteneſs and ſpirit, exceeded the moſt ſanguine expectations of Mr. Macklin's friends.

The method that Mr. Macklin purſued in the inſtruction of his pupils, and his excellence in acting, have always been univerſally admired and approved. The celebrated Dr. Hill conveys ſo juſt and appropriate a panegyric on the theatrical abilities of *the Father of the Stage*, that it would be doing his memory a great injuſtice not to inſert it here.

"There was a time when that extravagance, which has been juſt recommended for farce, had its place in tragedy, both in action and delivery; the geſtures were forced, and beyond all that ever was in nature; and the recitation was a kind of ſinging. We are at preſent getting more into nature, in playing, and it

the violence of geſture be not quite ſuppreſſed, we have nothing of the recitative of the old tragedy.

"It is to the honour of Mr. Macklin, that he began this great improvement. There was a time he was excluded the Theatres, and ſupported himſelf by a company, whom he taught to play, and ſome of whom afterwards made no inconſiderable figure. It was his manner to check all the cant and cadence of tragedy: he would bid his pupil firſt ſpeak the paſſage as he would in common life, if he had occaſion to pronounce the ſame words; and then giving them more force, but preſerving the ſame accent, to deliver them on the Stage.

"When the Player was faulty in his ſtops or accents, he ſet him right; and with nothing more than this attention to what is natural, he produced, out of the moſt ignorant perſons, players that ſurprized every body—the *Montano* mentioned before, was one of theſe, and this inſtruction was the ſource of his merit.

"People were pleaſed with a ſenſible delivery on this little Stage (Haymarket), and thoſe that ſaw that they were, transferred it to the greater, where it at this time flouriſhes, and will flouriſh, as long as good ſenſe lives in the audience. Tragedy has now no peculiar accent or tone, but the moſt outrageous ſcenes of it are ſpoken according to Mr. Macklin's plan, as the ſame words would be pronounced in common ſpeech, only with more energy."

The *Montano* alluded to by Dr. Hill, was a man of the name of *Yorke*, who obtained, to his own ſurprize, great applauſe in this character, which ſcarcely conſiſted of more than a dozen lines, but which he ſpoke, from Mr. Macklin's inſtructions, with much propriety. His ſucceſs in this ſmall part induced one of the then Managers to engage him; but, in higher characters, and left to himſelf, he ſoon loſt the reputation he had acquired.

Whilſt Mr. Macklin was thus laudably exerting himſelf, both as a Manager and Actor, at the Haymarket, a circumſtance occurred, which afforded him the opportunity of diſplaying his abilities to greater advantage in another place. The property in Drury-lane Theatre being transferred to new maſters, Mr. Macklin was induced, by the very advantageous propoſals that were made to him, to enter into articles with the new Patentees, and to relinquiſh his undertaking at the Haymarket. Previous to his re-appearance at Drury-lane, Mr. Macklin ſpoke the following prologue, which was written by the *Rev. Mr. Dunkin* ——.

" From ſcheming, fretting, famine and deſpair,
Behold, to grace reſtor'd, an exil'd player.
Your ſanction yet, his fortune muſt compleat,
And give him privilege to laugh and——eat—.
No revolution plots are mine again;
You ſee, thank Heaven! the quieteſt of men:
I pray, that all domeſtic feuds may ceaſe;
And, beggar'd by the war, ſolicit peace.
When urged by wrongs, and prompted to rebel,
I fought for freedom, and for freedom fell.

What could ſupport me in the ſeven-fold flame?
I was no *Shadrac*, and no angel came.
Once warn'd, I meddle not with State affairs,
But play my part, retire, and ſay my prayers.
Let nobler ſpirits plan the vaſt deſign;
Our green-room ſwarms with longer heads than mine.
I take no part; no private jarrs foment,
But haſten from diſputes I can't prevent;
Attack no rival brother's fame or eaſe,
And raiſe no ſtruggles—but who moſt ſhall pleaſe.
United in ourſelves, by you approv'd,
'Tis ours to make the ſlighted muſe belov'd—
So may the Stage again its uſe impart,
And ripen Virtue, as it warms the heart.
May Diſcord, with her horrid trump retreat,
Nor drive the frighted beauty from her ſeat.
May no contending parties ſtrive for ſway,
But Judgment govern, and the Stage obey."

During the delivery of this prologue, Mr. Macklin was frequently interrupted by the plaudits and acclamations of a crowded audience. The circumſtances that led to his re-engagement at Drury-lane, are briefly theſe:

The very embarraſſed ſtate of Mr. Fleetwood's finances, obliged him, in the

year 1744, to advertiſe his mortgaged patent to be ſold before a Maſter in Chancery. At this time Mr. Lacy was Aſſiſtant-Manager to Mr. Rich, of Covent-Garden Theatre; and Meſſrs. Green and Amber, Bankers, in the city, reſolved to buy the patent, if Mr. Lacy would undertake to manage the company. The conditions they offered, were, that they would advance all the purchaſe-money; that Mr. Lacy ſhould become a third ſharer in the undertaking; and that he ſhould (when the profits enabled him ſo to do) repay them one-third of the purchaſe-money. To this propoſal Mr. Lacy conſented. Meſſrs. Green and Amber paid 3,200*l.* for the patent, and agreed to pay Mr. Fleetwood 600*l.* a year till the patent expired. The patent, however, was mortgaged for 7000*l.* to a gentleman, who agreed to let his mortgage lie, for which the patent was ſtill a ſecurity. Matters being thus adjuſted, Mr. Fleetwood retired to the Continent upon the ſhipwreck of his fortune, where he ſoon after died, and Mr. Lacy entered upon his Management. The firſt ſtep he took was to engage the beſt and

and moſt approved actors. He accordingly employed *Mr. and Mrs. Macklin, and Mr. Barry*, who had juſt then made his firſt appearance in *Othello*, on the Dublin Stage. *Mr. Barry* was, beyond all doubt, one of the moſt pathetic lovers on the Engliſh Stage, and ſtood greatly indebted to the excellent inſtructions of Mr. Macklin.

When *Mr. Barry* came firſt to England, he very wiſely put himſelf under the tuition of Mr. Macklin, who ſpared no pains to inſtruct his pupil in the art and duty of an Actor. Before he made his firſt appearance at Drury-lane, he happened to walk with Mr. Macklin in St. James's Park, where his agreeable perſon ſoon attracted the eyes of the people. When Mr. Macklin was aſked, Who that fine-looking man was? he replied, that he was an Iriſh Nobleman, viz. *the Earl of Munſter!* Mr. Macklin carried on the joke for ſome time, by the aſſiſtance of a few friends that he let into the ſecret; and, wherever Barry appeared in public, he was looked upon as an Iriſh Earl. When he afterwards made his

debut on Drury Lane Stage, ſeveral of the audience whiſpered—"*That is the Earl of "Munſter! we are certain he is the Earl of "Munſter! for we ſaw him walking the other "day in St. James's Park along with Macklin, "who told us ſo.*"

However, the *Earl of Munſter* gained great applauſe that evening, and Macklin and his friends enjoyed an hearty laugh on the occaſion; as did the reſt of the audience when they found out the jeſt.—Mr. Macklin played *Iago* this ſeaſon to Barry's *Othello*, and acquired as much fame as he did in the part of *Shylock*. The character of *Iago* is excellently drawn—he is full of ſubtilty, iraſcibility, and villainy—devoid of every good and tender feeling—mean, hypocritical, and vindictive—baſe enough to do any bad action underhand, but without reſolution to avow, or vindicate his wickedneſs. In the repreſentation of this monſtrous character, Mr. Macklin ſtood, confeſſedly, without a competitor. His excellence in this part burſt upon the audience in *Iago's* ſoliloquy, which con-

cludes the firſt act; it is a maſterpiece of villainous machination, and finely written for a judicious Actor—we muſt preſent it to the candid reader—

——————— I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
But I, for mere ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well;
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him.
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now:
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery. How? how?—Let me ſee—
After ſome time, to abuſe Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt, that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by the noſe,
As aſſes are.
I hav't;—it is engendered:—Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.

The diſtant, artful manner, in which *Iago* enters upon the grand part of his deſign, is admirable. Macklin here diſplayed great

powers—he wrought with great judgment and propriety upon Othello's openneſs of temper, and warmth of heart.

The inſidious villainy, and hypocritical diffidence, with which the double dealing Ancient works up *Othello* to impatient curioſity, he pourtrayed with ſingular ability.

Othello's ſpeech, on being ſuppoſed capable of ſo illiberal a paſſion as jealouſy, is extremely pleaſing and inſtructive. This character appeared peculiarly ſuited to Mr. Barry's *forte* in acting; he happily exhibited the hero, the lover, and the diſtracted huſband—indeed, he roſe through all the paſſions of this character, to the utmoſt extent of critical imagination. In the following ſpeech he was amazingly great:

——— Why, why is this?
Thinkeſt thou I'd make a life of jealouſy,
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolved———————
———————'Tis not to make me jealous,

To ſay my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous;
Nor from mine own weak merits, will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt.
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me——No, Iago,
I'll ſee before I doubt—When I doubt—prove,
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love and jealouſy.

Iago's making the circumſtance of the handkerchief, though apparently inſignificant, an inſtrument of importance, is admirably conceived.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy writ.

Mr. Macklin's ſubtle affectation of chagrin at Othello's boiſterous treatment of him, and his blunt method of expreſſion, in order to recal the Moor's calmer reaſon, and to plant the dagger ſtill deeper in his heart, went home to the feelings of every body that had the pleaſure of ſeeing him perform the character—'When ſhall we look upon his like

again!' This is an admirable tragedy, and moſt forcibly inculcates an excellent moral, by ſhewing the very dangerous conſequences of permitting, even upon the moſt probable proofs, that pernicious and ungovernable paſſion, *Jealouſy*, to take poſſeſſion of the human heart.

The fatal effects of this fever of the mind, which Dr. Young moſt emphatically calls "*The Hydra of Calamities*," are admirably depicted in this play, by well-wrought paſſions, elevated ſentiments, and a dreadful cataſtrophe.

The Scotch Rebellion, in 1745, cauſed a deſertion of all theatrical entertainments, and the misfortunes of Meſſrs. Green and Amber, may be principally aſcribed to that commotion;—for, notwithſtanding all the efforts of the Manager and Actors, the Theatre was but thinly attended during the ſeaſon. Mr. Macklin commenced author this year, and produced his tragedy of *Henry VII. or the Popiſh Impoſtor*, which is founded upon the

well known ſtory of *Perkin Warbeck*. This piece is well planned, but the language is rather inelegant. It is not to be wondered at that the author did not ſucceed in this undertaking, ſince he was put upon the ſubject by Mr. Lacy, and allowed but ſix weeks to compoſe the work. Mr. Macklin performed the part of *Huntley* in this tragedy, which ran ſix nights, and was then laid aſide.

In the year 1746, Mr. Macklin wrote *The Suſpicious Huſband*, or, the *Plague of Envy*, a Farce, by way of criticiſm on the comedy of the *Suſpicious Huſband*. This piece anſwered the purpoſe for which it was written; the nature and tendency of the *Suſpicious Huſband* of Dr. Hoadly, afforded Mr. Macklin ample room for criticiſm. That the Doctor's Comedy is calculated to exhilarate the ſpirits, we readily admit, but we are extremely apprehenſive that it will not mend the heart—*Ranger* is moſt aſſuredly a gilded bait of vice for youth and vanity to ſnap at, and all his tranſactions tend, at leaſt, to inflame, if not to taint the imagination. The

ſame year Mr. Macklin produced a new Farce, entitled "*A Will*, or *No Will*," or a "*New Caſe for the Lawyers*," for the benefit of Mrs. Macklin. This little piece contributed to the novelty of a benefit night, and, after its firſt repreſentation, was withdrawn.

This was a very unſucceſsful period for the Stage; both the Managers and Actors ſuffered materially. It was during this ſeaſon of diſtreſs, that Meſſrs. Green and Amber became inſolvent; and the patent of Drury Lane Theatre was again put up to ſale, as a part of the bankrupt's effects. After ſome tranſactions, of no importance to the public, Mr. Lacy and Mr. Garrick, having engaged to pay off the mortgage of 7000*l.* and the other debts of the Theatre, which, altogether amounted to 12,000*l.* excluſive of *Fleetwood's* annuity, undertook the joint management of Drury Lane Theatre, having previouſly obtained a promiſe from the Duke of Grafton of a renewal of the patent.

In the year 1747 this partnerſhip commenced, both to be equal ſharers, except that Mr. Garrick was to be allowed an income of 500*l* a year as a Performer, and ſome particular emoluments for altering Plays, Farces, &c. Several of the moſt eminent Performers, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Macklin, entered into articles with the Patentees of Drury Lane.—On the 20th of September, the Houſe opened, and an admirable Prologue, written by Dr. Johnſon, was ſpoken by Mr. Garrick on the occaſion. It contains ſo many beauties, that we cannot avoid inſerting it here.

" When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes,
Firſt rear'd the ſtage, immortal Shakſpeare roſe;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful ſtrokes preſiding truth impreſs'd,
And unreſiſting paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.
Then Jonſon came, inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule;

His ſtudious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach aſſail'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce could praiſe.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a laſting tomb.
The wits of Charles found eaſier ways to fame,
Nor wiſh'd for Jonſon's art, or Shakſpeare's flame;
Themſelves they ſtudied; as they felt they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.
Vice always found a ſympathetic friend,
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cauſe was general, their ſupports were ſtrong,
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till ſhame regain'd the poſt that ſenſe betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.
Then cruſh'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years, the power of tragedy declin'd:
From bard to bard, the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd while paſſion ſlept.
Yet ſtill did virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forc'd at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She ſaw great Fauſtus lay the ghoſt of wit;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
And pantomime and ſong confirm'd her ſway.
But who the coming changes can preſage,
And mark the future periods of the ſtage?

Perhaps, if ſkill could diſtant times explore,
New *Behns*, new *Durfeys*, yet remain in ſtore.
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new ſorcerers may ride.
Perhaps (for who can gueſs the effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or * Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild viciſſitudes of taſte;
With every meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chace the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die:
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence,
Of reſcu'd nature, and reviving ſenſe;
To chace the charms of ſound, the pomp of ſhow,
For uſeful mirth, and ſalutary woe,
Bid ſcenic virtue form the riſing age,
And truth diffuſe her radiance from the ſtage.

The buſineſs of the Theatre was now conducted with great ability, and was divided into two departments. The wardrobe, the ſcenes, and œconomy of the houſhold, were

* A famous Rope Dancer, and practiſer of Legerdemain Tricks.

ſuperintended by Mr. Lacy, while the buſineſs of treating with Authors, hiring Actors, and ſuperintending rehearſals, was regulated by Garrick. Theſe two men were ſuitable aſſociates for the management of ſuch an important concern. Mr. Garrick was always ſure of a full houſe as often as he played, and Mr. Lacy took infinite pains to fit up the Theatre for the accommodation and reception of the Public. Every Actor was fairly dealt with, according to his demerits, and the company throve under ſuch wiſe regulations. Mr. Macklin's "*Club of Fortune Hunters, or Widow Bewitched*" came out this ſeaſon, and met a tolerable reception.

Although Mr. Macklin had juſt cauſe to recollect the cruel treatment he had formerly experienced at the hands of Mr. Garrick, yet the nobleneſs and generoſity of his mind prompted him now to diſmiſs it totally from his recollection—and theſe two men became friends again.

In the beginning of the year 1748, the comedy of "*The Foundling*," by MOORE, was put in rehearſal. This play ſpeaks ſo feelingly to our paſſions, ſo chaſtely to our ideas, and ſo inſtructively to our ſenſe, that we wiſh it were oftener performed on the Stage. About the latter end of February, this comedy was announced for repreſentation—it was caſt in the following manner—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Young Belmont . .	Mr. Garrick.
Sir Charles Raymond .	Mr. Barry.
Sir Roger Belmont . .	Mr. Yates.
Villiard	Mr. Sparks.
Colonel Raymond . .	Mr. Havard
Faddle	Mr. Macklin.

WOMEN.

Roſetta . .	Mrs. Woffington.
Fidelia . .	Mrs. Cibber.

This comedy, thus ſupported by the whole ſtrength of the company, was admirably performed, and received the warmeſt approbation of the public In this play, the critical unities are well preſerved, and the plot lays proper hold of ſuſpenſe and attention. There are no make-ſhift ſcenes, nor any that are tedious—in a word, there is much to be praiſed, and little to be cenſured. In the fourth act, which commences with the renewal of *Colonel Raymond's* addreſſes, and *Roſetta's* coquettiſh raillery, we meet with the following juſt deſcription of matrimony—" To fools, it is the jewel of Æſop's cock; to the wiſe, a diamond of price in a ſkilful hand to enrich life; it is happineſs or miſery, as minds are differently diſpoſed. The neceſſary requiſites are love, good ſenſe, and good breeding; the firſt to unite, the ſecond to adviſe, and the third to comply: if you add to theſe neatneſs and a competency, beauty will always pleaſe, and family cares become agreeable amuſements." And in the ſcene between *Sir Charles Raymond* and *Faddle*—where *Sir Charles* having made the diſcovery he

wanted, diſmiſſes the paraſite, with a moſt excellent lecture, ſo deſcriptive of ſuch reptiles, and ſo pregnant with inſtructive truth, that we beg leave to offer it to our readers—

"Thy life is a diſgrace to humanity; a fooliſh prodigality makes thee needy, need makes thee vicious, and both make thee contemptible; thy wit is proſtituted to ſlander and buffoonery; and thy judgment, if thou haſt any, to meanneſs and villainy—thy betters, who laugh with thee, laugh at thee; and who are they?—the fools of quality at Court, and thoſe who ape them in the City: the varieties of thy life are pitiful rewards, and painful abuſes; for the ſame trick that gets thee a guinea to-day, ſhall get thee beaten out of doors to-morrow; thoſe who careſs thee, are enemies to themſelves, and when they know it, will be enemies to thee; in thy diſtreſs they'll deſert thee, and leave thee, at laſt, to ſink in thy poverty, unregarded and unpitied; if thou canſt be wiſe, think of me, and be honeſt."

The character of young *Belmont*, was deſigned by the author to be a capital one; but, excepting the firſt ſcene, and that with his father, (which is truly pleaſant) and that with Sir Charles, he has nothing to ſay worth notice. However, Mr. Garrick, by the happy uſe of his qualifications, added amazing ſpirit to this play, and gave young *Belmont* more conſequence than any other Performer. *Sir Charles Raymond* is an amiable character, and diſplays throughout great juſtice, humanity, ſpirit, and good ſenſe. He never was in better hands than thoſe of BARRY, who ſupported the character with emphatic dignity, and melting tenderneſs.

The thorough-paced villany, rhapſodical foppery, and deſigning knavery of *Faddle*, were admirably hit off by *Mr. Macklin*, who was peculiarly happy in marking the obſequious knave all through the piece.

During the firſt and ſecond nights of its repreſentation, ſeveral paſſages in the part of *Faddle* drew down the vengeance of the au-

dience (and we think very properly)—The objectionable ſpeeches were afterwards very wiſely omitted.—The author drew this character for one *Ruſſel*, a young man who was admired for his agreeable manner of imitating the Opera Singers. He was handſome and elegant in his perſon, of moſt conſummate aſſurance, and careſſed for ſome years by ſeveral ladies of quality, and yet (ſo capricious is the fate of ſuch beings) he was thrown into the *Fleet Priſon*, in his prime of life, for a debt not exceeding forty pounds, ran mad, and died there in a few months.

The part of *Roſetta* was undoubtedly conceived for *Mrs. Woffington*, and ſhe did it particular juſtice. There was a *je ne ſcai quoi* about this lady that rendered her extremely agreeable; ſhe was ſenſible, witty, and full of vivacity; her countenance was beautiful and expreſſive, and her form was elegant; ſhe made her firſt appearance, in London, at the Theatre in Covent Garden, in the character of *Sir Harry Wildair*.

The eaſe, the elegance, and the propriety of deportment, with which ſhe repreſented this gay, diſſipated, good-humoured rake, ſpread her fame all over the town, and the Managers ſoon found it their intereſt to bring her forward in that character frequently. Shortly after this, an intimacy commenced between Mr. Macklin, Mrs. Woffington, and Mr. Garrick, which cemented into a partnerſhip concern. Theſe parties grew ſo attached to and ſo fond of each other, and were ſo diſtinguiſhed and remarkable for their various qualifications, that they formed a plan for entering into a kind of *coalition* in the way of their profeſſion. With this view, they took a houſe, (now No. 6,) in Bow Street, and began trade. This *Dramatic Triumvirate*, (if we may be allowed the expreſſion, for Mrs. Woffington was *more like a man than a woman*) undertook the Preſidency of Tragedy and Comedy. They reſolved to improve theatrical taſte, and found a ſchool for Hiſtrionic Science; and the better to accompliſh their object, they determined to live together, to play together, and to put their money in

one purſe! For ſome time matters went on briſkly, and every thing had the appearance of ſucceſs. The firm of the houſe was of the higheſt reſpectability; their credit was very extenſive, and their receipts conſiderable. But, all on a ſudden, affairs took an unfavourable turn; for, upon caſting up the books at the end of the quarter, the *ſtock-purſe* was found deficient ſome hundreds of pounds. This circumſtance cauſed a more minute inveſtigation of their income and expenditure; the reſult of which was, that Mr. Garrick had diſburſed the capital too freely—altercations and diſputes immediately followed, and this *extraordinary kind of commerce* terminated ſoon after in a diſſolution of the partnerſhip.

In the ſpring of this year, *Mr. Sheridan*, the then Dublin Manager, came from Ireland to provide attractive Actors for the enſuing ſeaſon. This gentleman made propoſals to Mr. Macklin, which were accepted. The agreement was, that Mr. and Mrs. Macklin ſhould be engaged for two years, at

a ſalary of 800*l.* per annum, with the allowance of a ſum, to be ſtipulated, for any new Plays or Farces that he might compoſe. Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Macklin ſet out for Ireland, and performed there with wonderful applauſe. The principal characters that he played during his engagement in Dublin with Mr. Sheridan, were *Shylock*, *Scrub*, *Sir Paul Pliant*, *Sir Gilbert Wrangle*, *&c. &c.* but Mr. Macklin did not act long under the management of Mr. Sheridan before ſeveral diſputes took place between them, which at length terminated in a law ſuit. We ſhall here preſent the reader with Mr. Macklin's own account of this tranſaction, copied *verbatim et literatim* from his Memorandum book, now before us—" Mr. " Sheridan brought over Mr. and Mrs. " Macklin from London, and diſcharged " them in the middle of a ſeaſon, without " giving them any notice, or without aſ- " ſigning any cauſe; and at the ſame time " refuſed to pay Mr. Macklin the money " that was due to him, which was 800*l.* ac- " cording to an agreement. Mr. Macklin filed

" a Bill in Chancery againſt him, on which " Mr. Sheridan paid 300*l.* into Court, and " Mr. Macklin took that ſum rather than " be detained unemployed in Ireland, or " wait the event of a Chancery ſuit."

At the time that Mr. Sheridan engaged Mr. and Mrs. Macklin in London, he alſo engaged, in the muſical way, *Mr. and Mrs. Lampe, Signior Paſquali, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Howard, Mrs. Storer, and Mrs. Mozeen.*

All this muſical party, Mr. Victor ſays, were articled for two years. With regard to Mr. Lampe and his wife, we alſo find that Mr. Macklin writes thus—" the ſame kind " of treatment *Mr. Lampe* received reſ- " pecting his agreement with Mr. Sheridan " for his own performance, as a Muſician " and Compoſer, and his wife's as a Singer.— " Mr. Sheridan quarrelled with them—he " would only pay what part of the agree- " ment his own equity thought proper, " which *Mr. Lampe*, like Mr. Macklin,

" accepted, rather than abide the diſtant " event of a Chancery ſuit in a ſtrange Country.

" He quarrelled in the ſame manner with " the *Mitchels*, *Diggs*, *Moſſop*, *Barry*, *Bellamy*, " *Lee*, and *Montgomery*."

In the year 1749, Mr. and Mrs. Macklin left Dublin in conſequence of this diſpute with Mr. Sheridan, and returned to England. Soon after this Mr. Macklin became the Manager of a very excellent Company of Comedians at Cheſter, where he performed with conſiderable ſucceſs. His engagement at Cheſter being over, he ſet out for London, where he arrived during the conteſted election for the City of Weſtminſter, when *Lord Trentham* and *Sir George Vandeput* were candidates. We have often heard Mr. Macklin relate a very curious anecdote reſpecting this conteſted election, which we ſhall beg leave to inſert here:

The late *Dr. Barrowby*, who was Mr. Macklin's particular friend, intereſted himſelf

very much in favour of *Sir George Vandeput*, who was nominated in oppoſition to the Court party. At this period, the Doctor had, for ſome weeks, attended the noted *Joe Weatherby*, maſter of the *Ben Jonſon's Head*, in Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-garden, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the Doctor's viſits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's attachment, had frequently expreſſed her uneaſineſs that her *Joey* could not get up and vote for her good friend, *Lord Trentham*. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were uſed on both ſides to obtain the ſuffrages of the people, the Doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great aſtoniſhment found him up, and almoſt dreſſed by the nurſe and her aſſiſtants.—"Hey-day! what's the cauſe of this?" exclaims *Barrowby*; "why would you get out of bed without my directions?"—"Dear Doctor," ſays *poor Joey*, in broken accents, "I am going to poll."—"To poll!" replies the Doctor, with great warmth, (ſuppoſing that he eſpouſed the ſame ſide that his wife did), "going to the devil you mean!

Why, do you not know that the cold air muſt deſtroy you? Get to bed, man; get to bed as faſt as you can, or immediate death may enſue." —"Oh! Sir, if that is the caſe," returns the patient, in faltering accents, "to be ſure I muſt act as you adviſe me; but I love my country, Sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to ſeize this opportunity to go to Covent Garden Church, and vote for *Sir George Vandeput.*"—"How, *Joey*, for Sir George?"—"Yes, Sir; I wiſh him heartily well."—"Do you?" ſays the medical politician. "Hold! nurſe; don't pull off his ſtockings again; let me feel his pulſe.—Hey! very well; a good firm ſtroke; egad, this will do; you took the pills I ordered laſt night?"—"Yes, Doctor; but they made me very ſick."—"Aye, ſo much the better. How did your maſter ſleep, nurſe?"—"O, charmingly, Sir," replies the nurſe. "Did he? Well, if his mind be uneaſy about this election, he muſt be indulged; diſeaſes of the mind greatly affect thoſe of the body. Come, come, throw a great coat or a blanket about him; it is a fine day; but the ſooner he goes the better; the ſun will be down very ſoon.—

Here, here, lift him up; adad! a ride will do him good: he ſhall go with me to the Huſtings in my chariot." The Doctor was directly obeyed, and poor *Joe Weatherby* was carried in the chariot to the place of poll, where he gave his voice according to his conſcience, amidſt the acclamations of the people, and two hours after his phyſical friend had left him at his own houſe, abſolutely departed this life, loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the Court party.

In the winter of 1749, Mr. and Mrs. Macklin were engaged at Covent Garden, and Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber being ill-treated by Mr. Garrick, deſerted from Drury Lane, and were employed by Mr. Rich; who, at the ſame time, ſtrengthened his Company by the valuable addition of Mr. Quin and Mrs. Woffington.

The Houſe opened on the 24th September, with *The Miſer*. Mr. Macklin played *Lovegold*, to a brilliant audience, and gained wonderful applauſe, and Mrs. Macklin per-

formed *Lappet*, with her accuſtomed ability. Early in October, a very remarkable conteſt took place in the Theatrical World. The Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* was performed at both Houſes for twelve nights ſucceſſively. The lovers at Covent Garden were, Barry and Cibber, while Mr. Garrick and *Miſs Bellamy* ſupported the ſame characters at Drury Lane. In *Romeo* and *Juliet* the author has taken *very unuſual, and very ſucceſsful pains with his female character*. The plot is romantic and irregular, the characters oddly conceived, and ſtrangely jumbled, and the ſcenes are very unequal in point of matter; ſome are extremely inſignificant, and others enchantingly beautiful; the unities are violently, yet not offenſively, broken; and the cataſtrophe is equal, if not ſuperior, to any in the Engliſh Drama. With reſpect to moral, ſome very inſtructive leſſons may be drawn from this piece: firſt, from the Lovers, that diſobedience in Children, or doing what they know is totally againſt parental inclinations, brings on a train of perplexities, and produces the moſt fatal conſequences:—Parents may

learn, that family quarrels are not only unſocially abſurd, but pregnant with miſery to themſelves and their offspring; they may alſo perceive that compelling youth into the matrimonial ſtate, is an unnatural, dangerous exertion of authority; and Duelliſts may infer from fiery *Tibalt's* fall, that the ſword of Fate hangs ſuſpended by a thread over a turbulent diſpoſition.

The hero of this Tragedy is veſted with very warm paſſions, with much love, and what, in that caſe, may well be expected, little prudence. *Romeo* fixes his affections upon *Juliet*, and determines to have her at any rate; the two valuable qualifications of courage and friendſhip he ſeems happily poſſeſſed of; but, upon the whole, ſhews rather an amiable than a great mind; ardent in affection, vehement in rage, poignant in grief:—thus equipped, and ſo circumſtanced as he is, it is not to be wondered at, that he affords a fine opportunity to an Actor for the diſplay of his talents upon the Stage. The reputation of Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber was raiſed to the higheſt degree, by their ſcenes of tender love and pathetic

diſtreſs in this Play. At the time of this conteſt, the opinion of the Public was much divided, with regard to the merits of the Performers:—though the people ran, at firſt, in crowds to decide and criticiſe upon the Actors in this Tragedy, yet there were many who were highly incenſed at the conduct of the Managers, by being obliged to give up the diverſion of the Theatre for almoſt a fortnight, or elſe be under the neceſſity of ſeeing the ſame play repeatedly. The Patentees loſt very conſiderably by this ſtruggle for ſuperiority; for they often played to thin or made-up audiences. We have often heard Mr. Macklin declare, that *Mr. Barry* was the beſt *Romeo* he ever ſaw; and that Mr. *Garrick* was not at all qualified for the part. The amorous harmony of Mr. Barry's features, his melting eyes, and unequalled plaintiveneſs of voice, and his fine graceful figure, gave him very great ſuperiority over Mr. Garrick in this conteſt. Mr. Barry was confeſſedly the beſt lover that ever appeared on the ſtage. In the garden ſcenes of the ſecond and fourth act, and in the tomb ſcene, he was ſuper-eminently great

and affecting: indeed, he bore away the palm from Mr. Garrick in this part; but Mrs. Cibber's ſtrength failing, another Play was obliged to be announced at Covent Garden, which enabled Mr. Garrick, as Mr. Davies ſays, 'if he did not abſolutely conquer the enemy, to keep the field, and to cloſe the long conteſt with a diverting Epilogue, which was ſpoken by Mrs. Clive.' The character of *Mercutio*, that peculiar offspring of ſpirited imagination, was admirably ſupported by Mr. Macklin on this occaſion. This Theatrical Neſtor preſerved in this, as well as all other characters, the author's ſenſe critically, and was as whimſical as the author could wiſh; and Mrs. Macklin was as petulant a Nurſe as ever was ſeen. The revival of *The Refuſal* this ſeaſon, by Mr. Macklin, was peculiarly beneficial to the treaſury, and his *Sir Gilbert Wrangle* was a fine ſpecimen of capital acting.

Chap. XX.

THE next Play that was got up this year at Covent Garden was *Othello*, in which Barry and Macklin, and Quin and Ryan, played alternately. When Barry acted *Othello*, Macklin was the *Iago*; when Quin played *Othello*, Ryan performed *Iago*. Here again Mr. Macklin pronounced judgment in favour of *Mr. Barry*, who, he ſaid, did not 'o'erſtep the modeſty of nature,' when he exhibited the extravagant paſſions of the Moor. The external appearance of Mr. Quin was not calculated to engage *Deſdemona*: his perſon was clumſy, his declamation heavy, his paſſions bellowing, his emphaſis affected, and his under ſtrokes growling. He was accuſtomed to play *Othello* in a large powdered major wig, which, with the black face, made ſuch a magpye appearance of his head, as tended more to make the people laugh than cry. Mr. Ryan was as far behind Mr. Macklin in *Iago*, as Quin was inferior to Barry in *Othello*. In his plauſibility

and eaſe he was very commendable; but he appeared very deficient in deſign.

Mr. Garrick once took it into his head to play *Othello*, and in a *Mooriſh dreſs*; an alteration which was not only abſurd in the extreme, as it muſt naturally be ſuppoſed that a *Venetian General* would uſually wear a *Venetian* habit, but as it tended to make his own figure more *petit* than it really was, which was quite unneceſſary. After the performance was over, a gentleman called upon *Mr. Quin* to give him an account of it, when the latter, with the utmoſt good humour, exclaimed, "You muſt be miſtaken, my dear friend, the *little man* could not appear as the Moor; he muſt rather look like *Deſdemona's little black boy*, that attends her *tea-kettle*." And, indeed, this obſervation of Mr. Quin was not merely a witty *impromptu*, but it was founded in truth; for the great Roſcius, not feeling himſelf equal to the part, and conſcious of the degradation of his figure in the character, never ventured to perform it again.

In the hiſtory of the Stage, there is ſcarcely any thing more ſingular than the circumſtances which have attended the performance of this character, by a perſon of the name of *Stephens*, a button-maker, who reſided in *Paternoſter Row*. *Mr. Samuel Stephens* had been for many years a conſtant attendant at the Theatre, and eſpecially at that period when Mr. Booth acted the principal characters in Tragedy. Among his acquaintances he had frequently repeated ſpeeches, or favourite portions of Plays, eſpecially from *Othello*. He was told by his friends, that his voice reſembled that of Mr. Booth, both in ſtrength and melody, and his imitation of that great actor's manner was juſt, as well as pleaſing. He was, at length, tempted to make an offer of his ſervices to Mr. Rich, who had juſt loſt his great Tragedian, Mr. Quin, who had left his old maſter, and was engaged at Drury Lane. In conſequence of ſome temporary agreement with Mr. Rich, *Stephens* ventured, in 1734, to perform his favourite character of *Othello*.

His figure was not unſuitable to the part, and he had, by cloſe attention, acquired ſome of Mr. Booth's happy tones. The audience were equally ſurpriſed and delighted at the performance; and, during that paſſionate ſcene between the *Moor* and *Iago*, in the 3d act, the pit cried out, "*Bravo! bravo! better than Quin! better than Quin!*" For ſix or ſeven nights ſucceſſively, this man drew after him very large audiences. During this time *Mr. Quin* avoided going to the Coffee Houſe that he uſually frequented, leſt he ſhould be affronted by the loud praiſes beſtowed upon the *button-maker*. However, the charm was not wound up ſo powerfully as to laſt long; *Rich*, either through miſtake or deſign, perſuaded the new Actor to chooſe *Polydore*, in the Orphan, for his ſecond character, than which nothing could have been more ill-adviſed. *Stephens* was in form, bulky; in the management of his voice, aukward, and advanced beyond his fortieth year. This act of indiſcretion was equally hurtful to the Actor and Manager. The ladies, more eſpecially, were diſpleaſed with ſuch a miſrepreſentation of a

young, gay libertine, dreſſed in a large full-bottomed wig, and red ſtockings, though they had been laid aſide by all the faſhionable people for ſome time; but Mr. Ryan's predilection for that colour kept them too long on the Stage. However, the audience did not forget the pleaſure that *Stephens* afforded them in *Othello;* they forbore, on that account, from ſhewing any marks of diſpleaſure to his *Polydore*. To recover the good opinion of the public, he was forced to hide himſelf in his black viſor again. *Stephens* acted ſeveral characters, particularly the *Duke of York*, in *Richard II.* with ſome degree of approbation; but, as he never came up to his firſt attempt, he declined gradually in the public eſtimation. He ended at laſt in an Itinerant Player. His laſt Stage was Bath, where he died in 1764, reſpected for his general good behaviour.

The fame of Mr. Macklin was now ſpread abroad, and his merit as an Actor was univerſally allowed and admired. He was conſidered to be the only perſon that had reduced

Acting to a ſcience, and Performers were improving every day by his advice and inſtructions. But his Dramatic Lectures were not confined ſolely to perſons employed on the Stage. People of the firſt rank and character became his pupils, and profited, in an eminent degree, by his manner of teaching elocution, till then unknown in Dramatic Science.

In the year 1751, ſome ladies and gentlemen of faſhion became deſirous of performing in public, in order to diſplay their own acquirements and abilities, and, at the ſame time, to give an inconteſtible proof of Mr. Macklin's eminence in Theatrical Inſtruction. A Play performed on the common Stage, by perſons of diſtinction, is an incident that this nation has, perhaps, the honour of having firſt produced to the world. Some gentlemen, long celebrated for their taſte and accompliſhments, were determined to give their friends and acquaintances an uncommon entertainment, and to do it in an uncommon manner. Theatrical performances had been, at that time, often exhibited by charac-

ters in the upper circles, and always with ſucceſs; but the *apparatus* of a regular Theatre had been wanting in all thoſe repreſentations, and the whole had been greatly hurt by that deficiency. The juſt ſenſe that the perſons who were at the head of this ſcheme entertained of things, could not ſuffer them to think, that, if the action itſelf were not blameable, the place, on this occaſion, could not make it ſo; nor could their ſpirit ſubmit to their doing any thing imperfectly, either for the want of the neceſſary expence, or of the courage to do what was no way really exceptionable, though out of the common road. They hired the theatre at Drury-lane, for the night; they gave their friends as many tickets as would fill it, and exhibited their Performance with all the pomp and decoration of the moſt regularly concerted entertainment of the kind.

As but a thouſand people could be happy enough to ſee this, out of twenty thouſand that deſired it, very wiſe arrangements were adopted by the Managers to render every thing

commodious and agreeable to the audience. It is greatly to the honour of thoſe gentlemen, that the tickets were ſo carefully diſpoſed of, that the women of the town, who can very ſeldom be kept out of any place of entertainment, who find their way into the boxes of the *Opera*, the pit at the *Oratorio*, and the private *Maſquerades* of the *firſt Nobility*, and who had, at leaſt, ten times as much mind to this, as they ever could have to any of thoſe entertainments, yet found no poſſibility of admittance. The Conductors of the plan knew that every part of the houſe would be full of perſons of the firſt faſhion, and they paid them the juſt and ſenſible compliment of keeping all improper people from among them. The tickets expreſſed no particular part of the Houſe, ſo that thoſe only who came firſt had the advantage of the beſt places: by this means the whole Houſe was filled with equally good company: and half a dozen Stars glittered for the firſt, and probably for the laſt, time, in the upper gallery. Part of the Royal Family did them the honour of filling the Stage Box, and every corner of the Houſe beſides glittered

with diamonds and embroidery. The accommodations were fit for the company; the band of muſic was a very fine one, and the houſe was in every part illuminated with wax lights: the ſcenes were proper, as well as beautiful; and the dreſſes not only magnificent, but well fancied, and adapted to the characters. *Othello's* was a robe, in the faſhion of his country; *Roderigo's* an elegant modern ſuit, and *Caſſio's* and *Iago's* very rich uniforms.

The play was caſt in the following manner:

MEN.

Othello . .	Sir Francis Delaval.
Iago . .	John Delaval, Eſq.
Caſſio . .	—— Delaval, Eſq.
Brabantio and Lodovico	Sim. Pine, Eſq.
Roderigo . .	Capt. Stephens.

WOMEN.

Deſdemona . . .	Mrs. Quon.
Æmilia . . .	Mrs. Stevens.

The terrors of an Audience to perſons not accuſtomed to ſpeak in public, are not to be got abſolutely over by all the reſolution in the world. It might eaſily be perceived, that every one of the Performers laboured, in ſome degree, under the effect of fear. The management of the voice, in adapting it to the ſpace it is to fill, is another circumſtance alſo to which thoſe Performers muſt have been perfect ſtrangers. A public rehearſal on the Stage could have done nothing towards informing them in this point, ſince the ſame houſe empty, and filled with an audience, is, in this reſpect, a perfectly different place.

If we weigh theſe circumſtances together, we ſhall ſee the infinite diſadvantages with which theſe gentlemen ſet out, in compariſon of thoſe whoſe nightly taſk it is to act; and ſhall be able to form ſome judgment of what were their talents and abilities, when it is aſſerted, that the greateſt part of the Play

was much better performed than it ever was upon any Stage before.

In the whole, there was a face of nature that no Theatrical Piece, acted upon any private Stage, ever came up to. It was evident, that the Performers felt every ſentiment that they were to expreſs; and were not reduced to labour at an imitation of what would be done in real life on the occaſion, but were inſpired, by the ſentiment, to be the thing the Author repreſented. The figure of *Othello* was undoubtedly one of the fineſt ever produced on a ſtage; his deportment, in the whole, was majeſtic, without pomp; and his ſenſe of the paſſions, the Author has thrown into his part, quick, and exquiſite. The animated expreſſion—

——— "Had all his hairs been lives,
My great revenge had ſtomach for them all!"

was, perhaps, never ſo well ſpoken before: his expreſſion of his anguiſh, by the mono-

ſyllable "*Oh!*" was truly affecting. But what he was peculiarly ſuperior to every perſon in, was the natural expreſſion of the lover and the gentleman, when, in the laſt act, he is informed, by *Caſſio*, that he had given him no provocation for the revenge he had meditated againſt him, the Author gives him no more to ſay than—

"I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon!"

But the manner in which SIR FRANCIS took the hand of the man he had injured, while he ſpoke this, had ſomething in it ſo like the man of honour, and ſo unlike all imitation, that the audience could not be eaſily reconciled afterwards to the hearing it from any body elſe. His embracing *Deſdæmona*, on their meeting in *Cyprus*, ſet many a fair breaſt among the audience a palpitating.

His manner of throwing his arms about her, and the jocund expreſſion of his countenance at that inſtant, afforded the ſpectators a fine picture of *Cowley's* embrace—

" Then like ſome wealthy iſland thou ſhalt be,
And like the ſea about it I;
Thou like fair ALBION to the ſailor's ſight,
Spreading thy boſom ſnowy white;
Like the kind ocean I will be,
With love's ſoft arms ever ſurrounding thee."

MR. J. DELAVAL, (now LORD DELAVAL) in the character of *Iago*, was more than it was poſſible to expect or conceive from a perſon who had not trod the Stage before. His eaſe in the character was amazing; his whole deportment ſo much the gentleman; ſo perfectly adapted to every circumſtance of the character, and ſo elegant in propriety, that his audience were not only delighted, but aſtoniſhed at his acting. He every where conveyed the full ſenſe of the Author's expreſſion, and exaggerated it no where. His eye worked as much as his tongue, and he was

equally intent on his plots, when engaged in the dialogue, and when out of it: upon the whole, the Player was loſt in the Man. He was perfectly the character that Shakſpeare drew, and yet he ſeemed modelled on his own thoughts; not repreſenting, but really tranſacting, the ſeveral ſcenes he was engaged in. Mr. Macklin got great honour, and deſervedly, by his pupils on this occaſion.

The youngeſt MR. DELAVAL gained great applauſe in *Caſſio*, and he merited it all. The drunken ſcene, which is the capital one in the part, and a very difficult one to ſucceed in, he was very excellent in; and his recovery to ſobriety, though a bold and forced paſſage in the Author, was rendered natural by his manner of performing it. *Roderigo* was the character that Shakſpeare intended he ſhould be, though not exactly what has been uſed to be palmed upon us for Shakſpeare's *Roderigo*. *Deſdemona* had all the native honeſty and candour in her face that the Poet meant to

make an example of; and when, at her firſt ſetting out,

> " Whilſt ſhe aſſay'd to ſpeak, the accents hung,
> And, faltering, died, unfiniſh'd on her tongue."

The native modeſty of the character charmed the audience exceedingly. *Æmilia* was, as ſhe ſhould be, ſtrictly natural. The performers were all perfect in their parts, and, what is ſeldom obſerved by the beſt experienced actors, they were, through the Play, *conſtant in their attention, and characteriſtic in their manners.* Their elocution was natural and eaſy; free from the *whine*, the *mouthing*, the *cant*, the *clap-trap trick*, and the *falſe conſequence*, ſo often hackneyed upon the Stage. Of the Royal Family, there were preſent, their Royal Highneſſes the Prince and Princeſs of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, the Princeſs Amelia, Prince George, and Princeſs Auguſta. The ſtreets and avenues to the Theatre were ſo filled with coaches and chairs, that the greateſt part of the gentlemen and ladies were obliged to

wade through dirt and filth to get to the houſe, which afforded diverſion and benefit for pick-pockets. In ſhort, the crowd was ſo great, that many ſtars and garters appeared in the public houſes adjacent to the Theatre, to wait for entrance with greater ſafety.

The dreſſes and expence of the houſe, which was 150*l.* amounted to upwards of one thouſand pounds. The whole of this buſineſs was ſuperintended by Mr. Macklin, who, thus careſſed by all ranks, and in the very midſt of triumph and applauſe, had ſtill another pleaſure to enjoy. He had to experience the gratification that was to reſult from the poliſhed education of his daughter, who was now arrived at the period that ſhe was to diſplay her talents and accompliſhments on the public Theatre. Mr. Macklin was, perhaps, the fondeſt of all fond parents—he had ſet his heart upon his child, and the time was now come, when he was to be the witneſs of his daughter's merit, and the ſharer of the unbounded approbation which ſhe was to receive from an admiring Public. She made

her firſt appearance at Covent-Garden, in the character of *Athenais*, in LEE's Tragedy of *Theodoſius*, and gained uncommon applauſe. Her father's commendable vanity was now raiſed to the higheſt pinnacle of human gratification; in ſhort, the meaſure of his happineſs was full. The plot of this tragedy is regular, and ſome of the ſcenes peculiarly tender. Many of the ſentiments are brilliant, and the verſification flowing; but theſe beauties are accompanied with a great deal of diſagreeable, unintelligible, bombaſt. In the compoſition of the tragedy of *Theodoſius*, the Author has certainly diſplayed great genius, but, at the ſame time, evinced very little judgment. The character of *Athenais* is by far the moſt eſtimable one in the piece, for ſhe maintains that exalted virtue practically, which *Leontine*, her father, only admires and recommends ſpeculatively. Miſs Macklin was ſingularly pleaſing in this part. Perhaps this lady is the only inſtance of a perſon being regularly bred to the ſtage: the general attractions to this way of life, are love of indolence, and loſs of fortune; as if inclination

alone could fit them for a profeſſion that requires the moſt univerſal exertion of talents of any other; and where a ſingle deficiency is often the cauſe of precluding them the encouragement of the public. Mr. Macklin, to prepare her regularly for the Stage, had her inſtructed in all the branches of polite education that entitle a lady to the firſt circles of life. At a very early age ſhe could ſpeak French and Italian fluently, nor was ſhe leſs deficient in muſic, drawing, and a perfect knowledge of the *belles lettres*; ſo that, at the age of eighteen, Miſs Macklin was reckoned one of the moſt accompliſhed women in England.

The next part that Miſs Macklin performed was *Polly*, in the *Beggar's Opera*. In this character ſhe had more ſcope for the diſplay of her abilities than in *Athenais*. Polly is an agreeable young woman, imprudent, yet delicate, and conſtant in affection. No character in the drama has furniſhed ſo many young adventurers as this, ſeveral of whom have made ample proviſion for themſelves,

through her introduction into life. Miſs Macklin was to the eye, heart, and ear, every thing that an audience could wiſh: her ſenſibility of countenance; her elegant figure, and taſte in muſic; her juſt emphaſis, and melodious voice, empowered her to do the part particular juſtice, and to gratify the underſtanding in the moſt ample manner.

On the 24th of March, 1753, Mr. Macklin had a benefit at Covent-Garden Theatre. Upon theſe occaſions, it has been cuſtomary with Actors to entertain their audience with as much *novelty* as they poſſibly can. We allow the intention to be very good, but, in various inſtances, the execution has been moſt wretched.

Neither Actors nor Actreſſes ſhould convert their benefit-nights into a *firſt appearance*, in new characters, *merely for the ſake of novelty*. If they are deſirous of treating their friends, who are ſuppoſed to be preſent on ſuch occaſions, they ſhould perform that character in which they have been moſt admired by the

Public. They ſhould not impoſe that upon their friends, which they would be afraid to repreſent to the Public.

But what we have juſt now obſerved, does not, in the ſmalleſt degree, apply to the choice Mr. Macklin made for the entertainment of his friends. The bill of fare contained the Tragedy of *The Fair Penitent*, and *The Engliſhman in Paris*. MR. ROWE wrote his *Fair Penitent* at a time when the Genius of Literature derived nouriſhment from the beams of Royal Favor; and this Tragedy, conſidered in the ſeveral lights of character, ſentiment, regularity, plot, ſpirit, and pathos, ſtands to this day in eſtimation, at leaſt equal to any, except thoſe of Shakſpeare. The compoſitions of *Rowe* are remarkable for richneſs of fancy, purity of language, juſtneſs of images, and harmony of numbers; but his genius was rather too poetical for the drama, of which every piece he wrote, as well as this, is an evident proof. But the abſurd manner of Theatrical Speaking, in his time, might lead him to monotony in compo-

ſition, and jingling rhymes, at the end of acts.

Lothario is the moſt reproachable character this moral author ever drew; and, indeed, (in the language of an eminent critic) as dangerous a one as we know: like a ſnake with a beautious variegated ſkin, which lures the unguarded hand to a poiſonous touch, this licentious gallant gilds his pernicious principles with very deluſive qualifications, eſpecially for the fair ſex; and yet, upon examination, we do not find one trace of intrinſic merit in his compoſition. He is ſprightly, voluble, amorous, and poſſeſſed of ſome courage; but the reverſe ſhews him vain, ſuperficial, inconſtant, and malevolent; capable not only of ruining a credulous woman who loves him, but, on pretence of reſentment againſt the man who has married her, forward to expoſe her fatal weakneſs, and his own inhuman triumph over her unſuſpecting virtue.

The character of *Sciolto* was performed, on this occaſion, by Mr. Macklin. Mr. Barry was the *Horatio*, and *Miſs Macklin* played *Caliſta*. The ſituations that *Sciolto*, who is a nobleman in principles, as well as rank, is placed in, awake the tendereſt paſſions of the human heart. We find him throughout nice in his honor, delicate in his patronage, and warm in his parental affection. His eagerneſs for the happineſs of a darling daughter, and the ſon of a valued friend, whom he has married her to on the moſt generous and diſintereſted principles, and his miſerable diſappointment in ſuch a commendable expectation, were chaſtely depicted by Mr. Macklin, whoſe tranſitions of countenance, breaks of expreſſion, and melting cadences of grief, were happily ſuited to the character, and received the ſtamp of approbation from Public Taſte. The *Horatio* of Mr. Barry was rendered very agreeable by a fine figure and pleaſing voice; but he was faint and inſipid in ſuſtaining the ſpirit and ſedateneſs of the character. When the charge of forgery is brought home to *Lothario*, who

only anſwers in a doubtful ſtyle, *Horatio* utters a moſt beautiful ſarcaſm againſt him, and all other pernicious reptiles of his nature, which we cannot avoid quoting—

" Away!—no woman could deſcend ſo low;
A ſkipping, dancing, worthleſs tribe ye are,
Fit only for yourſelves: ye herd together,
And when the circling glaſs warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties, which you never ſaw,
And fancy raptures which you never knew!
Legends of ſaints, who never yet had being,
Or being, ne'er were ſaints, are not ſo falſe
As the fond tales which you recount of love!"

Of Miſs Macklin's *Caliſta*, we need only ſay, that ſhe was highly pleaſing to cultivated taſte. She was very affecting in the fourth act ſcene with *Lothario*, where ſhe expreſſes herſelf thus—

" The hours of folly and of fond delight,
Are waſted all, and fled; thoſe that remain
Are doomed to weeping, anguiſh, and repentance!"

Mr. and Mrs. Macklin ſpoke an Occaſional Prologue, and Miſs Macklin an Epilogue, which was written by Mr. Foote, who preſented his new farce to Mr. Macklin for his benefit. The character of *Lucinda*, in the farce of *The Engliſhman in Paris*, was drawn on purpoſe to introduce Miſs Macklin to advantage, and to give an additional proof to the town, that Mr. Macklin had not ſpared any expence to render the education and accompliſhments of his daughter worthy the notice of the Public. The Dancing and Muſic-maſter were purpoſely introduced, to prove her various excellencies.

On the 24th April, 1753, Miſs Macklin had *The Orphan* and the *Engliſhman in Paris*, performed for her benefit. She played the part of *Monimia*, and looked, and ſpoke all the paſſages of amorous feeling admirably. Her conception of the rage and diſtreſs of this character was critically correct.

The *Orphan*, of OTWAY, moſt certainly poſſeſſes many ſtrokes of peculiar ſenſibility

but the plot abounds with improbable irregularities, and is originally founded upon a moſt groſs and offenſive principle. Human nature is here repreſented in a moſt unfavourable point of view. There is nothing but licentiouſneſs, blood, and death, throughout the Tragedy, without the ſhadow of a moral. Indeed, we moſt ardently wiſh, that it was baniſhed for ever from the Cloſet and the Stage, for it is extremely pernicious, and exhibits a lamentable ſpecimen of the vile proſtitution of *Otway's* talents, who, if he could not lay claim to the nobleſt, yet he has been generally and juſtly allowed ſome of the tendereſt, flights of genius that ever graced dramatic compoſition. But, alas! by his life, as well as his pen, we perceive him to have been deeply tainted with licentiouſneſs of taſte, and depravity of manners.

Covent-Garden Theatre cloſed this ſeaſon, on Saturday, 24th May, with *Romeo* and *Juliet*. This was the laſt time that Mrs. Cibber performed with her firſt *Romeo*. She engaged at Drury-lane, the ſeaſon follow-

ing. The ſucceſſor to Mrs. Cibber was Miſs Noſſiter.

On the 10th of October, the enſuing ſeaſon, Mr. Barry introduced the following compliment to Mrs. Cibber, during the performance of *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

"Who cou'd have thought that *Juliet* e'er cou'd prove,
Falſe to her *Romeo*, faithleſs to her love;
She on whoſe voice th' enraptur'd audience hung,
Caught by the angelic muſic of her tongue."

Chap. XXI.

MR. MACKLIN being now advanced into the 64th year of his age, was induced, from a variety of motives, to think of a retreat. He had by this time realized a pretty handſome fortune, by his induſtry and exertions; and he was reſolved not to remain upon the Stage till his powers of acting were weakened by age and infirmity. He was a very convivial man, although he never

drank to excefs. It may be readily fuppofed that, as an eminent Actor and Teacher of Elocution, and as a public man, the circle of his friends and acquaintances muft have been very extenfive. He was alfo patronized and refpected by the moft eminent characters of thofe days.

Mr. Macklin was very fond of being independent, and this fondnefs was increafed ftill more, by the unjuft treatment that he had experienced both from Managers and Actors. He had encountered the prodigality and oppreffive tyranny of *Fleetwood*, the unprovoked and unwarrantable conduct of *Sheridan*, and the apoftacy, envy, and treachery of *Garrick*. As he never acted unhandfomely, or unjuftly, to any Manager or Actor, he conceived that he was not bound to brook infult, fuffer oppreffion, or endure injuftice, from any man. He accordingly refolved, to take leave of the Stage, and to fet up for himfelf upon a new plan. In purfuance of this refolution, Mr. Macklin clofed his Dramatic career, at leaft for fome time, on the 20th December, 1753. The per-

formances of the night conſiſted of "*The Refuſal*, or *the Lady's Philoſophy*," and, "*The* "*Engliſhman in Paris*"—Mr. Macklin played *Sir Gilbert Wrangle*, Mrs. Macklin *Lady Wrangle*; and Miſs Macklin, *Charlotte*.—The unbounded approbation of the Audience on that night, bore the moſt ample teſtimony of their ſatisfaction, and the Actors' merit—they regretted loudly, and repeatedly, the retirement of their old favourite.

At the end of the performance, Mr. Macklin advanced towards the Audience with viſible emotion in his countenance, and evidently labouring under much embarraſſment of mind, and after a pauſe of a few moments, during which time he ſeemed to have recovered himſelf, ſpoke the following farewell epilogue:—

Poor I, toſs'd up and down from ſhore to ſhore,
Sick, wet, and weary, will to ſea no more;
Yet 'tis ſome comfort, tho' I quit the trade,
That this laſt voyage with ſucceſs is made,
The ſhip full laden, and the freight all paid.

Since, then, for reaſons I the Stage give o'er,
And, for your ſakes, write *Tragedies no more;
Some other ſchemes, of courſe, poſſeſs my brain,
For he who once has eat, muſt eat again.
And leſt this lank, this melancholy Phiz,
Should grow more lank, more diſmal than it is;
A ſcheme I have in hand, will make you ſtare!
Tho' off the Stage, I ſtill muſt be the Play'r.
Still muſt I follow the Theatric plan,
Exert my comic powers, draw all I can,
And to each gueſt appear a diff'rent man.
I (like my liquors) muſt each palate hit,
Rake with the wild, be ſober with the Cit,
Nay, ſometimes, act my beſt becoming part—the Wit.
With Politicians I muſt nod—ſeem full—
And act my beſt becoming part—the Dull.
My plan is this—man's form'd a ſocial creature,
Requiring converſe by the laws of nature;
And as the moon can raiſe the ſwelling flood,
Or as the mind is influenc'd by the blood,
So—do I make myſelf well underſtood?
I'm puzzled, faith—let us, like *Bayes*, agree it,
Youll know my plot much better when you ſee it.
But truce with jeſting, let me now impart,
The warm o'erflowings of a grateful heart;
Come good, come bad, while life or mem'ry laſt,
My mind ſhall treaſure up your favours paſt;

* Mr. Macklin produced his Tragedy of King Henry VII. in 1746.

And might one added boon increaſe the ſtore,
With much leſs ſorrow ſhould I quit this ſhore;
To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
Protect the pledge my fondneſs leaves behind.
To you, her guardians, I reſign my care,
Let her, with others, your indulgence ſhare;
Whate'er MY fate, if this my wiſh prevails,
'Twill glad the FATHER, tho' the ſchemiſt fails.

After bowing in the moſt profound manner, Mr. Macklin retired amidſt the plaudits and acclamations of a moſt crowded and brilliant Audience.

Mr. Macklin now loſt no time in carrying the ſcheme alluded to in his farewell addreſs into immediate execution. He opened a large Tavern and Coffee Houſe under the Piazza in Covent Garden, next door to the Playhouſe. To fit up this houſe in the moſt commodious and ſuperb ſtyle he ſpared no expence—Choice wines of the higheſt price, and abundance of proviſions were laid in—bar-maids, cooks, waiters, and ſervants of all deſcriptions were immediately hired, and ſet in motion by the great crowds

of perſons, of all denominations, that came every day to crack a *bottle* and a *joke* with their old friend. At one table, and at another table, below ſtairs, and above ſtairs, the company of Mr. Macklin was ſought after with great eagerneſs. His humorous anecdotes, witty repartees, and entertaining ſtories, gave an admirable zeſt to the produce of the larder and the cellar. One would have imagined, that ſuch a very buſtling kind of life would have furniſhed ample employment for the mind of Mr. Macklin, however active it might be—but he was not eaſy, he was not ſatisfied, till he was doing ſomething in his own way. He was deſirous of giving lectures on various ſubjects, and of inſtructing *Theatrical Tyros* in elocution, and in the art and duty of an Actor. With this view he opened a Lecture-Room in Hart Street, Covent Garden, which he ſtyled "*The Britiſh Inquiſition.*"

By the Papers now before us, it is evident that Mr. Macklin intended to have delivered Lectures upon *Acting*, *Politics*, *Newſpa-*

pers, Garrick-bane, and various other ſubjects. We ſhall preſent the reader with the following Advertiſement, which was publiſhed by Mr. Macklin in the year 1754, and which will give him an idea of the *Inſtitution*, and of the whole of his Plan:

"At *Macklin's* Great Room, in Hart-Street, Covent-Garden, this day, being the 22d of this inſtant November, will be opened,

THE BRITISH INQUISITION.

"This Inſtitution is upon the plan of the ancient Greek, Roman, and modern French and Italian Societies,—of liberal Inveſtigation. Such ſubjects in Arts, Sciences, Literature, Criticiſm, Philoſophy, Hiſtory, Politics, and Morality, as ſhall be found uſeful and entertaining to ſociety, will there be lectured upon, and freely debated. Particularly, Mr. Macklin intends to lecture upon the Comedy of the Ancients, the uſe of their Maſks and Flutes, their Mimes and Pantomimes, and the uſe and abuſe of the Stage.—He will likewiſe lecture upon the

Riſe and Progreſs of the Modern Theatres, and make a Compariſon between them and thoſe of Greece and Rome, and between each other.—He purpoſes to lecture alſo upon each of Shakſpeare's Plays; to conſider the original Stories from whence they are taken; the artificial or inartificial uſe, according to the laws of the Drama, that Shakſpeare has made of them:—his Fable, Moral, Character, Paſſions, Manners, will likewiſe be criticiſed, and how his capital characters have been acted heretofore, are acted, and ought to be acted. And as the Deſign of this Inquiry is to endeavour at an acquiſition of truth in matters of Taſte, particularly Theatrical, the Lecture being ended, any gentleman may offer his thoughts upon the ſubject. The doors will be opened at five, and the Lecture begin preciſely at ſeven o'clock, every Monday and Friday evening.

"Ladies will be admitted. Price 1s. each perſon.

"The firſt Lecture will be on *Hamlet*.

" N. B. The Queſtion to be debated after the Lecture will be, '*Whether the people of Great Britain have profited by their Intercourſe with, or their Imitation of, the French Nation?*'

" There is a Public Ordinary every day at four o'clock, price 3s. Each perſon to drink Port, Claret, or whatever liquor he ſhall chooſe.

" This evening the Public Subſcription Card Room will be opened. Subſcriptions taken in by Mr. Macklin."

Mr. Macklin alſo gave Readings from Milton, Young, and ſeveral other Authors. His Audiences were very numerous, and he had two or three Pupils at the time, among whom was an eminent Senator. The great ſucceſs that attended Mr. Macklin's *Britiſh Inquiſition*, at the outſet, raiſed up againſt him the envy of Foote, then the Manager of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, who brought out an Entertainment to ridicule

the whole of Mr. Macklin's undertaking. In conſequence of this unprovoked, unwarrantable attack, Mr. Macklin retorted upon Foote with great juſtice and ſeverity. The contention, however, became injurious to both parties: for the Haymarket Theatre was, ſoon after, entirely deſerted by the public; and certain unfavourable circumſtances, which we ſhall relate hereafter, brought Mr. Macklin's Inſtitution to a ſudden cloſe.

We ſhall preſent the reader with the following ſpecimens of the lectures which were intended for delivery, and which we have copied *verbatim* from the papers of Mr. Macklin, that are now before us.

"THE ART AND DUTY OF AN ACTOR.

"It is the duty of an Actor always to know the Paſſion and the Humour of each Character ſo correctly, ſo intimately, and (if you will allow me the expreſſion) to feel it ſo enthuſiaſtically, as to be able to define and deſcribe it as a Philoſopher; to give its operations on the looks,

tones, and geſtures of general nature, as it is ranked in claſſes of characters; and to mould all this knowledge, mental and corporeal, to the characteriſtic that the poet has given to a particular Character.

" If the Actor has not this philoſophical knowledge of the Paſſions, it is impoſſible for him to imitate them with fidelity. It is becauſe Shakſpeare knew the Paſſions, their objects, and their operations, that he has drawn them ſo faithfully. It is manifeſt, that Paſſions take their habits and characteriſtics in Attornies, Barriſters, and Judges; Subalterns and Generals; Curates and Biſhops; Clerks and Merchants; Sailors, Midſhipmen, Captains, and Admirals; Labourers, Farmers, Yeomen, and ruſtic 'Squires; Dancing-maſters, Fiddlers, Toothdrawers, Muſic-maſters, and Hair-dreſſers: they are all to be diſtinguiſhed into *genus, ſpecies,* and individual characteriſtics, like Dogs, Fowl, Apples, Plums, and the like *genus, ſpecies,* and individuals of the creation. —Women muſt be claſſed in the ſame manner.

" Now, unleſs the Actor knows the genus, ſpecies, and characteriſtic, that he is about to imitate, he will fall ſhort in his execution. The Actor muſt reſtrict all his powers, and convert them to the purpoſe of imitating the *looks*, *tones*, and *geſtures*, that can beſt deſcribe the characteriſtic that the Poet has drawn: for each Paſſion and Humour has its *genus* of *looks*, *tones*, and *geſtures*, its *ſpecies*, and its individual characteriſtic.

" *Avarice*, for inſtance, has its *genus*, *ſpecies*, and individual characteriſtic. *Moliere* has given the *genus*.

" As the Poet hath drawn an individual characteriſtic, ſo ought it to be repreſented: the Actor muſt take eſpecial care not to mould and ſuit the character to his looks, tones geſtures, and manners; if he does ſo, it will then become the Actor's character, and not the Poet's.—No; he muſt ſuit his looks, tones, geſtures, and manners to the character:—the ſuiting the character to the powers of the Actor, is impoſture. I have ſeen *King*

Lear, *Hamlet*, and *Richard* III. acted without one look, tone, or geſture, or manners of Shakſpeare.

"I have ſeen *Lord Townly* and *The Miſer* done in the ſame way."

"ON ACTING.

"*Acting*.—A fit ſubject for a lecture; all people judge of it; ſome merely from the pleaſure they receive from the Poet and the Actor indiſcriminately; others diſtinguiſh *that portion* which they receive from each, but without entering into the ſcience, or the art of Acting.

"There are various kinds of judges, and of critics; males and females; ſuch as Milliners, Mantua-makers, Ladies' Waiting-maids, and Women of Faſhion, to an infinity.

"It would be highly entertaining to give the ridiculous judgments of each.

"Truth in Art, Science, Religion, or Politics, is known to but very few, and none but thoſe very few will take pains to ſearch for Truth; though all delight in Truth, except the envious and the ignorant.

"What is Character? The Alphabet will tell you. It is that which is diſtinguiſhed by its own marks from every other thing of its kind.

"The voice of the Actor muſt alter in its intonations, according to the qualities that the words expreſs: from this idea Muſic ſeems to have taken its birth. The number ſeven harmonizes in Muſic, and ſo it does in Acting."

"On Newspapers.

"*A Newſpaper* may be compared to a Sophiſt;—it can take any ſide of the queſtion. There never was a character ſo pure white that it cannot blacken, nor one ſo black that it cannot whiten. For inſtance, *Lord Chatham*. There was no man more able in office; he was pure as innocence; he never ſuffered any

perquiſites, though ſanctified by uſage, to defile his ſervice, or enrich his coffers: every man has a certain paſſion, which he loves to indulge in preference to all the others. The great Miniſter I ſpeak of had his favourite paſſion, which he gratified by the Wiſdom of a Meaſure, by a Veracity, a Plainneſs, a Preciſion, and Diſpatch, in all Negotiations with foreign States. He obſerved a ſtrict honeſty in the fulfilment of his Treaties, on the part of his Country; and he always endeavoured to puniſh a breach of them, on the part of other Powers, by the Compulſion of immediate Reparation, either by Remonſtrance or Force of Arms.—Well, what was the conſequence? Why, the Pride, the Virtue, the Wiſdom, and the Courage of the Nation, conſented to ſuch Meaſures with one voice, and brilliant Victory followed.

"And could the Editor of a *Newſpaper* blacken the character of ſuch a man as this? Yes; Sir, as black as the moſt venal, debauched, ignorant Miniſter, that ever contributed to ruin a nation.

"That is wonderful, indeed!—Not at all, Sir; the Public, when once corrupted themſelves, are ready to believe every man as vicious as themſelves: they have, as it were, an intereſt in the vice of every individual; for the greateſt ſatire upon vice is virtuous conduct. As Doctors live by diſeaſes, ſo Newſpapers are ſupported by the idle, univerſal curioſity, and univerſal depravity of the times."

"GARRICK-BANE.

"The *Garrick-bane* was invented by a *Quack*, ſomewhere about Wapping; one Doctor *Guichard*, or *Giffard*, was the purchaſer of it: he bought it, according to report, from a *little Smouſe*, a damned ſly little fellow, who was quacking about town, in clubs at Alehouſes, Coffee-houſes, and Punch-houſes, at that time of the day; and the *Smouſe*, perceiving that the *noſtrum* took, ſold it to the Doctor ſix ſeveral times. This little cunning rogue knew what it was to *break the law*, and, therefore, always kept his word *according to law:* but there are ſome men who never keep

their word when they can break it to their advantage without tranſgreſſing the law. Now, this *Smouſe*, in the opinion of many, who had drank of his *noſtrum*, was not a perſon of this deſcription; but all thoſe who had any dealings with him, were convinced, from experience, that he was a diſhonourable character: for no man had the words, *honor, veracity*, and *delicacy* in his mouth oftener; nor did any man ever make more uſe of them—*Cromwell, Macheavel*, and a few others excepted. He never had a diſpute with any perſon, through the words—*diſhonour, breach of faith, ſhuffling, tricking*; all his diſputes aroſe from the ignorance of thoſe he dealt with; for they always miſtook his meaning, from the belief that words have but one ſignification. Since it is plain, from our Acts of Parliament, and the Courts in Weſtminſter Hall, that it is impoſſible to aſcertain with preciſion the *real* meaning of words; and ſince it is certain that different hearts and heads will annex different ideas to the ſame expreſſion; this philoſophy does not require any explanation or illuſtration: every man's

experience has proved it; ſome to their advantage, ſome to their ruin. But if it did need an illuſtration, no inſtance in ſociety can throw a ſtronger light upon it, than the well-known phraſe of a Courtier, viz. '*You may depend upon it I will do you all the ſervice in my power.*' Now, theſe are very plain words, and yet how many fooliſh, nay, and wiſe, well-meaning, honeſt, and ingenious men have miſunderſtood them. I could make a very ingenious and ſatirical comment upon this text, and a moſt ſhrewd application; and I could branch it out to the length of ſeveral pages, by intimations, illuſtrations, and explanations. But to return—This little *Smouſe* was a daily canker to men's fame; nothing plagued him ſo much as the merit of his contemporaries; and every device that envy, policy, mimickry, and tyranny could invent, he conſtantly practiſed, to obſcure and blaſt the worth of every Actor of reputation."

Chap. XXII.

MR. MACKLIN's time was now employed in catering and marketing for his gueſts in the morning, in preparing diſhes and bills of fare for the dinner hours, in carving during the time of dinner, and affording a ſlice of himſelf (as he uſed to ſay), by dealing out his humour and fun at all the different tables in his houſe. After dinner, he had to prepare himſelf for the Lecture Room, and after the delivery of his Lecture, he had to return and ſuperintend the ſuppers, and then keep it up with his company till a very late hour. This was a labour and an exertion too much for any human being, and required very great ſtrength of body and mind to ſupport it, even for a ſhort ſpace of time. However, Mr. Macklin continued this laborious employment for ſome months, when he was at laſt obliged to yield, not to fatigue, but to the dictates of honeſty. Finding, that, inſtead of aug-

menting, he had conſiderably diminiſhed his fortune, and was daily and hourly plundered by his ſervants; Mr. Macklin thought the moſt prudent ſtep he could take, would be to relinquiſh altogether the buſineſs that had coſt him ſo much pains, labour, and money. He had, by this time, diſcovered that he was every day ſinking deeper into debt, and that it would be in vain, as well as diſhoneſt, to carry on the trade any longer. He had frequently detected his ſervants in the robbery of the Till, and had given credit to a very conſiderable amount, without the proſpect of any payment.

Thus diſtreſſed, plundered, deceived, and almoſt ruined, he perceived, by too fatal experience, the abſurdity of his whole ſcheme, and the impoſſibility of proceeding any farther in this road to ruin, without doing a clear, manifeſt, and premeditated injuſtice to his creditors.

There was nothing that he deſpiſed and abhorred more than diſhoneſty, and he was convinced that honeſty was the beſt policy. He

accordingly called his creditors together in the beginning of the year 1755, and diſcloſed to them, fairly and honourably, the actual ſtate of his affairs. The major part of his creditors endeavoured to perſuade him to adopt certain regulations that they ſuggeſted, and to continue the buſineſs: but againſt this he proteſted, ſaying, that he ſhould never be ſeen acting the part of a knave in ſociety, however ſucceſsful he might be in his endeavours to repreſent ſuch a character on the ſtage. The bulk of his creditors finding him reſolute, and determined to oppoſe their wiſhes, took out a commiſſion of Bankruptcy againſt him, and on the 15th of February, 1755, he was announced in the Gazette—"Charles Macklin, of St. Paul, Covent Garden, Vintner." Upon the ſurrender of all his effects, it turned out that he had property ſufficient to ſatisfy all the demands of his creditors. He paid twenty ſhillings in the pound, and retired from the tavern, with the loſs of ſome thouſands of pounds. Thus ended the undertaking of Mr. Macklin; and thus were the public convinced, that however capable he might be to ſucceed

on the Stage, he was not at all qualified to conduct a Tavern.

His *Britiſh Inquiſition* cloſed fifteen days previous to his failure, and he was reduced to the neceſſity of looking once more towards the Theatre for a ſupport.

During the time that Mr. Macklin was engaged as a Coffee-houſe keeper, Mrs. and Miſs Macklin did not remain unemployed: they were both engaged at Drury Lane in the ſeaſon of 1754. At this period Miſs Macklin was in the higheſt eſtimation as an Actreſs, and her fame and ſucceſs proved a very conſiderable alleviation to the mind of her father, in the hour of his adverſity. The following complimentary verſes, addreſſed to Miſs Macklin, appeared, about this time, in a very excellent periodical paper.

" Since ſprightly wit and humour you poſſeſs,
Majeſtic carriage, and polite addreſs;
Since you, as if by inſtinct, do inherit
Your father's genius, and your mother's ſpirit:

With leſs regret the loſs of him we bear,
Who left ſo rich a treaſure in our care;
While with paternal fondneſs running o'er,
To our protection he reſigns his ſtore;
Who but with inward ſorrow muſt repine?
Who could refuſe an offer ſo divine?
Thee to admire, encourage, and reward,
Let ev'ry gen'rous Briton have regard;
To give that budding merit kindly heat,
Which time, with ſtealing hours, ſhall make compleat;
Then the rich produce we may hope to ſee,
Of OLDFIELD's excellence reviv'd in thee.
When in the graceful dance thy foot-ſteps move,
Elegance bids each man of ſenſe approve.
E'en things minute and trivial you adorn,
And make that pleaſe, which elſe would meet our ſcorn.
Thrice happy *Macklin*, who can thus retire,
And like the Phœnix leave thy parent fire,
Which muſt, as long as judgment rules the ſtage,
Give ſpirit, life, and happineſs to all."

Mr. Macklin being now totally diſengaged, began to turn his thoughts once more to the Stage, where it was likely he would be more ſucceſsful, and where his abilities would appear to the beſt advantage. About the beginning of the year 1756, the Proprietors of

the Muſic-Hall, in Crow-ſtreet, Dublin, were applied to by Meſſrs. Macklin and Barry, reſpecting the purchaſe of that building, on the ſite of which they intended to erect a new Theatre, by ſubſcription. Mr. Sheridan, who was at that time ſole Manager of the United Theatres of Aungier-ſtreet, and Smock-alley, taking the alarm at an oppoſition ſo formidable being ſet up againſt him, diſpatched Mr. Victor, his Deputy-Manager, to London, with the view of preventing Mr. Macklin and Mr. Barry from perſevering in the raſh enterprize of building a new Theatre. And the better to enſure ſucceſs to the negotiation, Mr. Sheridan authorized Mr. Victor, at the ſame time, to offer Mr. Barry very advantageous terms, on which he might become either joint or ſole Manager of the United Theatres, if he ſhould have any objection to a partnerſhip concern. But the propoſitions of the Dublin Manager were rejected, and an agreement for the purchaſe of the Muſic-Hall was ſoon after compleated.

To carry their new plan into immediate execution, Mr. Macklin and Mr. Barry ſet out from London, and landed in Ireland the latter end of June, 1758, and ſoon after their arrival in Dublin, the walls of the Muſic-Hall, in Crow-ſtreet, and ſome adjacent buildings were levelled to the ground, in order to lay the foundation of a new Theatre there.

Many and various were the ſchemes that were now adopted for preventing the building of Crow-ſtreet Theatre. The Proprietors of the United Theatres of Aungier-ſtreet and Smock-alley, drew up a ſtatement of their caſe, which they had printed and delivered to all the Members of Parliament. In this ſtatement they ſet forth the great expence that they had been at, in building and compleating two magnificent Theatres; and moſt earneſtly prayed, that the number of Theatres might be limited by Parliament, as in London; and that as two Play-houſes were thought ſufficient for the metropolis of Great Britain, that one might be fixed for Dublin.

Mr. Macklin inſtantly publiſhed an anſwer to this printed caſe of the Proprietors, wherein he demanded with what decency the ſaid Proprietors of Smock-Alley Theatre, could appear in their Prayer to Parliament.

He obſerved, that the Theatre in Aungier-ſtreet was built by a large ſubſcription of the nobility and gentry, about theyear 1728, and had not been occupied above four or five years, before another ſubſcription was opened for building a new Theatre in Smock-alley, on the ſpot where the firſt Play-houſe formerly ſtood; and, therefore, contended, that it was highly unjuſt and indecent for thoſe gentlemen, who erected a Theatre twenty-four years before, in direct oppoſition to a new one then lately built, to exclaim againſt an Act which they had themſelves committed, under the moſt aggravating circumſtances. He contended, that they ought to come into Court with clean hands;—but we ſhall here inſert Mr. Macklin's own words:—

" But were there no petition, no appeal, no tongue, or pen, moved againſt him, (*Mr. Sheridan*) can it be conceived, that the Repreſentatives of this city, (Dublin) in their Legiſlative capacity; or that a *Malone*, a *Hutchinſon*, a *Flood*, a *Huſſey*, a *Brownlow*; or that the Peers and Commons of this land, would ſo far forget their own dignity, and *their truſt, their equity*, and the *ſacred virtue* of the Britiſh Conſtitution, as to ſtrip the City of Dublin of its *immemorial right*; as to make an *ex poſt facto law*, to take away the property of the ſubſcribers of Crow-ſtreet Theatre; and *for what?—a public utility?* No. To remove a *public nuiſance?*—No—but to ſecure a *monopoly*; and *for whom?* Why, *a Player.—A Roſcius?* No—*A Sheridan!* And wherefore? Becauſe his father *whipt* the fathers and grand-fathers, and ſome of the Members of the preſent Parliament; and becauſe *this Player* was educated in the Univerſity of Dublin; and becauſe *he* gives the public to underſtand, in his *daily converſations*, that *he* is the *greateſt Actor* that *has been for ages*:—that *he* is the *greateſt Orator*,

Politician, Theologiſt, Grammarian, Rhetorician—that *he* has revived *the long loſt art of Eloquence*; and that he will teach it to the Lords and Commons, and make them as great Orators as himſelf. Upon theſe pretenſions he founds his claims to a *Theatrical Monopoly!*

"When there is but *one* Theatre, the neceſſary emulation that muſt ever ſubſiſt between rivals, contending for public favor, is deſtroyed. It is this laudable contention that keeps up the ſpirit of curioſity in the Public, and increaſes their love for *Theatrical diverſions*. Let there be but one Theatre, and the ſpirit of exertion in a Manager will ſoon become extinct. If the Manager is an avaricious man, that paſſion muſt be fed by getting cheap Actors; or, if he is a vain, oſtentatious coxcomb, that wants, in ſpite of nature and fortune, to paſs for a *Lucullus*, or the *Petronius Elegantiarum* of the age; why, then, to cover his table with dainties, and charge his goblets with wines of princely price, he muſt retrench the expences of the

Stage, by procuring *wire dancers*, *fire-eaters*, and all the *ballatroni of* Sadler's-Wells, and the cheapeſt Actors that can be had from ſtrolling companies; and like them, too, they muſt be dreſſed; while the Manager himſelf muſt be ſupported with *wax-lights*, *new ſcenes*, *dreſſes*, and *other decorations*—" *By deſire of ſeveral ladies of quality.*" This was the head moſt commonly prefixed to Mr. Sheridan's Play-bills.

" But let there be a rival Theatre, and the money which would otherwiſe be expended in ſaucy prodigality, muſt be appropriated to procure good Actors, and rational entertainment for the Public.

" The Corporation of Dublin are bound by reaſon, conſcience, and ſocial fellowſhip, to act up to the end for which they were firſt incorporated; namely, to watch, guard over, and preſerve the Rights and Privileges of this City.

" There never was yet an opinion ſo abſurd, but had its believers; nor a mind ſo im-

pudent and viſionary, but had its followers and admirers. *Mahomet* has eſtabliſhed a religion; and *Sheridan* has undertaken to make the Houſe of Lords and Commons, the Lord Lieutenant, and the City of Dublin, believe, that he is a *modeſt* man, a *genteel* man, an *eloquent* man, and an *honeſt* man—And many think that he will ſucceed in his attempt to prevent the building of Crow-ſtreet Theatre.

" He has undertaken to ſhew, that he is a *great Grammarian, Rhetorician, Politician,* &c.; that he has *revived the long loſt art of Eloquence*; and that he is capable of inſtructing a *Malone* in that art.

" Now, it muſt be ſhewn on what he founds his pretenſions. Are we to be told, that he taught her Majeſty and the Univerſities the Engliſh Languge; and that he has diſcovered the art of Eloquence? Abundant inſtances of his ſtyle, his grammar, and his eloquence, might be given, that would prove the contrary. And to ſhew that he is *better qualified* to manage a Theatre than any

other man, we have occaſion only to take a a retroſpect of his management—*his new entertainments*—*his wax-lights*—*his wire-dancers*—*his fire-eaters*, and *his debts!*

" Who are the perſons that he has gained to his cauſe?—The young, the unwary, and the credulous. Has he gained *Malone*, *Perry*, *Flood*, *Brownlow*, or *Huſſey?*—No. If there is to be a monopoly, is he the man beſt qualified to become poſſeſſed of it? Is he to be preferred for the *ſweetneſs* of his voice; for his *modeſty*; his *gracefulneſs* of perſon and action; his *prudence* as a Man and a Manager; his *œconomy*, and his *juſtice?* Sheridan ſets up for the *Martin Luther* of the Age, but he is truly the *Mahomet* of it.

" He preaches up *reformation*, but his doctrine is *tyranny*. His public good, that he ſo vauntingly boaſts of, is comprized in ſelfiſh ambition: not a propoſition has he advanced that is not falſe. He would enſlave the Actors, and give laws to the Corporation, and to the People in their Theatres. His policy ever has

been to calumniate every Actor's public and private character; to treat him as a vile, contemptible, low being; to degrade the profeſſion by which he ſubſiſted—the only profeſſion by which he could have got more than a mere ſubſiſtence, as it was the only one in which he could have impoſed upon the Public (I mean the Iriſh Public), for England ſoon found out his incapacity, and ſoon diſcovered the diſſonance of his voice, the laboured quaintneſs of his emphaſis, the *inceſſant flux of his ſpeech*—his general offence. The appellative "Actor" he diſclaimed; and inſtead of going by that denomination, he ſtyled himſelf a *Gentleman*, and all the reſt *Actors*. He condemned *Garrick*, *Barry*, *Powel*, and *Quin*. He has been deſpiſed as an Actor in England—Was it his merit that excited that contempt? Moſt certainly not. He gave Attic Entertainments in London, in the courſe of which he read paſſages from *Milton* and *Dryden*: And what followed? Why, his Audience gaped and yawned—he dulled them even to ſtupor.

" During the courſe of the ſame entertainment he gave a compoſition of his own to the Fair Sex. He told them how neceſſary it was to read gracefully. This was very novel! Their grand-mothers had told them the ſame thing when they were in frocks. His Audience laughed him to ſcorn—he has tired out Bath, Oxford, Cambridge, and every Theatre in London: as an Actor he could not live. The Public would not attend him; he would be a Manager, or nothing—It is all over with him as an Actor.

" Will the Parliament of Ireland ſtrip the City of Dublin of a right, to give it to Sheridan? The Parliament of Great Britain has made an Act againſt *Witches*; and the Parliament of Ireland may make one in favour of *an Impoſtor;* it may, but it is not probable that it will.

" *Poor Sherry* has been *acting mad, haranguing mad, teaching mad, reading mad, managing mad,* and he is now *monopoly mad!* If any gentleman or lady has any doubt

about his inſanity, let a ſubject be ſtarted, and let him be drawn into a converſation, and then it will only remain to be obſerved, how he will harangue *like a madman.* Let any perſon but obſerve his confidence, his ſophiſtry, his haughtineſs, his peremptorineſs, and his utter inattention to what others advance in argument, and, I think, they will conclude that he will die *in a mad-houſe.*

" Would any man in his ſenſes have gone to Oxford upon the errand that he did?—Certainly not. He ſued for an Act of Parliament ten years ago, and was then treated as a madman: his propoſal was deſpiſed. He ſues now for a Theatrical Monopoly, which gives a man an opportunity of becoming an oppreſſor, an extortioner, and a tyrant. Of all the laws that folly, ignorance, or tyranny can ſuggeſt, none can be ſo oppoſite as monopoly to the ſpirit of juſtice, commerce, emulation, encouragement; or to the ſpirit and letter of the Conſtitution of our Realms.

"When the Britiſh Parliament regulated the Stage, it preſerved all the rights, all the powers, that the Law or the Crown had before granted to men reſpecting Theatres. There are now three Patents extant for acting Plays in London; two of them are for ever, one of which I remember to have been ſold for 70*l.* not forty years ago. Two of them are now the property of the Manager of Covent Garden; the other is employed at Drury Lane Theatre.

"Suppoſe the Houſe of Commons were to turn Managers of a Theatre, and that they were to prompt their Sub-Manager—what then? This kind of government has been experienced in Aungier-ſtreet, and in London, and was productive of nothing but confuſion. Every controuling Manager, in ſuch caſe, will have his Miſtreſs turned into an Actreſs—She muſt have a ſalary—merit ſhe need not have from nature, knowledge, or experience; ſhe will be ſure to derive ſufficient from her patron. His tongue will declare her merit, and his plaudits will confirm it—But to return

to the monopoly of Mr. Sheridan: Let us ſee how he uſed it, and what improvements he made in Public Amuſements, and what fortune he acquired during the time that he was *ſole Manager*. The Conductors and Proprietors of all other Public Places hated him moſt cordially. There was not an Aſſembly, Muſic-Hall, Public Garden, &c. that he was not at enmity with. He monopolized all the muſic he could, in order to diſtreſs *Doctor Moſs*, and every Muſic Meeting — This brought on his ruin. This arbitrary ſpirit, together with his vanity, cauſed his deſtruction. If he is to be recompenſed for the loſs of his property, and for offending the Public in various ways, and at various times, let it be done without the eſtabliſhment of a monopoly.

" Let him be made a *Member of Parliament*, a *Commiſſioner of Exciſe*, a *Vicar*, a *Dean*, or, if you will, a *Biſhop*; there will be no injuſtice in that—he is *eloquent*, he will be an *example* for the Clergy—he will

manage a dioceſe well—he will give luſtre to the Houſe of Commons!"

Mr. Macklin urged and expatiated upon a variety of other topics ſo forcibly and truly, that he turned the tide of popular favor on the ſide of the New Building. And, as many of the leading Members of Parliament were ſubſcribers to the New Theatre, in Crow-ſtreet, and many more well wiſhers to it, the erection of the Play-houſe ſuffered hardly any delay or impediment; and the caſe of the Proprietors of Aungier-ſtreet and Smock-alley remained neglected and unpitied.

Both parties began now to collect their forces, and to procure auxiliaries from all quarters. Mr. Barry made propoſals to Mr. Woodward, at Drury Lane, to become a Joint-Manager and Proprietor, which were accepted. The ſeceſſion from Smock-alley, of *Mr. King*, *Mr. Dexter*, and *Mrs. Fitzhenry*, who entered into articles with Mr. Barry, was a ſevere blow to Mr. Sheridan. To re-

pair this loſs, the Manager and his Deputy came to London, and took immediate meaſures to engage *Mr. Digges*, and *Mrs. Ward*.

Mr. Theophilus Cibber was alſo engaged; and at the ſame time, *Maddox*, the celebrated wire-dancer, was articled with for 200*l.* to be the *Harlequin*, and to exhibit his improvements on the wire. A new Pantomime was alſo purchaſed from the Manager of Sadler's Wells, with the ſcenery, machinery, &c. But, unfortunately, the ſhip on board of which poor Cibber, Maddox, and the reſt of the tribe from Sadler's Wells embarked, was overtaken by a ſtorm, and driven on the coaſt of Scotland, where ſhe foundered, and every ſoul on board periſhed!

There was a Noble Earl, with his youngeſt ſon, and about ſeventy paſſengers, on board this fatal ſhip.

The oppoſition between *Crow-ſtreet* and *Smock-alley* now commenced, and was car-

ried on with ſingular induſtry, and much vehemence, to the mutual loſs and diſgrace of both parties. But, a ſhort time before the opening of the New Theatre in Crow-ſtreet, Mr. Macklin, having reaſon to be diſſatisfied with ſome part of Mr. Barry's conduct, withdrew himſelf from the management, and returned to England.

Upon his arrival in London, Mr. Macklin made his re-appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, for his daughter's benefit, and received the warmeſt gratulations and unbounded plaudits of a moſt brilliant and crowded Audience. They hailed the return of their old favourite by the moſt rapturous applauſe; and Mr. Macklin's feelings on the occaſion were ſo overcome by this generous teſtimony of an admiring Public, that ſeveral minutes elapſed before he recovered himſelf ſufficiently to diſplay his abilities, and to demonſtrate, that his powers of acting were rather increaſed than diminiſhed during his retirement. After playing for his daughter's benefit, a circumſtance that was always up-

permoſt in his mind, and that he always was extremely anxious of performing, he employed himſelf in writing for the Stage. In the winter of 1758, Mr. Victor, the Deputy-Manager of Smock-alley, made propoſals to Miſs Macklin, who had obtained leave from the Managers of Drury Lane to accompany her father to Ireland, and to play there along with him the ſucceeding after-ſeaſon. However, when Mr. Victor wrote from Dublin to Mr. Macklin, the April following, and was deſirous of cloſing an agreement with him and Miſs Macklin to play twelve nights at Smock-alley Theatre, the very precarious ſtate of Miſs Macklin's health induced her fond father, who was not willing to ſubject her to the fatigue of ſo long a journey, to decline accepting the advantageous propoſals of the Dublin Manager.

Chap. XXIII.

AT the cloſe of the year 1758, Mr. Macklin ſuſtained a very heavy loſs by the death of Mrs. Macklin. She had been for ſome months in a declining ſtate, but her diſſolution was certainly haſtened by the loſſes and misfortunes of her huſband.

Mrs. Macklin may, by her judgment and execution in the parts that ſhe undertook, be ranked, with very great propriety, in the firſt claſs of Actreſſes. She never ſet up for an heroine, or attempted to appear in an improper light. She knew the power of her own talents, and always ſhone with unborrowed luſtre, without the danger of being eclipſed. Her propriety in dreſs, for the various characters that ſhe performed, was another circumſtance that ſhe was peculiarly attentive to, and that was generally paſſed over by moſt of her contemporaries. In her perſon ſhe was

rather below the middle ſize, but extremely well formed: ſhe had no pretenſions to beauty, but her countenance was uncommonly expreſſive. In ſhort, ſhe was an admirable Actreſs, and underſtood the ſcience of acting as well as her great Preceptor. Many ladies ſtood very much indebted to her for her kind advice and inſtructions. Beſides the ſeveral characters that we have mentioned, Mrs. Macklin was unrivalled in many other parts, namely, *The Widow Blackacre*, in *The Plain Dealer*; *Mrs. Day*, in *The Committee*; *The Widow Lacket*, in *Oroonoko*; *Lady Pliant*, in *The Double Dealer*; *Doris*, in *Æſop*; *Mrs. Amelet*, in *The Confederacy*; *Lady Wiſfor't*, in *The Way of the World*. To conclude, ſhe was an affectionate wife, a fond mother, and a ſtedfaſt friend.

There was not much more than the intervention of a few weeks between the death of *Mrs. Macklin* and *Mr. Luke O'Meally*, the father-in-law of Mr. Macklin. Mr. O'Meally died at Cloncurry, at a very advanced age, ſincerely regretted by a very nu-

merous circle of friends and acquaintances; and Mrs. O'Meally (Mr. Macklin's mother) was left a ſecond time a widow, and continued to carry on the buſineſs of the *Blue Bell Inn*, at Cloncurry, for ſeveral years after, with great ſucceſs and ability.

In the year 1759 Mr. Macklin preſented his Farce of *Love-a-la-Mode* to the Managers of Drury Lane Theatre. When Mr. Garrick read it, he declared it would not do, but obſerved, at the ſame time, that if the Author preſſed it, the Farce ſhould be repreſented. The opinion of Mr. Garrick having gone abroad, ſeveral of the Players publicly foretold its approaching deſtruction; nay, ſome of them, who had no opinion of their own, and who were guided by their great maſter, refuſed to perform in the Piece. However, Mr. Macklin was not in the leaſt diſheartened on this account. He deſpiſed the judgment of Mr. Garrick, as much as other Players admired and approved it.

Beſides, the conduct of Mr. Garrick, in the years 1756, 1758, and 1759, was freſh in the recollection of Mr. Macklin. He could entertain but little reſpect for the opinion, the candor, or the ſincerity of the man, who had ſucceſſively rejected the *Douglas* of Mr. John Home, the *Cleone* of Mr. Dodſley, and Mr. Murphy's *Orphan of China*. The great admirer and panegyriſt of Mr. Garrick (we mean Mr. Davies), ſpeaking of Mr. Home's Tragedy, declares, "that great intereſt was made for *Douglas*, cannot be queſtioned: the author's connections with ſome great perſons at Leiceſter Houſe, who encouraged his abilities, and favoured his intereſt, we ſhould have imagined, would have ſuperſeded all objections, and brought on the Play without heſitation; *but Mr. Garrick's opinion of it could not be removed; he thought the plot was too ſimple and undramatic.*" This is an extraordinary proof of his incapacity to decide on Dramatic worth. But let us obſerve what Mr. Davies ſays further—"Mr. Garrick had the double mortification

of ſeeing this Play acted with great approbation and ſucceſs, at Covent-Garden, and of being obliged to act two of Home's Tragedies, written with inferior ability." Here we find a ſtronger proof of his ſhallow judgment. He condemned the ſterling merit of *Douglas*, which has maintained itſelf ſucceſsfully ever ſince upon the Stage; and he extolled and approved "*The Agis*," and "*The Siege of Aquileia*," two weak compoſitions of the ſame Author. Theſe two Pieces fretted their ſhort hour upon the Stage, and are now heard no more. We paſs next to the *Cleone* of Mr. Dodſlley.

This Play had been read and approved by Dr. Johnſon, and many perſons of taſte and learning. That *Cleone* ſpeaks the language of nature, cannot be denied; and, when it was acted, was highly approved, and drew tears from many brilliant Audiences. But let us ſee what Mr. Garrick's opinion was of this Play. Mr. Davies records that—"*Mr. Garrick rejected* CLEONE, *with great marks of contempt, and termed it a cruel, bloody, and unnatural Play*;" and in another place

the ſame Author writes—" *but it muſt be confeſſed, by thoſe who eſteemed Mr. Garrick moſt, that his conduct in the whole diſpute with Mr. Dodſley, was unjuſtifiable,* and that *he treated a worthy man, and an old acquaintance, with ſeverity and unkindneſs.*" If Mr. Dodſley, the intimate friend of Mr. Garrick, could not procure better treatment than this, what had Mr. Macklin to expect from the ſame man, who envied his talents, and hated his popularity.

His deciſion on *The Orphan of China*, which, beſides the reputation of Mr. Murphy, had Voltaire's name to recommend it, completes the climax of his ignorance, his ſhuffling, and his inſincerity.

After the Play was read over and over again by Mr. Garrick, and objections pointed out by him were removed by the Author; and after a variety of cavils and altercations between the Manager and Poet, Mr. Garrick at laſt declared, that *the Play* was *not fit* for *the Stage*, and recommended it to Mr.

Murphy to change his plan, or make ſuch alterations as he imagined would give a much better Stage effect than "*The Orphan of China*" could poſſibly produce in its then ſtate. The Author, tired out with perpetual objections to this Scene, and that Act; to this Incident, and to that Speech, aſked Mr. Garrick, if he would abide by the deciſion of *Mr. William Whitehead*, reſpecting the merit of the Tragedy: this was aſſented to by Mr. Garrick. Now let us quote Mr. Davies again—"*Mr. Whitehead accepted the taſk, and in very explicit terms declared his opinion in favor of the Orphan of China. The Manager was not a little mortified to find his judgment thus contradicted by his friend the Poet Laureat.*"

The Tragedy of *The Orphan of China* was univerſally approved, and performed many nights with the greateſt approbation and applauſe.

So much for the *correct judgment* and *noble criticiſms* of little David Garrick. But to re-

turn to *Love-a-la-Mode:* Mr. Macklin being conſcious of its merit, and holding cheap the opinion that Mr. Garrick had pronounced upon it, had the Farce rehearſed, under his own immediate care and inſpection. It is well known, that no Play ever raiſed ſo many Performers into notice, as this little Piece. For Mr. Macklin always took uncommon pains to inſtruct every Actor that had to perform a part in it, and by that means rendered the performance correct, and improved the Player ever after.

On its firſt repreſentation, Mr. Macklin performed *Sir Archy M'Sarcaſm*; Mr. Moody, *Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan*, and Mr. King, *'Squire Groom*. The Farce was received with unbounded applauſe, and had a very conſiderable run. Here we have another inſtance of Mr. Garrick's *wiſe* judgment in Theatrical Pieces. The different Performers acquitted themſelves highly to the ſatisfaction of the Public, and were well repaid for their exertions.

Of the great merit of this little Piece it is almoſt unneceſſary to ſay one word, as it is before the Public. A great proof of its worth is, that it has kept its ground ever ſince upon the Stage, and has been highly approved by every Audience that has ſeen it repreſented.

Love-a-la-Mode conveys a juſt and ſevere ſatire on the baſe duplicity, pride, and meanneſs of ſome Scotchmen; and on the pernicious attachment of our young Nobility and Gentry to horſe-racing.

Sir Callaghan is a good portrait of a brave, blundering, honeſt Iriſhman, and *Beau Mordecai*, an excellent picture of a *little, cunning, Jew Broker.* The Engliſhman, Iriſhman, Scotchman, and Jew, are all drawn together, to pay their addreſſes to a young lady of very conſiderable fortune, whoſe Guardian, to try the ſincerity of their love for his Ward, acquaints them with the ſudden loſs of her fortune. Upon this information they all declare off, except the Iriſhman,

who exclaims, "That the lovely perſon of the Lady is a ſufficient fortune for him!"—Her Guardian then beſtows her on the Iriſhman, whom he gives to underſtand, that ſhe is ſtill in poſſeſſion of her ample fortune, to the no ſmall mortification of all the other parties.

The ſeveral ſcenes, in which theſe well drawn characters are introduced, are full of ſhrewd remarks, ſtrong humour, and poignant ſatire; and abound with pertinent obſervations on the manners and cuſtoms of the times. Some gentlemen of North Britain were, during the firſt run of the Farce, highly exaſperated at the character of *Sir Archy*, which they very imprudently declared was a ſatire upon the whole kingdom of Scotland. This circumſtance turned out exactly as the Author imagined it would; the reſentment of the Caledonians provoked the mirth of others, and ſpread the fame of *Love-a-la-Mode* all over the town. That Scotland, as well as England and Ireland, can furniſh materials to draw pictures of pride, flattery, duplicity,

vanity, and meanneſs, cannot ſurely be denied; but as the diſſolute, prodigal *'Squire Groom* would not be acknowledged to be a faithful repreſentative of all England, nor the blundering *Sir Callaghan*, of Ireland, neither can we ſuppoſe that *M'Sarcaſm* was drawn to repreſent the whole kingdom of Scotland. However, the prejudices of a few gentlemen of that country were very ſtrong for a long time, and were not eaſily removed; whilſt others, of the ſame nation, enjoyed the humour as highly as the reſt of the Audience. The Farce is now particularly reliſhed by a Scotch Audience.

George II. who was then in the 77th year of his age, and had for ſome time diſcontinued his appearance at the Theatres, had heard ſo much of *Love-a-la-Mode*, that he ſent for the Manuſcript, and commanded an old Hanoverian officer to read it to him. This perſon ſpent eleven weeks in miſrepreſenting the Author's meaning. The German was totally void of humour, and was, beſides, not well acquainted with the Engliſh lan-

guage. The King, however, expreſſed great ſatisfaction at the Iriſhman's getting the better of his rivals, and gaining the young lady.

About this time, Mr. Barry, the Crow-ſtreet Manager, made very advantageous propoſals to Mr. Macklin, which were accepted. He accordingly made preparations to ſet out for Ireland, but, previous to his departure from England, he reſolved to enter again into the matrimonial ſtate. Mr. Macklin, having long enjoyed the comforts of a married life, and being always a domeſtic man, felt very materially the loſs of his former wife. During the time that he was Manager of the Theatre at Cheſter he frequently met a young lady in company that particularly attracted his attention. With her father, who was a very reſpectable private gentleman, Mr. Macklin was in habits of the cloſeſt intimacy. A treaty was immediately ſet on foot, and the young lady having given her conſent, the marriage articles were ſoon after ſettled by her father. Mr.

Macklin was married on the 10th of September, 1759, to *Miſs Elizabeth Jones*, a young lady, who to great elegance of form, and many polite accompliſhments, joined the more amiable virtues of the mind. The marriage ceremony being over, Mr. Macklin ſet out for Ireland, to fulfil his engagement with the Dublin Managers. The New Theatre in Crow-ſtreet ſeemed the firſt year to promiſe ſucceſs to Meſſrs. Barry and Woodward. They had gained a triumph; as Mr. Sheridan, after endeavouring, unſucceſsfully, to ſtem the current of faſhion, and oppoſe ſo formidable an enemy, was obliged to retire from the ſcene of action, a conſiderable loſer, and repair to England.

Fluſhed with their ſucceſs the firſt ſeaſon, beſides engaging Mr. Macklin, they alſo hired Mr. Moſſop, at a very conſiderable ſalary and he was extremely ſerviceable to his employers, by acting along with Mr. Barry in thoſe Tragedies, in which two parts, of almoſt equal conſequence, are ſkilfully contra-diſtinguiſhed from each other by their Authors.

The Dublin critics were highly gratified this ſeaſon with Barry and Moſſop, in *Marc Antony* and *Ventidius*, *Pierre* and *Jaffier*, *Caſtalio* and *Chamont*, *Tamerlane* and *Bajazet*, *Lothario* and *Horatio*, *Phocyas* and *Caled*.

The new Managers, being determined to ſpare no expence, entered alſo into articles with Mr. Foote this ſeaſon. The novelty of Woodward's Pantomimes, together with Foote's comical Pieces; and the amazing attraction of Mr. Macklin, and his attention to *Love-a-la-Mode*, being its firſt repreſentation in Ireland, proved highly beneficial to the treaſury of the Theatre.

The Farce of *Love-a-la-Mode* was caſt in the following manner:

Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan	Mr. Barry.
Sir Archy M'Sarcaſm . .	Mr. Macklin.
Sir Theodore	Mr. Walker.
Beau Mordecai	Mr. Meſſink.
'Squire Groom	Mr. Woodward.

This admirable little Piece, thus ſupported by ſuch excellent Actors, proved a rich feaſt for the lovers of the Drama. In ſhort, Crow-ſtreet had to boaſt of a company this ſeaſon, equal to any ever ſeen in London. After playing with Mr. Barry a certain number of nights, Mr. Macklin came to England to play for his daughter's benefit, and ſoon after entered into an engagement with the Managers of Covent-Garden Theatre.

His ſucceſs raiſed up the envy and malice of Mr. Garrick againſt him, and he had to encounter again the machinations of that great Actor, but avaricious man, as muſt evidently appear to the reader, by the following Extract from the Memoirs of Mr. Tate Wilkinſon, the worthy Patentee of the Theatres Royal of York and Hull.

" About that time (1760) Mr. Garrick had
" ſome diſpute and quarrel with my friend Mr.
" Macklin, and had *to a certainty purloined*
" his favourite Farce of *Love-a-la-Mode*, then
" in high rage of faſhion with the public,

" both for its novelty and real attractive me-
" rits; and ſo eager was he to hurt (if poſſi-
" ble) Mr. Macklin's property in that excel-
" lent Piece, *that he wiſhed to do it by the*
" *means of a diviſion of the ſpoils*, as Mr.
" Macklin was engaged at Covent-Garden.
" Nay, it is evident, that to have obtained
" that deſired object, he would have run
" the hazard of a law-ſuit, *though he knew*
" *it muſt have ended to his diſhonour*; but,
" in that inſtance, his ſpleen out-ran his po-
" licy, as the inſertion of the following Let-
" ters to me (Tate Wilkinſon) will decidedly
" prove. I never mentioned the matter to
" Mr. Macklin, as it would have cauſed miſ-
" chief between him and Mr. Garrick.

" *Dear Sir,*

" *The Managers have deſired*
" *me to inform you, that if you play the*
" *Scotchman in* LOVE-A-LA-MODE, *they will*
" *give you, for every time that you ſhall*
" *perform the part, two guineas; and, if*
" *you mingle in the other buſineſs, you ſhall*
" *have your old ſalary beſides, and a benefit*

" *in courſe of ſalary, when you return from*
" *Ireland. I wiſh you had called upon me*
" *when in Town, for I always think that*
" *matters are ſooner adjuſted by one meeting of*
" *the Parties than by a thouſand letters. The*
" *Managers deſire their compliments to you.*

" *I am,*
" *Dear Sir,*
" *Your moſt obedient,*
" *Very humble Servant,*
26*th Auguſt*, " *George Garrick.*"
1760.

" P. S. *Pray ſend an Anſwer by the return*
" *of the Poſt, for I am going out of Town.*"

" *Dear Sir,*

" *I have communicated the con-*
" *tents of your laſt to the Managers, and*
" *they think you are too hard with them.*
" *They are willing to give you two guineas*
" *for every time that you ſhall play Sir*
" *Archy, and will engage that you ſhall play*
" *it fifteen times at leaſt, and that you ſhall*

" *have your old ſalary; be permitted to make*
" *your excurſions, during which time you are*
" *not to receive any ſalary; but if you return*
" *before the benefits, or ſhall play in any of*
" *their nights at your return, that then your*
" *ſalary ſhall be continued from the time of*
" *your return, and you be entitled to your*
" *benefit into the bargain. They cannot poſſi-*
" *bly do more. If the terms are agreeable to*
" *you, pleaſe to let my brother know, for I*
" *go into Derbyſhire on Monday next, and*
" *they will ſend you the part directly.*

" *I am,*
" *Dear Sir,*
" *Your moſt obedient,*
" *Humble Servant,*
" *George Garrick.*"

4th September, 1760.

" *Hampton,*
" *September* 18, 1760.

" *Dear Sir,*

" *I received yours, and ſhall*
" *anſwer it directly. I can ſcarcely think*
" *that you are in earneſt with us from your*

" *laſt propoſition. You muſt know that it is*
" *impoſſible, from the nature of a Theatre, to*
" *let you have a benefit before Chriſtmas:*
" *you muſt fix with us, or be off immediately.*
" *Mr. Lacy and I will agree to give the two*
" *guineas per night for the acting* SIR ARCHY;
" *and during the run, or as long as that Farce*
" *continues to be acted, we will allow you*
" *your former ſalary. When the Farce is*
" *laid aſide you ſhall have liberty to go ad-*
" *venturing, and when you return ſhall have*
" *a benefit as uſual; and if employed in* SIR
" ARCHY, *or otherwiſe, your ſalary ſhall be*
" *continued to you. This is propoſed to you*
" *to hinder any more correſpondence. Say*
" AY *or* NO, *in your next, by the next poſt;*
" *and we deſire that you will keep this matter*
" *a* PROFOUND SECRET, *and ſtudy the part in*
" *all haſte, and* SECRETLY.

" *I am,*
" *Dear Sir,*
" *Your truly well-wiſher,*
" *And humble Servant,*
" *David Garrick.*"

Here is proof positive of the *base design* of this *avaricious* man, who, to injure Mr. Macklin's property, would disgrace his own character, and brand it with infamy; but Mr. Wilkinson having positively declined any engagement whatever, the negotiation terminated where it began, only with this difference, that it was carried on just far enough to prove to all mankind, that Mr. Garrick *intended* to be *dishonest*, and that it was not his fault, that his *intention* was not carried into *execution*.

During this season the business of Covent-Garden went on with success, but the Dramatic world sustained a severe loss by the death of the celebrated Mrs. Woffington. This Actress was born in Dublin, in 1718, and was educated by *Madame Violante*, a *female Harlequin*. The representation of females of high rank, and of dignified elegance, was Mrs. Woffington's particular forte. She was possessed of a good understanding, which was much improved by company and books. She had a most attractive sprightliness in her

manner, and dearly loved to purſue the *bagatelle* of vivacity and humour. She was affable, good natured, and charitable. It is well known that ſhe was choſen Preſident of a ſelect Society, called "*The Beef Steak Club*," and was the only woman in the company. She frankly declared, that ſhe preferred the company of men to that of women; the latter, ſhe ſaid, talked of nothing but ſilks and ſcandal. This aſſertion precluded her from an acceſs to women of rank and virtue; but her company was ſought after by men of the firſt diſtinction; and perſons of the graveſt character, and moſt eminent for learning, were proud of her acquaintance, and charmed with her converſation. Her attachment to Mr. Garrick was certainly of a very tender kind, and his marriage, and neglect of her afterwards, operated very powerfully on her mind. Her death was univerſally regretted.

Chap. XXIV.

ON the 30th of January, 1761, "*The Married Libertine*," a Comedy, written by Mr. Macklin, was performed, for the firſt time, at Covent-Garden.

It was caſt in the following manner:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lord Belville (the Libertine)	Mr. Macklin.
Townly (his nephew) . .	Mr. Davies.
Serjeant	Mr. Buck.
Corporal	Mr. Perry.
Reynolds (Belville's ſervant)	M. Willer.

WOMEN.

Lady Belville	Mrs. Ward.
Angelica	Miſs Macklin.
Harriet	Mrs. Abegg.
Lucy (her maid)	Mrs. Green.
Pert (Lady Belville's maid)	Mrs. Pitt.

Lord Belville, a Nobleman about 60 years of age, of rank—of abilities—of importance to his country, and of eſtabliſhed honor in all the occurrences of life, is yet ſo overborne by, and loſt in, an inſatiate paſſion for women, that he is ſuppoſed to ſpare no expence, however extravagant; ſcruple no means, however villanous; nor conſider any conſequence, however fatal, in the purſuit of his darling inclination. Nor is this inclination particular, but general and indiſcriminate, for women of every rank, and every diſpoſition; having frequently ſeveral amours of this kind on his hands at the ſame time, to the ruin of his fortune, his reputation, his honor, and the peace and

happineſs of his family. His lady, though perfectly informed of every ſtep of his conduct, had for many years borne his behaviour with ſilent patience; till, at length, exaſperated by diſcovering that he had ruined an innocent young creature, a tenant's daughter, whom ſhe had brought from the country, and taken under her care and protection, and that he had commenced an amour with *Miſs Harriet Wingfield*, a couſin of her own; enraged, I ſay, beyond ſufferance, at theſe tranſactions, added to a threat of a ſeparation thrown out by my Lord, on ſome pretty warm remonſtrances which ſhe made to him, in her firſt ſcene with him in this Play, ſhe is at length determined on ſome method of revenge, whereby ſhe may be able to expoſe and ſet him forth to himſelf in the moſt ridiculous and contemptible colours, not without ſome hopes of bringing him to a ſenſe of his follies, and a diſpoſition to reform them. This is the principal, nay, indeed, the ſole action of the Piece. To bring about this deſign, ſhe is aſſiſted by *Mr. Townly*, a nephew of Lord Belville; by *Angelica*, a mad-cap young lady,

with whom Mr. Townly is in love, and by *Miſs Harriet*, and her maid, and their plan is laid as follows:

Lord Belville, in his deſign on *Harriet*, to whoſe perſon he was a ſtranger, and whom he had only met in the Green Park one evening, without knowing her, had paſſed himſelf on her under the character of a *Mr. Jackſon*, a grave, elderly, *Staffordſhire* gentleman of fortune and reputation; entreating leave to viſit her; which ſhe, knowing his Lordſhip, and inclinable to indulge the frolic, permits, but returns the impoſture on him, by taking on herſelf the name of *Margery Packington*, with which, added to an aſſumed broad Weſt-country dialect, an affected awkwardneſs, and a baſhful ſimplicity, ſhe paſſes on him as a raw, ignorant, country girl, who, by ſome aſſiſtance from her maid, (to whom, alſo, *by the bye*, he makes violent love at the ſame time) may poſſibly prove a very eaſy conqueſt. The co-adjutors of her ſcheme are her maid *Lucy*, and Townly's miſtreſs, *Angelica*, who, diſguiſed through the whole Play in

men's cloaths, is to paſs for her brother, a raſh, hot-headed, young Officer, juſt come from *America*, to raiſe ſome recruits, and on the point of returning thither again; and a real Serjeant, with ſome ſoldiers belonging to *Angelica*'s brother, who is, in reality, an Officer, and their Commander.

Theſe are the principal Actors in the Plot, the Scene of which is laid in *Harriet*'s houſe: Lady Belville and Mr. Townly aſſiſting with their counſel, but remaining in an adjacent room, ſilent ſpectators of what is to paſs: Matters in this manner ſettled, they thus proceed. The *ſelf-made* Mr. Jackſon, diſguiſed in a plain ſuit of cloaths, now comes to pay, what he expects to be a deciſive viſit to his ruſtic *Margery*; and, after bribing her maid with a bank note, is told by her, that her miſtreſs's heart is entirely his, and that he has no bar in the way of his deſired happineſs, but her religious ſcruples, and a conſcientiouſneſs, which, however, may be eaſily lulled aſleep by the means of a contract, whereby he ſhall engage to marry her in three months'

time. This he makes no difficulty of complying with; ſecure, as he imagines, from the conſequences of it, by his feigned name and character. Whilſt he is engaged with Lucy in regard to this affair, he is told that her brother is with her, whoſe character, for violence and raſhneſs, *Lucy* deſcribes in the moſt formidable manner poſſible.

This, in ſome meaſure, alarms Mr. Jackſon, who, to render his appearance the more conſiſtent with his aſſumed ſtation, had left his ſword at home, by which means he is entirely unprepared for any kind of reſiſtance, in caſe of danger, which makes its firſt approaches to him by ſome groſs inſults from the Serjeant, which the neceſſity of concealing his rank obliges him to bear very patiently. His fears, however, are quieted, by being informed that the Captain has left the houſe. The Lady is prevailed on, after a great deal of baſhfulneſs, and feigned ſimplicity, to accept his contract, and conſent to what ſhe is told is a marriage in conſcience; Mr. Jackſon retires into her bed-chamber to prepare

for her reception. Thus far every thing ſeems to go well; when, on a ſudden, a brace of piſtols fired behind the ſcenes give the alarm of diſcovery, and Mr. Jackſon runs out, unarmed, and half undreſſed, and, beſet on one ſide by the Serjeant, and on the other by the ſuppoſed Captain, both with their ſwords drawn, the latter only withheld by the ſtruggles of his ſiſter from putting this injurer of his honor to immediate death. In vain does he plead that his intentions are honourable, till the contract is produced, by which the young gentleman ſeems appeaſed, on condition, however, only of the marriage being immediately ſolemnized.

In this dilemma, Mr. Jackſon is at laſt obliged, having firſt obtained an aſſurance of ſafety to his life, to own his being already married. The Captain's reſentment, on this, is raiſed to the higheſt pitch; but having his hands tied by his promiſe, he can find no other means of revenging the injury, but by taking him to *America* with him as a recruit, for which purpoſe he delivers him over to

the Serjeant and men, who, in ſpite of all his remonſtrances, and declaration of his rank, which they affect entirely to diſbelieve, and laugh at, hurry him off the Stage.

An account is, after this, given of his diſtracted behaviour, under this dreadful circumſtance, and without even the hopes of relief. But this diſtreſs, great as it is, is not the ſum total of the puniſhment intended for him. Another ſcene ſtill more tormenting is reſerved for him, and executed in the following manner:—On an interview, at his own requeſt, with *Lucy*, he is informed by her, not only of the determined reſolution of the Captain to carry him away the very next morning to *America*, but alſo, that his country *Inamorato*, unable to ſtand the ſhock of her brother's reſentment, her loſs of reputation, and the loſs of a man whom ſhe loved, is gone diſtracted, and, with a drawn ſword in her hand, is ſeeking for him to plunge it into his heart. This circumſtance, together with the increaſe of reſentment in the brother in conſequence of it, gives ſuch an addition to his

fears, as produces a ſcene truly comic. She, however, gives him ſome hopes of being able to favor his eſcape, placing him, in the mean time, behind a ſcreen, where, ſhe aſſures him, he will be ſafe from any kind of ſearch. In this place of ſhelter, however, he is made to over-hear numberleſs threats, invectives, and execrations againſt himſelf, which greatly heightens the ſcene.

At length the finiſhing ſtroke is to be ſtruck, which is, the entrance of *Lady Belville* to the Captain, by whom ſhe is received with all the ardour and familiarity of a lover; and to whom ſhe declares, that her huſband's ill treatment, in general, and more particularly his threat of ſeparation, had at length urged her, from motives of revenge, to throw herſelf into his arms. In ſhort, from ſome former circumſtances, which Lord Belville has over-heard, he is convinced that a *Bagnio* is to be their deſtination for the night, to which they are in appearance proceeding, when jealouſy getting the better of every other apprehenſion, his Lordſhip ruſhes

from behind the ſcreen, and preſents himſelf to them.

In vain are all his entreaties, or the declaration of his nearneſs to the Lady, from checking the young lover's intention; who, armed with a brace of piſtols, and rejoicing in the power given him of a revenge in kind, equal to the injury done his ſiſter, carries off the Lady in triumph. After two or three ſcenes, which Lord Belville has with the Captain, with Lady Belville, and with *Lucy*, all tending only to increaſe his torment, and complete his diſtraction, he is on the point of being forced away by the ſoldiers, when the real Captain, *Angelica*'s brother, fortunately for him, appears, and releaſes him for a while, which gives him an opportunity, on the entrance of Lady Belville and her ſuppoſed lover, to ſnatch a ſword from the ſide of the Serjeant, and run at the latter, whoſe female fears immediately betray her, and bring about the diſcovery of her being a woman.

Lord Belville, who, during the courſe of theſe difficulties had been rendered fully ſenſible of the folly and baſeneſs of his conduct, becomes entirely reclaimed, and is reconciled to his Lady. *Harriet* and the *Captain*, and *Angelica* and *Townly*, are rendered mutually happy in each other, and ſo the Play terminates. Several exceptionable paſſages, pointed out by the Audience at the firſt repreſentation, were expunged, and the Piece ran nine nights. *Love-a-la-Mode* was the after piece.

There was a ſtrong oppoſition made to this Comedy, from the belief, that Mr. Macklin intended, by his character of *Lord Belville*, to ſatirize a gentleman then living; but this certainly was not the caſe. This Play has undoubtedly great merit. The plot is regular, the ſcenes are well arranged, the language is pure, and the moral unexceptionable.

The Coronation of their Majeſties, in September, 1761, was followed by a Stage Repreſentation of it at both Theatres. Mr. Rich, notwithſtanding the expectations of the Pub-

lic had been much raiſed, fully ſatisfied their warmeſt imaginations, whilſt Mr. Garrick was contented with reviving the Coronation with the old dreſſes, which had been often occaſionally uſed from 1727 to 1761. Garrick's exhibition was the meaneſt, and the moſt unworthy of a Theatre, that ever was ſeen, and produced nothing to the Managers but diſgrace and empty benches. The ſhew at Covent Garden was, beyond all former example, brilliant. Such a profuſion of fine cloaths, of velvet, ſilk, ſatin, lace, feathers, jewels, pearls, &c. had never been ſeen on any Stage. The ſcenery, muſic, and other ornaments, were all correſpondent to the grandeur of the Ceremony, which was ſhewn to crowded Houſes for near two months ſucceſſively.

Mr. Rich lived juſt long enough to be pleaſed with the ſucceſs of his Coronation. He died during the height of the Public eagerneſs to ſee it. He was famous for *Harlequin*, which he played under the feigned name of *Lun*. Mr. Rich was the inventor of the Engliſh *Harlequin*, which is a quite

different character from that of the *Italian*. Whatever he undertook to deſcribe to the Audience was as clearly and fully underſtood as words, added to the action of others, could expreſs.

In a Prologue, written by Mr. Garrick, for an Entertainment, in which a *Speaking Harlequin* was introduced, he thus ſpeaks of Rich—

" But why a Speaking Harlequin? 'Tis wrong,
" The wits will ſay, to give the fool a tongue.
" When *Lun* appear'd, with matchleſs art and whim,
" He gave the pow'r of ſpeech to every limb:
" Tho' maſk'd and mute, convey'd his quick intent,
" And told in frolic geſtures all he meant.
" But now the motley coat, and ſword of wood,
" Require a tongue to make them underſtood."

By his merit in this way, and by getting up ſplendid Pantomimes, he was able to withſtand the greateſt force of acting, and found means, with a very bad Company, compoſed, in general, of the refuſe of the other Theatre, to realize a very conſiderable fortune. Mr.

Rich's education had been groſsly neglected; his underſtanding was good, but his language was vulgar and ungrammatical. Though he could not read ten lines with propriety, he was very fond of inſtructing young Actors, and had conſtantly a *Richard*, a *Hamlet*, and a *Lear*, in training for the Stage. He was not by any means liberal to his Actors, but he was remarkable for his charity and humanity. A ſhort time before his death, a man fell from the upper Gallery into the Pit of Covent Garden Theatre, by which one of his limbs was broke: as he was a perſon in very low circumſtances, Mr. Rich very generouſly ordered that he ſhould have every poſſible aſſiſtance, which was accordingly adminiſtered at Mr. Rich's expence. When the poor man recovered, he waited on the Manager to return him thanks for his humanity and goodneſs; on which Mr. Rich told him, that he ſhould be welcome to the *freedom* of the Pit, provided he would never think of coming into it in *that manner* again.

To Mr. Rich the Public were indebted for the introduction of Miſs Bellamy on the public Theatre. A cloſe friendſhip having commenced between Mr. Rich's daughters and Miſs Bellamy, they agreed, one evening, to act *Othello*, and Miſs Bellamy choſe for her part that of the Moor; and, being by themſelves, they gave full ſcope to their feelings. It was in performing this extraordinary character that ſhe was overheard by Mr. Rich, who urged and excited her from that moment to adopt the profeſſion. The young Lady conſented, and the Manager promiſed to ſupport her in a capital line. He entered the more readily into this engagement, becauſe he had not another Lady, at that time, ſuited either for the character of young heroines in Tragedy, or ſprightly girls in Comedy. Miſs Bellamy was then only in her fourteenth year. Her figure was elegant, her voice powerful and melodious, and ſhe diſcovered great ſpirits, and not a little humour.

She had perfected herſelf in the Characters of *Monimia* and *Athenais*, and the former was fixed on for her firſt appearance. Mr. Quin was at that time the Acting Manager at Covent Garden, and governed the Theatre (to uſe Miſs Bellamy's own words) "with a rod of iron." Rich was too indolent to interfere, though, when he did, he was not to be contradicted. He was now to introduce the new Actreſs to *Quin*, who had a dreſſing-room for himſelf, as he ſeldom mixed with any of the profeſſion; and even did not, or rather would not, know any of them, except *Ryan*, for whom he had a ſincere friendſhip. This room the wags had ſtyled "*The Lion's Den*", to which Mr. Rich repaired, but was obliged to wait *Quin*'s leiſure. *Quin* had no ſooner heard Rich propoſe Miſs Bellamy for the Character of *Monimia*, than he declared—"It will not do, Sir." The Manager, equally laconic and poſitive, retorted—"It *ſhall* do, Sir." Quin, turning round to Miſs Bellamy, who, during this very diſagreeable ſcene, was almoſt petrified with fear, ſaid, with his characteriſtic ſurlineſs—

"Play *Seriña, child,* before you think of *Monimia.*" Piqued by what ſhe deemed a ſarcaſm, ſhe anſwered, with a readineſs which made the old man's eyes gliſten—"If I did, Sir, I ſhould never live to play the Orphan."

The altercation continued, and both were equally obſtinate; and Rich, before he went away, ordered a rehearſal of the *Orphan* next morning. But, out of reſpect to *Quin*, the moſt reſpectable Performers were all abſent. Rich did all he could to keep up the ſpirits of the *young Orphan*, by conſulting her humour, minutely, in the dreſs moſt proper at once for the Character, and her firſt appearance. At length, the long wiſhed for evening approached, when this momentous experiment was to be made. The Audience was ſplendid, but humane, as they always are to a new Performer. Rich and Quin were both impatient to ſee the event. Miſs Bellamy, from a thouſand circumſtances, felt herſelf in a very embarraſſed ſituation; and in proportion as ſhe failed in attention

or ſpirit, Quin triumphed, and Rich expoſtulated, which only increaſed her difficulty.

In the fourth Act, however, ſhe had the good fortune to catch the true theatrical inſpiration—and Quin, with a generoſity that does him infinite honour, forgetting at once all his averſion, the moment ſhe had finiſhed, claſped her in his arms, and exclaimed aloud —'Thou art a divine creature, and the true ſpirit is in thee."—The ſucceſs of a new Pantomime could not have given Rich more ſatisfaction than the applauſe ſhe received on this occaſion. This brought about a complete revolution in her favour among the Players, who reſpected her now as much as they had formerly deſpiſed her. Quin, ever after treated her with kindneſs and eſteem, and invited her to all his *petits ſoupers*, where Mrs. Jackſon often attended her, and where they met the celebrated Mr. Thomſon, author of "*The Seaſons:*" for theſe ſuppers were meetings devoted to claſſical entertainment, to which the greateſt Maſters in Litera-

ture and Art were generally invited, and where the merit of new Publications was liberally canvaſſed. Quin, however, thinking himſelf not too old to be cenſured, was extremely cautious of the manner in which he received Miſs Bellamy's viſits. He had told her, that ſhe ſhould never call upon him alone.—This made her apprehend that ſhe might have offended a man, whom ſhe venerated as a father. Notwithſtanding this extreme delicacy, after a Rehearſal of "*The Maid's Tragedy*," in which ſhe was to act *Aſpaſia*, he one day deſired to ſpeak with her in his Dreſſing-room, where he addreſſed her nearly in theſe words:——"You are be-
"come an object of much attention with the
"Public, and the temptations this will ex-
"poſe you to are innumerable. Be not in-
"toxicated with the love of finery. If this
"proves your foible, it will be eaſy to ruin
"you.—Moſt men are raſcals—your youth
"and beauty ought to make you doubly cau-
"tious; but, whenever you want any thing
"in my power which money can purchaſe,
"come to me, and ſay, James Quin, I want

" ſuch a thing—my purſe ſhall always be at " your ſervice."—This admirable advice reflects the higheſt honor on the head and heart of Mr. Quin. It is a ſalutary leſſon for every young, beautiful, and unwary female, and happy would it have been for Miſs Bellamy, if ſhe had attended to the admonition.

Chap. XXV.

IN the year 1762 Mr. Macklin returned again to Ireland, and entered into a new engagement with the Crow-ſtreet Managers, who had now a very formidable opponent in Mr. Moſſop, the Manager of Smock-alley Theatre: for after *Mr. Moſſop* had finiſhed one ſucceſsful Campaign with Barry and Woodward at Crow-ſtreet, he, unfortunately for himſelf, determined to become the Manager of a Theatre. He was encouraged in this undertaking by many perſons of faſhion and diſtinction, and was particularly patronized

by the Counteſs of Brandon. As ſoon as the Managers of Crow-ſtreet were apprized of Moſſop's intention, they endeavoured, if poſſible, to diſſuade him from ſo ruinous an undertaking, and made him the large offer of a Salary of One Thouſand Pounds per annum, and two Benefits, whenever he choſe to take them—but this was refuſed. Moſſop was a man of great pride, and not a little obſtinacy —his manner was pompous and reſerved, and he was a total ſtranger to the eaſe and demeanour of a gentleman. He was reſolved, however, upon theatrical Sovereignty, and he accordingly took Smock-alley Theatre on a long leaſe, and expended a conſiderable ſum of money in altering, decorating, and fitting it for the reception of the Public. This circumſtance proved the ruin of both Theatres—the town was divided between the friends of both parties, to the mutual loſs of Barry and Moſſop. Poor Woodward, after four unſucceſsful ſeaſons, returned to England, having ſuſtained a loſs of above three thouſand pounds, and Barry followed him two years after, a conſiderable looſer by his undertaking.

If Moſſop had accepted the liberal offer made him by Barry and Woodward, both parties might have been benefited. The ſum of a thouſand pounds per annum, and two benefits, was an immenſe income for an Actor, when compared to the ſalary of other Performers, of whom Mr. Macklin ſpeaks in the following terms.

"I remember when Actors, who played capital parts, had but eight, ten, twelve, fifteen, eighteen, and twenty ſhillings per week, the higheſt. The whole revenue of the Theatre then did not exceed 1000*l.* There is more money taken now (1762) at the unproſperous Theatre, than was taken in *Tom Elrington's* time, when there was but one Theatre. The expence of the London Theatre *ſixty years* ago was but 20*l.* per night, it afterwards increaſed to 30*l.* and then to 40*l.* and at length it came up to 120*l.* per night.

"The income of the Players formerly was ſo very ſmall, that they could not ſupport

themſelves decently—for inſtance, *Layfield* and *Griffith*. *Tom Elrington* had a place given him under Government, and *Frank Elrington* ſucceeded *Tom* in the place."

Mr. Macklin, in alluding to the misfortunes that have befallen the Dublin Theatres, ſpeaks thus:

"It was not the oppoſition, but the vanity, expence, and ignorance of the Managers, that ruined the Dublin Theatres. For inſtance—*Mr. Sheridan*'s expenſive manner of living—Mr. Barry's prodigality, and Mr. Moſſop's litigious ſpirit cauſed his ruin—for he ſpent at leaſt in Law the ſum of 2000*l.* He was obliged to make his houſe a priſon, in order to ſhield himſelf from his Creditors. He did not know how to manage his own income, much leſs that of a Theatre."

The Smock-alley Theatre opened, under the Management of Mr. Moſſop, in November 1760, with "*Venice Preſerved.*" The part of *Pierre* was performed by Mr Moſſop,

and *Belvidera* by Mrs. Bellamy. As ſoon as the doors were opened, the Houſe was filled in every part, for the curioſity of the Public was raiſed to the higheſt pitch. On Mrs. Bellamy's ſpeaking her firſt line behind the ſcenes, viz.

"Lead me, ye Virgins, lead me to that kind voice!"

It ſtruck the ears of the Audience as uncouth, and unmuſical; and when ſhe came upon the Stage—"O what a falling off was there!" Inſtead of the young, the gay, the once lovely *Bellamy*, the Audience diſcovered the perſon of a woman whoſe countenance was haggard, and whoſe eyes, that uſed to charm all hearts, appeared hollow and deprived of all their wonted luſtre. Mrs. Bellamy had left Dublin when in her zenith, and did not reviſit it till November 1760. By the end of the third Act, the Audience were diſguſted with the Lady whom they were formerly accuſtomed to applaud in the warmeſt manner; and the other two Acts hobbled off very lamely. The curtain dropped, and poor Bellamy never

after drew a ſingle houſe there. *Moſſop* was very much affected on this occaſion, and never played *Pierre* (one of his beſt parts) ſo indifferently as on that night. The circumſtance of living publickly with Mr. Digges, though at the ſame time fooliſhly wiſhing it to be underſtood that ſhe was wife to Mr. Calcraft, ſunk Mrs. Bellamy into univerſal contempt and inſignificance. She left Dublin without a ſingle friend to regret her loſs. What a change from the days of her youth!—and, as an Actreſs of note, her name never more ranked in any Theatre, nor did ſhe ever again riſe in public eſtimation. Thus poor *Bellamy*, who once lolled in her chair, and rolled in her chariot, and all the vanities of the world, ended her days in a priſon!—

But to return—Mr. Moſſop was ſomewhat more ſucceſsful after this—he very wiſely determined to propoſe terms to Mr. Macklin, who was a tower of ſtrength to Barry. He accordingly waited on Mr. Macklin, and requeſted him to name his own conditions. The loſs, or the acquirement, of ſuch an Actor

as Macklin, muſt have been a matter of conſiderable importance to either of the Theatres. For, beſides his excellent acting, and his great attraction, he was of extraordinary value to any Playhouſe, on account of the unuſual and ſucceſsful pains that he took in drilling both Managers and Actors, and inſtructing them in the ſcience of Acting. Indeed, no man was more liberal in the communication of his knowledge, nor inſtructed more Actors and Actreſſes than Mr. Macklin, without the conſideration of any emolument whatever. It happened very fortunately for Mr. Moſſop, that, at the time he made propoſals to Mr. Macklin, the conduct of Mr. Barry towards the latter Gentleman was exceedingly ungenerous, not to ſay ungrateful. Mr. Macklin had ſerved Barry in many eſſential points of view, and was but badly requited. He was conſequently the more eaſily inclined to liſten to Mr. Moſſop's propoſition, which terminated in an agreement between them, as will appear by the following extract of a Letter, which was written by Mr. Macklin

to his daughter in London. The Letter is dated Dublin, November 18th, 1763.

" Never were there greater Theatrical conteſts than at preſent, nor were parties among the Ladies higher; inſomuch, that they diſtinguiſh themſelves by the names of *Barryiſts* and *Moſſopians*. The contention is between Barry and Sheridan on the one part, and Moſſop and Sowdon on the other; and between *Dancer* and *Abington*—the other women are neglected. Pantomime and Dancing are two good auxiliaries to Barry—and Saunders, the Wire-dancer, and Macklin's Acting in the Farces, of great benefit to Moſſop. " The Beggar's Opera" (Polly, by Miſs Catley, from Covent Garden) has brought Moſſop great houſes. Laſt night, Macklin, after the Play, addreſſed the Audience, and hinted at his having agreed with the Manager for half of the Theatre; and that he had wrote two Farces, which they would bring on this ſeaſon—he was well received—Barry is determined to play the ſame Plays that Moſſop does, in order that the Town may judge of the merits

of the Performers—Sheridan is neglected—he intends to give Lectures."

The particulars of this agreement were, that Mr. Macklin was to play two nights a week, from the month of October 1763, to the end of April 1764; that he was to have a ſixth night for every new Farce that he produced; that the whole expence of a benefit was not to exceed the ſum of ſixty Guineas; that he was to have a benefit as an Actor, and a Dreſſing-room; that he was to have the choice of any Play for his benefit nights; that the ſole property of his Pieces were to remain in him, that they were not to be acted without his conſent; and that his Farces were not to be played at Benefits, under the penalty of 500*l.*

The firſt piece Mr. Macklin brought out this ſeaſon, was "*The True Born Iriſhman*," a Farce which met with unbounded applauſe, and was of very conſiderable advantage to Moſſop's treaſury.

The following are the Dramatis Perſonæ:

Murrough O'Dogherty, Count Muſhroom, Hamilton, Fitzmongrel, The Major, Catty Farrel, Lady Kinnegad, Mrs. Jolly, Mrs. Gazette, Lady Bab Frightful, and *Mrs. O'Dogherty.*

The ſcene of Action is Dublin—*Mr. O'Dogherty,* an elderly Iriſh Gentleman, of an ancient family and large fortune, having married a young Lady for love, endeavours to compenſate for the diſparity of years, by indulging her in a continual round of faſhionable amuſements, and at laſt ſuffers her to go to London to ſee the Coronation, from which ſhe returns with ſuch a paſſionate admiration of every thing Engliſh, and ſuch a ridiculous affectation of high life, as make her extremely contemptible; eſpecially as ſhe labours under the misfortune of her country accent to a remarkable degree, and has an uncommon ſhare of native pride, with an equal portion of real ſimplicity. Among the

moſt intimate of her acquaintances is *Mr. Muſhroom*, an Engliſhman of very mean birth, very great vanity, and very little underſtanding; who is diſtinguiſhed by the title of *Count*, and affects to be a perſon of conſiderable connections; though he is, in reality, no more than an Agent to *Lord Outcaſt*, an Engliſh Nobleman who has large property in Ireland, and has only come over to Dublin on ſome affairs relating to *Outcaſt*'s eſtate. Yet, notwithſtanding his inſignificance, he is a great favourite of all the Ladies: but *Mrs. O'Dogherty*, who angliciſes her name to *Diggerty*, is the principal object of his attention; and he bribes her maid *Catty Farrel* to give her letters, declarative of the moſt vehement paſſion, and requeſting ſome mark of a reciprocal affection. But *Catty Farrel*, inſtead of giving the letters to her Miſtreſs, delivers them to her Maſter; and Mr. O'Dogherty, through Catty's means, carries on an epiſtolary correſpondence with *Muſhroom*, as if from his Lady, till an appointment is at laſt made with him for the entire completion of his wiſhes. The place

of meeting is Mr. O'Dogherty's own houſe, and the Count is dreſſed in women's clothes, the better to prevent any poſſibility of detection. Such is the ſtate of matters, when Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. O'Dogherty's brother, comes to town, who is informed of his ſiſter's folly and extravagance, and, in the preſence of the Ladies, ſet down in the liſt of perſons, the *Major* and *Fitz-Mongrel*, prevents her from engaging in Play, and gives a ſevere lecture on her affectation and prodigality: this leads to an explanation of *Count Muſhroom*'s intended ſcheme againſt her, at which ſhe is ſurprized and terrified, and expreſſes a ſincere concern for all her former errors, with the moſt fixed determination of a total reformation. After this, ſhe enters into a plan for expoſing the Count, who is at laſt thruſt into a portmanteau, in his female dreſs, and in that ſituation is made a ſpectacle of ridicule to every body; not only at Mr. O'Dogherty's, but carried, by his order, to a crowded route, to be a more general object of contempt: this terminates the Piece. *Mr. Macklin* performed *Murrough O'Dogherty* with ſingular ability, and inſtructed the reſt of the Performers ſo well, that

" *The True Born Iriſhman*" was admirably and repeatedly performed to crowded houſes. There was one circumſtance occured during the Rehearſal of this Piece that we ſhall take leave to mention here. One of the Performers, to inſtruct whom Mr. Macklin had taken infinite pains, having occaſion to announce " *Lady Kinnegad,*" and not pronouncing the name as the Veteran liked, he ſtepped up to him, and, in an angry tone, exclaimed, " *What Trade are you, Sir ?*"—The Performer replied,—" Sir, I am a *Gentleman*—" " Then," rejoined the Stage Neſtor, " ſtick to that, Sir ; *for you never will be an Actor !*"

Mr. Macklin reſided at that time in Drumcondra Lane, and was viſited by perſons of the firſt eminence and diſtinction in Dublin. The preſent Mrs. Macklin appeared then extremely young, and was repeatedly aſked by ſeveral perſons, who took her for Mr. Macklin's daughter, whether *her father* was at home ? and how *her father* did ? for they could not conceive that *ſo old a man* could have *ſo young a wife.*

During that ſeaſon, Theatrical conteſts ran very high; and early in March, the two Tragedy Candidates determined to perform *Othello* on the ſame night for their benefit Play. Moſſop relied on his novelty, and Barry on his long eſtabliſhed reputation: the partizans of each exerted themſelves to the utmoſt. Moſſop's great friend, the *Counteſs of Brandon*, ſolicited his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Lieutenant, to command Moſſop's night, to which he generouſly aſſented; but wiſely contrived to promiſe Barry, that, provided he would poſtpone his night to the Tueſday, he would alſo command that evening's entertainment, by which means the town would be kept in good humour: and his Grace alſo added, that he ſhould not (by ſuch attention and compliance from Mr. Barry) be deprived the pleaſure of ſeeing him in his favourite character of *Othello*, which always afforded him the higheſt ſatisfaction. Mr. Barry, of courſe, complied, and was not inwardly diſpleaſed that the critics ſhould have ſuch an immediate opportunity of com-

paring notes, and deciding on the merits of the declared opponents. Both *Crow-ſtreet* and Smock-alley Theatre were equally thronged on this remarkable occaſion; and as to the ſuperiority of Performance, Mr. Macklin has declared, that Barry's *Othello* was ſo excellent, as to make Moſſop's viewed at a diſtance only. He was as much ſuperior in the Valiant Moor, as Moſſop would have been to Barry in *Richard* or *Zanga*.

Mr. Moſſop had that year an Italian Opera Company, which was of infinite ſervice to him. Theſe Italian Comic Operas were ſupported at the following prices: Boxes, Pit, and Lattices, 5s. 5d.—Middle Gallery, 2s. 2d. —Upper Gallery, 1s. 1d. Dublin was torn to pieces by the perpetual application for one Theatre or another; it was reduced quite to a party matter. This Play-begging at laſt grew extremely troubleſome, and both parties ſuffered much by the inceſſant importunities of their friends.

The Tragedy of "*Philaſter*, or *Love Lies a Bleeding*," altered from *Beaumont* and

Fletcher by Mr. Macklin, was performed that ſeaſon at Smock-alley with conſiderable approbation. The Tragedy had a pretty tolerable run, and anſwered the purpoſe for which it was revived.

Chap. XXVI.

IN the ſeaſon 1763-64, the celebrated *Ann Catley* made her firſt appearance in Dublin; ſhe became a Pupil of Mr. Macklin the ſame time, and he procured her an engagement at *Smock-alley Theatre*, where ſhe met with great applauſe, and drew crowded houſes. This Lady is a ſtriking example of what merit can do, unaided by birth or intereſt. The following ſhort ſketch of the life of this excellent Actreſs may not be wholly unentertaining to the reader: Miſs Catley was born in London, in the year 1745. The circumſtances of her parents were by no means affluent—ſhe was, accordingly, obliged to provide for herſelf in the beſt manner ſhe poſ-

ſibly could. Her extraordinary vocal abilities ſoon diſcovered themſelves, for, at the early age of ten years, ſhe ſung at public houſes in her father's neighbourhood, and for the officers on duty at the Tower. Her ſituation, of courſe, expoſed her to ſeduction; but who, that conſiders her then hapleſs condition of life, will not *reprobate* the *ſeducer*, and *pity* the *ſeduced!* Her muſical talents ſoon ſpread their own fame; and one *Bates*, a muſician, who lived at the Weſt End of the town, entered into articles with her father, and took her apprentice; but *Bates* and Catley could not agree—and the former, it is ſaid, was once ſo provoked, as to threaten to turn her out of doors, and ſue her father for 200*l.* the penalty of the bond executed when ſhe was bound. She made her firſt appearance in public at Vauxhall, in the ſummer of 1762; and on the 8th of October, in the ſame year, ſhe appeared, for the firſt time on the Stage, at Covent Garden, in the character of the Paſtoral Nymph, in Comus, and gained uncommon applauſe. The ſucceeding year, ſhe became the object of public atten-

tion, from a very remarkable circumſtance. Sir Francis Blake Delaval being charmed with her beauty, and underſtanding that the maſter and his fair apprentice could not agree, reſolved on releaſing her entirely from the coercion of *Bates*, and making her his miſtreſs. Accordingly it was agreed, that Sir Francis ſhould pay *Bates* the penalty of the father's bond, and alſo give him two hundred pounds more in lieu of what ſhe might earn for him, by the engagement that he had made for her with the Managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, and Mary-le-bone Gardens. For this purpoſe Mr. Fraine, an attorney, was ordered to draw up a proper transfer of her indentures from Bates to Sir Francis, and ſhe and her mother were removed into lodgings, where ſhe lived publicly with Sir Francis, was attended by his ſervants, and rode out with him every day. The attorney having made the father a party to the articles, waited on him to have his ſignature and ſeal. Mr. Catley lived at this time with the very reſpectable Mr. Barclay, of Cheapſide, and, having got poſſeſſion of the articles, conſulted his maſ-

ter on the nature of them. The honeſt Quaker, ſhocked at the wickedneſs of transferring a girl by legal proceſs, for the purpoſe of proſtitution, adviſed with his lawyer, who laid a caſe before counſel, and the enſuing Term two motions were made in the Court of King's Bench, founded on theſe articles. The firſt of theſe motions was for a *Habeas Corpus*, directed to Sir Francis Blake Delaval, to bring the body of Ann Catley into Court; and the ſecond was for a Rule to ſhew cauſe, why an *Information* ſhould not be filed againſt *Sir Francis Blake Delaval*, *Bates* the Maſter, and *Fraine* the Attorney, for a Conſpiracy to proſtitute Ann Catley, under the forms of Law. On the following day, *Catley*, in conſequence of the *Habeas Corpus*, appeared in Court, accompanied by Sir Francis, and was there diſcharged out of his cuſtody. The affidavits for the proſecutor were read, and a day was fixed for cauſe to be ſhewn. On the young lady's releaſe, her father attempted to ſeize her, and carry her off by force. *Sir Fletcher Norton*, Counſel for Sir Francis,

immediately complained to the Court, and the violent conduct of the father was ſeverely reprimanded by the Chief Juſtice, Earl Mansfield, who obſerved, that though the girl was not of legal age, ſhe was at full years of diſcretion; and the queſtion being put, whether ſhe would return with her father, or Sir Francis, ſhe declared her attachment to the latter, put her hand under his arm, and making a curtſey to the Judges, and another to the Bar, walked with him out of Weſtminſter Hall to his carriage, which waited at the gate, and carried them home. On Cauſe being ſhewn, the Court were clearly of opinion that the information ſhould be granted. Lord Mansfield obſerved, that the Court of King's Bench was *cuſtos morum* of the country; and had authority, eſpecially where the offence was mixed with conſpiracy, to puniſh every thing *contra bonos mores*. He called the money given by Sir Francis to Bates, *premium proſtitutionis*, and cited the Caſe of Sir Richard Sedley, in the reign of Charles II. in ſupport of it. The conſequence of this Information againſt Sir Francis,

Bates, and Fraine, was a Trial, and all the Defendants, being found guilty by the Jury, were ſeverally fined; the whole expence of which, together with the coſts to a very conſiderable amount, fell upon Sir Francis. After this ſhe ſung at Mary-le-bone Gardens, and from thence took a trip to Dublin, where, as we have already mentioned, ſhe placed herſelf under the tuition of Mr. Macklin, and acted at Smock-alley with great applauſe. During her ſtay in Dublin, a merchant, who was a married man, and had a large family, became her admirer; ſent her a *billet doux*, requeſting an appointment to ſupper, and accompanied his requeſt with a large hamper of champaign. Catley returned the wine untouched, with a direction to the amorous trader's wife, and encloſed his note under a cover. At ſupper, the merchant's ſpouſe declared, that ſhe had a longing for champaign, and muſt have a glaſs. The huſband reprobated ſuch extravagance—"But I will treat you, my dear," ſaid the wife—"you may ſee I have received a preſent—" on which ſhe put Catley's

note into his hand. It is eaſy to conceive the domeſtic quarrel that enſued; and the perſon that we have here alluded to, has for ſeveral years back lived in London in the moſt indigent circumſtances. Catley, after undergoing a variety of viciſſitudes in life, died at the houſe of an excellent and worthy General, near Brentford, on the 14th of October, 1789.

The contention between Smock-alley and Crow-ſtreet, was ſtill carried on with great earneſtneſs. The Counteſs of Brandon would not be ſeen at Crow-ſtreet upon any account, but attended conſtantly at her dear Moſſop's Theatre. Notwithſtanding the powerful intereſt of *Smock-alley*, *Barry* was ſo eminent for making love on the ſtage, that he converted the ladies two to one in his favour. Although Mr. Macklin was very much engaged in his theatrical buſineſs in Dublin, he never loſt ſight of the intereſt of his daughter, with whom he kept up a conſtant correſpondence. We ſhall preſent the reader with the following copy of an original letter, from Mr. Macklin in Dublin, to his daughter in

London, which breathes much affection and good ſenſe; but the letter will ſpeak for itſelf. It is directed to "Miſs Maria Macklin, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London."

Dublin, Feb. 21, 1764.

"Dear Poll,

"Yours of the 28th of January, I received ſome time ago; and this inſtant that of the 16th inſtant; and am glad to find, that even the expectation of a new Farce from me, or the hopes of ſeeing me in London, to play for your benefit, has had ſufficient influence on you, to make you punctual in anſwering my letter. As to lending you a *new Farce*, I cannot pay ſo ill a compliment to you, the public, or my own fame, as to ſend you one that I had not been nice about; nay, rather more ſo than if it had been for my own benefit or emolument as an author. Your character has been nicely conducted hitherto, even in your profeſſion, as well as in that of real life; and I hope you will ſcorn to offer the public a piece, merely to fill your galleries or your

houſes. No, you have been nicely conducted, I ſay, hitherto; continue it even about your benefits.

" I have always loved the conſcious worth of a good action more than the profit that would ariſe from a mean or a bad one; and, depend upon it, there is a wealth in that way of thinking; and I feel the value of it at this inſtant, and in every viciſſitude of my life; but, particularly in thoſe of the adverſe kind. Had it been in my power to have ſent you a piece worthy of your night and fame, be aſſured I would; but it was not in my power. I have written a great deal this winter, but I find, the more I write, and the older I grow, the harder I am to be pleaſed. I do not know whether I told you in my laſt, that I am reduced in my ſuſtenance, entirely to fiſh, herbage, puddings, or ſpoon meat, not being able to chew any meat harder than a French *bouille*. And now I have told you, what am I the better? But old age, and invalids, think all their friends are obliged to attend to their infirmities.

"I am mightily glad to think that your houſe will be tolerable at all events; for I would not have you have a bad one, for more than the value of it. Pray ſend me word what you think of taking for your benefit, and your day, as ſoon as ever it is fixed. Do not miſs a poſt, and ſend me an exact account of the fate of "*Midas*." You are the worſt correſpondent in the world. You ſent me no account of Miſs Davis's illneſs, and of Miſs Brent's, nor the cauſes, or theatrical conſequences: nor of Miſs Poitier's engagement; Miſs Haughton's leaving the Stage; Miſs Bellamy's promotion to infamy with Calcraft—all this is news—and ſuch like; and all the theatrical *tittle tattle*, and *ſquibble ſquabble*. With us, Miſs Catley is with child, is in great vogue for her ſinging, and draws houſes, and has been of great ſervice to Moſſop.

"My True Born Scotchman" is not ye come out, but it is highly admired both by the Actors, and ſome ladies and gentlemen of the firſt taſte and faſhion, to whom

I have read it, for its ſatire, characters, language, moral, and fable; and indeed I think well of it myſelf, but not ſo well as they do. On Monday, the 5th of March, I think it will be out. I have juſt read the *Philaſter* that was done at Drury-lane; it is a lamentable thing. Oh, I had like to have forgot! The ſhip by which you ſent the box is not yet come in. Pray, in your writing, never write *couldn't, ſhan't, wouldn't,* nor any abbreviation whatever. It is vulgar, rude, ignorant, unlettered, and diſreſpectful: *could not, ſhall not,* &c. is the true writing. Nor never write M. Macklin: Pray who is M? It is the higheſt ill-breeding even to abbreviate *any* word, but particularly a name; beſides the unintelligibility.

"Pray how does this look?—"I am, Sr, yr. mt. obt. um'ble ſevt." Mind, always write your words at length, and never make the vile apologies in your letters of being—"*greatly hurried with buſineſs;*" or "*and muſt now conclude, as the poſt is this inſtant going out.*" Then, why did you not begin

ſooner? You ſee I am nothing with you, if not critical; and ſo, at full length,

" I am, My dear,
" Your moſt affectionate,
" And anxious father.
" *Charles Macklin.*

P. S. " Your account that you are in health and ſpirits rejoices me. I never was better in health or content. If I can contrive it, I ſhall be over with you, but do not depend on any body but yourſelf."

Mr. Macklin being informed that the Crow-ſtreet managers had permitted Mr. Tate Wilkinſon to mimic him on their ſtage, called on Mr. Barry, and addreſſed him in the following words:—" Sir, I hear *Wilkinſon* " took ſome liberty with my manner of act-" ing laſt night on your Theatre. I do not " trouble myſelf about the boy; for every af-" front or joke paſſed on your Stage, I ſhall " look upon as authorized by you; and if " ſuch a thing is again repeated or attempt-" ed, I ſhall ſeriouſly expect you to anſwer

" for it." Mr. Barry aſſured him that he might depend on Mr. Wilkinſon's being informed of his complaint; and might reſt ſatisfied that nothing of the ſort ſhould be again exhibited. Barry was as good as his word. He informed *Wilkinſon* that he had pawned his honour as a ſurety, that Wilkinſon would not be a naughty boy a ſecond time. " Now, my dear Wilkinſon," added Barry, ſmiling, " I beg you will be obſervant, and " let me really depend on your not drawing " me into a ſcrape; particularly, as I hint to " you, that I think *Macklin* will come to " *church* again:" which the next ſeaſon actually happened, as he once more acted his *Sir Archy* to *Barry's Sir Callaghan.*

Mr. Macklin was the chief ſupport of *Smock-alley*, during the ſeaſon of 1763-64. His *Shylock* and *Sir Archy* did wonders; and *Miſs Catley*, who then occaſioned much converſation, gave the old *Beggar's Opera* a new run, and allured ſeveral Audiences. Mr. Macklin, in *Peachum*, gave an infinite zeſt to the piece.

We have copied the following ſtatement of the Receipts of Smock-Alley Theatre from Mr. Macklin's Memorandum Book.

SMOCK-ALLEY THEATRE.

			The Receipt of the Theatre.			Mr. Macklin's Moiety.		
			l.	*s.*	*d.*	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
Wedneſday,	Nov. 9, 1763.	The Refuſal, and True Born Iriſhman	68	8	3	14	4	1½
Monday	——14	The Beggars Opera	74	11	9	17	5	10½
Friday	——18	The Beggars Opera	74	11	9	17	5	10½
Monday	——21	The Revenge—True Born Iriſhman	83	8	4	21	14	2
Wedneſday	——23	The Merchant of Venice, and Saunders, Wire Dancer	82	16	5	21	8	2½
Friday	——25	The Beggars Opera	93	10	11	26	15	5½
Monday	——28	Double Dealer—True Born Iriſhman	76	15	1	18	7	6½
Thurſday,	Dec. 1	The Beggars Opera	45	16	6	2	18	3
Friday	——2	Julius Cæſar—Alderman	100	0	0	30	2	7½
Wedneſday	——7	The Brothers—Alderman	0	0	0	0	0	0
Friday	——9	The Beggars Opera—True Born Iriſhman	95	0	8	27	10	1
Thuſday	——22	By Command Lord Lieutenant, Revenge, and True Born Iriſhman	113	2	0	36	11	6
Friday	——23	The Beggars Opera—Saunders, Wire Dancer	86	14	5	23	7	2½
Monday,	Jan. 2, 1764	Old Bachelor—True born Iriſhman	40	2	9	0	1	4½
Friday	—— 6	The Beggars Opera—Wire Dancing	64	7	0	12	3	6
Friday	——20	The Beggars Opera	97	13	3	28	16	7
Friday	——27	Opera and Wire	91	16	9½	25	18	4½
Monday,	Feb. 6	Merchant of Venice—Love a-la-Mode	121	6	8	40	13	4
Friday	——10	Beggars Opera—Wire Dancing	79	0	7	19	10	3½
Monday	——13	Refuſal—Love a-la-Mode	63	8	7	11	14	3½
Friday	——17	Opera	74	17	2	17	18	7
Monday	——26	Comus—Love a-la-Mode	73	3	10	16	11	9

When *Moſſop* had a good houſe, inſtead of endeavouring to extricate himſelf in any degree from his multiplicity of difficulties, he grew deſperate; and, inſtead of paying either his tradeſmen or performers, flew to the gay circles, where he attempted to mend his broken fortune, by the turn up of a card, or the chance of a die. He often left the Theatre with an hundred guineas in his pocket, and returned home from the Counteſs of Brandon's without a ſhilling. This conduct, and a train of evils attendant thereon, ſoon preyed upon his health; involved his talents with himſelf, and greatly embittered that temper, which naturally was far from being one of the beſt. Several of his performers were reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs. Mr. Macklin remonſtrated with him, but in vain. He often demanded the money that was due to him, and could not get a ſhilling. Being tired out, at length, by Moſſop's diſhoneſt conduct, he very unwiſely entered into a law ſuit with the Smock-alley manager; and after a conſiderable period of time had been waſted, and a large ſum of money expended, in order to recover a juſt debt, Mr. Macklin retired firſt

from the Theatre, and next from the Court, a very great loſer, although he had obtained a verdict in his favour, for the defendant was not worth a ſingle guinea. Thus terminated Mr. Macklin's engagement at Smock-alley theatre.

Soon after this, Mr. Macklin was called over to England, to ſuperintend the Theatricals at Privy Gardens, and ſucceeded to the honourable diſtinction of inſtructing *His Royal Highneſs the late Duke of York* in the ſcience of Acting. In the year 1764, ſeveral plays were repreſented at *Privy Gardens*, by perſons of eminence and diſtinction, and the performances were acknowledged to be equal to any ever ſeen on a regular Theatre, and conferred the higheſt honor on the ſkill of Mr. Macklin, who inſtructed the noble performers, and managed the whole buſineſs. His Royal Highneſs the Duke of York diſplayed a correctneſs, and a chaſteneſs in acting, not at all inferior to the moſt eminent actor. His many amiable qualities, and polite accompliſhments, rendered him a great ornament to his country, and en-

deared him to ſociety. The Noble Duke, like all the wiſe, and all the virtuous of Greece and Rome, was the diſtinguiſhed Patron of the Drama and its Performers. In the choice of a dramatic preceptor, the good ſenſe of his Royal Highneſs directed him to fix on Mr. Macklin, whom he particularly patronized. But in the zenith of his diſtinction, and whilſt he was baſking in the ſun-ſhine of Royalty, and enjoying the beneficence of the Noble Duke, Mr. Macklin's proſperity received a mortal wound, and he had to deplore, with the nation, the ſudden death of his Royal Patron.

Shortly after this affecting circumſtance, Mr. Barry, who rejoiced at the falling out between Mr. Macklin and Mr. Moſſop, diſpatched a confidential perſon to England to wait on Mr. Macklin, and to propoſe to him an engagement at Crow-ſtreet. The negotiation was brought to a ſpeedy concluſion, as Mr. Macklin agreed to play with Mr. Barry for a ſpecific time on ſhares, and in purſuance of this agreement, ſet out for Ireland immediately.

The acquiſition of ſo capital an Actor as Macklin, at this juncture, was, with Mr. Barry, a circumſtance the more ſeaſonable, becauſe Mr. Woodward had, the year before relinquiſhed his joint-management of Crow-ſtreet Theatre, and came to London, where he ſoon after re-appeared, as the Prodigal returned.

It was during the ſeaſon of 1765-66 that Mr. Macklin brought out his excellent Comedy of *The Man of the World*, under its original title of *The True Born Scotchman*. Of the great merit of this Play we need not ſay one word, ſince it is before the Public, who have ſo often borne teſtimony to its ſterling worth, by their unbounded applauſe during its repreſentation. In Dublin, as well as in London, this admirable Comedy did not fail to draw very brilliant and crowded houſes.

By the following ſtatement, which we have copied from Mr. Macklin's papers, the reader will be enabled to form a judgment

of the receipts of Crow-ſtreet and Smock-alley Theatres, during the years 1763, 1764, 1765, and 1766; becauſe Mr. Macklin performed at both houſes, upon the ſame terms exactly, *viz.* a moiety of the receipts of the Theatre every night that he acted.

CROW-STREET THEATRE.

Nov. 28. 1765.	By Command of Lord Hertford. The Merchant of Venice, and Love-a-la-Mode, produced to Mr. Macklin the large moiety of	57	1	0½
Dec. 12.	By Command.—Rule a Wife, and True Born Iriſhman	29	11	3
Dec. 23.	Rule a Wife, and Love-a-la-Mode	32	9	9
Dec. 26.	Romeo and Juliet, and True Born Iriſhman - - -	13	6	9½
Jan. 15. 1766.	Othello, and True Born Iriſhman - - - - -	17	3	0
Jan. 22.	Miſer, and Love-a-la-Mode -	11	7	6
Feb. 7.	The True Born Scotchman, 1ſt. time - - - - .	40	10	1
14.	True Born Scotchman - -	11	7	6
15.	True Born Scotchman - -	39	11	8
A Benefit.	True Born Scotchman - -	49		0

After Mr. Macklin had performed the number of nights ſpecified in the agreement between him and Barry, he did not chuſe to renew his engagement, and conſequently did not play the reſt of the ſeaſon. He applied himſelf during the remainder of this year (1766) to ſtudy, and to the compoſition of dramatic works.

In the courſe of this year Mrs. Cibber and Mr. Quin died. The former enjoyed the rank of a celebrated actreſs for a conſiderable period. Her marriage with Theophilus Cibber was againſt her inclination, and the misfortunes that attended it took her from the ſtage for ſome time. However, ſhe remained in quiet poſſeſſion of all the capital female characters for the ſpace of twenty years.

Mrs. Suſannah Maria Cibber was the daughter of a Mr. Arne, an Upholſterer, in King Street, Covent Garden; and the ſiſter of the celebrated Dr. Arne. Mr. Macklin has declared, that Mrs. Cibber, in the ex-

preſſion of love, grief, tenderneſs, and jealous rage, excelled all the Actreſſes he had ever ſeen. What ſeems not a little ſurpriſing, ſhe played *Cælia*, in "*The School for Lovers*," whoſe age is, mentioned in the Play to be only 16 years; and *Juliet*, too, when ſhe was almoſt in her fiftieth year; and was allowed by every body to become theſe characters admirably. Her great excellence conſiſted in that ſimplicity, which needed no ornament; in that ſenſibility, which deſpiſed all art. Her figure was elegant; her countenance had no great ſhare of beauty, but her features were exceedingly expreſſive. She was a perfect miſtreſs of Muſic, and her accompliſhments procured her the acquaintance and patronage of perſons of the firſt diſtinction. She died in January, of a diſorder that aroſe from ſtomach-worms. Her indiſpoſition was ſuppoſed by the faculty to be a bilious cholic; and was conſequently treated improperly. She was buried privately in Weſtminſter Abbey.

In the March following, Mr. Quin's diſſolution took place at Bath, where he had retired about ſixteen years before, and lived jovially upon a pretty conſiderable annuity. He was ſeventy-three years of age when he died. In that *interregnum* (if we may ſay ſo) of the ſtage, between the time of Booth and Garrick, Mr. Quin took the lead as an actor. He was ſtiff in his manner, and heavy in his deportment. Mr. Macklin deemed his declamation fine, though ſomewhat pompous; and in *Falſtaff*, he ſaid, Quin was unequalled; but he had no pretenſions to the title of a general actor. Mr. Quin was certainly deficient in literature, and laughed at thoſe who read books by way of inquiry after knowledge. On ſuch an occaſion, it was cuſtomary for him to ſay, "*I never read books—I read men—the world is the beſt book to ſtudy.*" What natural parts he muſt have been bleſſed with, to make the figure he did as a man of ſenſe and genius! The fate of Quin was unfortunate in infancy: his mother was a reputed widow, who had been married to a gentleman that

traded to the Weſt Indies; his buſineſs calling him abroad, he was abſent nearly ſeven years, and given out to be dead. This report was univerſally credited, and the lady went into mourning. In about twelve months after, a gentleman of the name of *Quin*, poſſeſſed of an eſtate of 1000*l.* a year, was captivated with her charms, paid his addreſſes to her, and married her. She bore him a ſon (James Quin) who is the ſubject of the preſent anecdote. Mr. and Mrs. Quin lived very happily together; but, in the midſt of their felicity, the former huſband returned, claimed his wife, and took her to himſelf; Mr. Quin retired with his ſon, and at his death, left him his eſtate; but, the heir at law hearing the ſtory, recovered the eſtate, and left the poor young man to ſhift for himſelf as well as he could. In conſequence of this unlucky accident, Quin went upon the Stage, acquired both fame and fortune, and counterbalanced, by his talents, the untoward circumſtance of his birth. He was buried at Bath; an elegant monument was erected in the Abbey Church

to his memory; it bears the following inſcription:

" That tongue *which ſet the table in a roar,*
And charm'd the Public ear, is heard no more;
Clos'd are thoſe eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which ſpake before the tongue, what Shakſpeare writ;
Cold is that hand, which, living, was ſtretch'd forth
At Friendſhip's call, to ſuccour modeſt worth.
Here lies *James Quin;* deign reader to be taught,
Whate'er thy ſtrength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happieſt mould however caſt,
To this complexion thou muſt come at laſt!"

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

G.R.
III